

# Dubstar, Inside

(hillier)

A man is talking to me  
We're at my brother's party  
I know what trust is  
The key  
For us  
But he's a charmer  
And you are elsewhere  
I take precautions  
I've little caution sometimes  
His eyes are understanding  
His words are gentle to me  
He has a girlfriend  
At home  
He says  
It's not my background  
To be unsound  
It's wrong to have him  
In my defense I say this  
I love the things you show me  
I love the way you hold me  
I love the fact that you're not here  
Tonight  
I'll take the gamble  
Because I'm able  
And no I'm not proud  
To hope that you won't find out  
His hands are moving closer  
My blushing cheeks are over  
Everyone knows our names  
In my defense, I'm human  
In my defense, I'm stupid  
And if of this I lose you  
In my defense  
I love  
You  
In my defense  
I love  
You