

# Colony 5, Psycho Blonde

With or without me she plays  
And she comes two or three times a day  
She is born to love and lust  
Without that she crumbles to dust  
She is born to love and lust  
Without that she crumbles to dust

Therapy doesn't seem to work anymore  
It only adds to the hurt and the sore  
When we are out she makes me wear handcuffs  
She's far too much and not nearly enough

She never ever gives me room  
I fear I'll suffocate soon  
Psycho blonde -- I'm not your toy  
She never ever gives me room  
I fear I'll suffocate soon  
Find yourself another psycho boy

I begged her to get herself fixed  
I'm tired of games and I'm sick of tricks  
I had to move to stop seeing her again  
She has a way to crawl back into my head