

Erasure, I Love You

You made your bed, now lie in it. You masochist of mayhem.
This mortal coil is up for grabs in danger forever.

I would swear that there must be
a thousand personalities inside you head
now I would swear that there must be
a thousand possibilities to mend you heart

now take these words & tie them up
& give them back, give them back

for I
I see you, I hear you, I feel you, I love you.

You call collect & I reject your foul abuse & your language
Where's your sense of etiquette?
Can't you assess the damage?

I would swear that there must be
a thousand personalities inside your head
I would swear that there must be
a thousand possibilities to mend our hearts

now take these tears & cry them in
your pillow dear & I'll be near

for I
I see you, I hear you, I feel you, I love you.