

Anarbor, If Jealousy Had A Face

jealousy crawls into bed with me
i let her have her way
and all she left was a ghost of an unappealing presence
to permanently remind me i always want what i can't have
but she says how can you be lonely if you were never alone from the start?
sweet talk sweetie won't get the job done and
sweet talk sweetie is just a twist of the tongue
you are the reason i can't see tonight
you are the air i lack from it's lung
so i'll choke out the words
they roll off your tongue
sweet talk sweetie won't get the job done and
sweet talk sweetie is just a twist of the tongue
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