

Madina Lake, Statistics

You're a wolf, you are.
Dressed like a fox,
Got me tied up in knots over you
But I think that I'm just a flavor you crave on instinct,
'Cause you don't feel ashamed,
But it won't make a difference.
I've been wrong so many times.
Let's be realistic,
I'm only a statistic to you,
And it hurts so deep inside.
Maybe I'm sadistic,
I love when you inflict it on me.
You can take my time,
'Cause after all, well,
The earth's just a ball that revolves around you.
And all my friends and family try to warn me,
But like a moth to flame,
Darling, lead the way,
'Cause I'm afraid of change,
So meet me in your bedroom.
I've been wrong so many times.
Let's be realistic,
I'm only a statistic to you,
And it hurts so deep inside.
Maybe I'm sadistic,
I can't get myself off of you.
I'm only a statistic to you.
I can't get myself off of...
I just caught you like a disease.
It's terminal and I'm going down.
But you're afraid that's worse than death
And I gotta get out of this mess.
You're a wolf, you are.
You are.
(Only a statistic to you.)
I've been wrong so many times.
Let's be realistic,
I'm only a statistic to you,
And it hurts so deep inside.
Maybe I'm sadistic,
I can't get myself off of you.
I'm only a statistic to you.
I think I'm addicted to you