

The Replacements, Torture

A million baby kisses
From a kissing booth on wheels
This sign is pretty poison
On the envelope she seals
And your love is by the way
Who knows exactly how she feels

Who's torture
Without you, it's torture
What new

You climb into your rocket ship
And count from ten to one
There's no television coverage
For that loser on the run
You hide yourself in darkness
But we're heading for the sun

Who's torture
Torture ooh
Without you, yeah torture
Torture ooh
What to do, it's torture
Torture ooh
Without you, it's torture
Torture ooh

Tighter and tighter and tighter soon
Yeah torture

An 809 is rockin'
With a party full of lies
And on the tenth floor smokin'
Till the sun's about to rise
There's trouble in 302
Can't you see it in my eyes

Who's torture
Torture ooh
Without you really torture
Torture ooh
What to do, it's torture
Torture ooh
Without you it's torture
Who's torture