

Autopassion, Double Pleasure

Pleasure, pleasure
Knock me to the ground
Oh, pleasure, pleasure
Knock me to the ground

Hey, pretty thing
Watch me get so drunk that I can't sing
I hate, hate to think
You will fuck me up beyond belief

Was I warned
And simply chose to ignore
Now forlorn
Wishin' I'd listened once before

Thinking of something that I heard
Trying to find a better word
Yeah I can tell, the way you talk
That you do just what you want

Give me a measure
Don't drink the water
Keep it all down
If I hold my breath then
Keep it on the ground

Hey, pretty thing
You will fuck me up beyond belief
I hate, hate to think
This may be the last time that we speak

Cry for more
And walk the streets you had to walk
Out the door
And kick the dust on your way down

Yeah was there ever any doubt
That you were gonna leave without
Yeah I can tell, the way you walk
Yeah, you take long as you want

Pleasure
Pleasure knock me to the ground
Pleasure knock me to the ground
Pleasure knock me to the ground
Pleasure knock me to the ground
Trying to get me some feeling
If I could, oh

Pleasure, pleasure
Knock me to the ground
Oh, pleasure, pleasure
Knock me to the ground