

Relative Ash, Flavor

floored, I don't feel right
so much flavor he sick you know
give up love your arm suffers
so I can invite her spit
I don't feel right so much flavor I sick
but don't trip.
love, I don't feel right
so much flavor he very, very sick
give up love your arm suffers
so she can invite all of our spit
I don't feel right so much flavor
I'm sick but don't trip
eyes are shut crib cries
flush loose teeth pistol whipped
she faints youe gone bye, bye
God she's so sick of being second
taste dies sex when high heart goes limp
she cares youe gone bye, bye
God she's so sick of being second
God she's so sick of being second
God it such a sin to be second
have you ever witnessed full blown romance
and there ain no question they held hands like
we did and your love thank you for having me
le witnessed timeless love
Youe gone bye, bye
I don't feel right, I don't feel right
I don't feel right
God she so sick of being second never again
God it such a sin to be second