

Charlotte Sometimes, Sweet Valium High

You can have me dye my pale skin
You can beat me, I'll love you while I bruise
You can take me, drug my chapped lips
You can hurt me, I'll love you while I trip

But do you think of her - hands on my waist?
And do you think of me when she screams your name?

Don't want you to drug me up, it all just hurts too much
Don't want you to drug me up, your torture was meant to be love

Do you want it?
'Cause when you fuck me
You are loving me and I am owning you
Do you hate me?
Want to teach me that my place with you
Is lying on my knees?

But do you think of her - hands on my waist?
And do you think of me when she screams your name?

Don't want you to drug me up, it all just hurts too much
Don't want you to drug me up, your torture was meant to be love

We can have a pretty house
We can have a pretty car
We can have pretty things
I know that's what you are