

## Clean - 1/1

**Interprété par Incubus.**

Today, everything was fine.  
Until roundabout,  
quarter to nine,  
I suddenly found myself in a bind.  
Was it something I said?  
Something I read and manifested that's getting you down.  
Don't you dare come to bed with that ambiguous look in you eye,  
I'd sooner sleep by an open fire and wake up fried.  
Say what you will,  
say what you mean.  
You could never offend,  
your dirty words come out clean.  
Tomorrow, what price will I pay?  
Could I make it all up to you by serving coffee for two in bed?  
Would you then gimme the time of day?  
I need a map of your head,  
translated into English so I can learn to not make you frown.  
You'd feel better if you'd vent,  
put your frustrations into four letter words and let them out on mine,  
the most weathered ears in town.  
Say what you will,  
say what you mean.  
You could never offend,  
your dirty words come out clean.