

In the race to get out of this place,
I am checking my face in the back of a spoon,
You're accusing, you say I'm not here, but I'm here, yes I'm here, yes,
I'm not on the moon,
But I'm leaving so soon,
So don't presume to know shit about me,
'Cause I don't know myself from one day to the next,
And I don't pose perplexities purposely,
This isn't a game, this isn't a test.

So hey, you, could you give it a rest?
Just take me home and get me undressed,
Put on a fire and make it enough,
Oh, we're geeks, but we know this is love.

Nine am to the beat of a drum,
As we drive through the canyon,
I'm feeling the hum of the engine,
My head and my heart are a-swim-will your cat be ok?
Your wife was she in?
Your wife, is she in???
'Cause I don't presume to know shit about you,
When you won't really tell me until I beg you to,
But I know that perplexity's a wonderful thing,
It's a sudden found joy, the strangeness it brings...

So hey, you, could you give it a rest?
Just take me home and get me undressed,
Put on a fire and make it enough,
Oh, we're geeks, but we know this is love.

I like that we argue,
But not everyday,
Your scent in a room,
The way that you say 'color' not 'colour'.

What colour today?
It's grey, grey, it's grey.

So hey, you, could you give it a rest?
Just take me home and get me undressed,
Put on a fire and make it enough,
Oh, we're geeks, but we know this is love.