

Arab Strap, Coming Down

Make me reflective, introspective
Make me the violence, and explain my silence.
Cause its never too late to fill me with hate...
So pull away, go, make me look cool.
And she looks best, Sunday mornings, coming down.
So what will I achieve, And who should I believe.
I lick her slit, as it tightens its grip.
My drugged up kiss. So hey, have something else.
Its hard to conceal the way I feel.
And she looks best, Sunday mornings, coming down.
It seems that some wanker makes her darker
Sights her hair.