

# 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