

Dolour, Menage A Trois

Who cares what it's about
You say you want it out
Well, I treat you good, but you'd only have me
I won't stand in your way
If you need to go away
And clear your head of something I've said or done

It all comes down to now
Would you make your mind up somehow
To take me or leave me

Yeah I shoulda guessed it
The stains on your dresses
Well I treat you good, but you'd only have me

It all comes down to now
Would you make your mind up somehow
to take me or leave me

Well I'd take the weekends over the holidays
I could teach you to know his pace
Tell me, tell me, oh what you saw
When you're menage a trois

I treat you good, but you'd only have me.

It all comes down to know
Would you make your mind up somehow
To take me or leave me