

# Criteria, Booketa

We can't even begin this scene  
Candles light by a fire we breathe, heat  
And then we move to the basement  
Want to know what i do with the hot wax?

It's a way of life for some, girls  
I meant for them, not me,  
I meant for them, not you

This is my bachelor pad (this is my bachelor pad)  
This is my bachelor pad (this is my bachelor pad)

Said she wouldn't believe  
You don't believe in what you mean,  
You don't believe in what you see,  
So how come i have to leave?  
Because i've got to free  
I've got to be free of the problems  
Problems like these

This is my conscience, man (this is my conscience, man)  
It is my conscience, man (it is my conscience, man)

Bookeeta

You said you would believe  
But you don't believe in what you mean  
You don't believe in what you see,  
So how can you leave,  
Well how can i leave?  
Cause i've got to be free of problems like these  
I've got to be free of problems like these