

Skin, You Made Your Bed

Im a one night stand
Screwed the whole damn year
Cos your sneaky face
Comes streaked with tears

But I'm not joyful lover
I tell no lies
So you won't just get away with it
Without a fight

Now it's my turn to tell you

You can't keep turning to me
When she ain't coming home
You can't keep flirting with me
You've made your bed
Go lie in it alone

I'm the rotten cause
That keeps true girls down
Cause these tears of a heart
Will have us all drowned

But I'm no willing cover
I seek no praise
So you won't be getting away with it
On sorry days

I'm your contraband
Your smugglers whore
I collude with you
When you want more

But it's clear to me
You thrive on my fear
So it's time to aid the enemy
And get the hell out of here