

Alexis Strum, Addicted

I'm a junkie
Oh, sorry
You can cut this bit out

Du-Da-La Ba-Ba-Ba-Ba

I'm lonely, Been skipping meals
Still hold me, fell like Ally McB (oh no)
Been wearing, this sick smile for days
Never seen things clearer in a different kind of way

So whats the cure?
My temperature,
Is high and rising and I'm so strung out on you

I've got this sickness for your touch
I'm messed up, can't get up, or get a grip of myself
I'm so addicted to your love, I've messed up, so let up
Gimme that
good stuff

Du-Da-La Ba-Ba-Ba-Ba

I'm a junkie, I've over dosed
On Chunky Monkey, sweet stuff I need the most
No good reason, for me to stop
Zip me in your pocket until we can make the drop

My head's a mess, the side effects
Of our encounter's got me freakin' in my bed
I've got this sickness for your touch
I'm messed up, can't get up, or get a grip of myself
I'm so addicted to your love, I've messed up, so let up
Gimme that
good stuff

Du-Da-La Ba-Ba-Ba-Ba

I'm a junkie for your love
co'mon let me give you some
stuff so sweet it's just like cinnamon
never can I have enough, coming up we'll be tough
got this sickness for your touch
never can I have enough, baby
never never can I have enough, baby
never can I have enough, baby
never never never, oh

I've got this sickness for your touch
I'm messed up, can't get up, or get a grip of myself
I'm so addicted to your love
I'm messed up, can't get up, or get a grip of myself
I've got this sickness for your touch
I'm messed up, can't get up, or get a grip of myself
I'm so addicted to your love, I've messed up, so let up
Gimme that
good stuff