

Aimee Mann, High On Sunday 51

The monkey knows how you'll react
Creating want by holding back
Like some reverse pyromaniac
Let me try, baby, try

I propped my window up and then
I turned my back to lure you in
To rifle through what I might have been
Let me try, baby, try

Chorus:
Baby please--let me begin
Let me be your heroin
Hate the sinner but love the sin
Let me be your heroin

We have crossed the Rubicon
Our ship awash, our rudder gone
The rats have fled but I'm hanging on
Let me try, baby, try

(Chorus)