

# La Roux, Quicksand

Ooo-ooo-ooo  
Im the obsessor  
Holdin your hand  
It seems you have forgotten  
About your man  
Alone in the darkness  
My beds a different land  
Your touch intensifies  
And Im in the quicksand  
Im in the quicksand  
Im in the quicksand  
Youre the upsettor  
Stroking my hand  
Whats my position?  
I dont understand  
Am I your possession?  
Am I in demand?  
Oh when you turn to me  
Im in the quicksand  
Im in the quicksand  
Im in the quicksand  
You, you moved into my mind again oh  
You, walking around and free oh  
Oh I could let you stay  
But Im walking on broken ground again  
Oh, oh when will I learn?  
All you do is push me back in the dark  
oo-oo-oo-oo  
Im in the quicksand  
Im in the quicksand  
Im in the quicksand  
Im in the quicksand  
Im in the quicksand