

# 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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