

Shivaree, Scrub

On the way coming up
I'm quiet as a cup
Be a girl anyway
Close enough

in your life
Such a mess
So small and sad you're a skit
Got some time on the hand
On the cast there's no love
No only proof
Of love this is the truth
So I drop my hand
Look at you

You're on the club
Got to feet as they fall
Dropped on the bed
A spinning head love

Now you keep the score
Like a baby tell his war
Adam should have just stepped on the snake

Naughty boys try to come
But the best ones always go
Say goodbye with a smile
And they spoke there's no love
No, only proof of love this is the truth
So I drop my hand
Look at you

You're on the club
Got to feet as they fall
Dropped on the bed
A reeling fucking stone block

Now keep the score
Like a baby tell his war
Adam should have just stepped on the snake

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