

# 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