

Laid

James

This bed is on fire with passionate love
The neighbours complain about the noises above
But she only cums when she's on top
My therapist said not to see you no more
She said you're like a disease without any cure
She said I'm so obsessed that I'm becoming a bore, oh no
Ah, you think you're so pretty
Caught your hand inside the till
Slammed your fingers in the drawer
Fought with kitchen knives and skewers
Dressed me up in women's clothes
Messed around with gender roles
Line my eyes and call me pretty
Moved out of the house, so you moved next door
I locked you out, you cut a hole in the wall
I found you sleeping next to me, I thought I was alone
You're driving me crazy, when are you coming home?
Laid, laid

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>