

TENDER, Touch

Do you think about me when you're with him
Do you keep your eyes closed, make him wear the same cologne
Yeah do you think about me breathing down your neck
and in between your thighs, do you miss me yet

Do you really feel guilty
Fucking strangers on the weekly
Do you ever come quickly when its not me in your bed

Come close let me feel that touch
Feel me course through your veins
Yeah you love the idea of us
Does it still feel the same.
Do you still need to feel that rush
When you play the game
Someone else gets to feel your love
You expect me to wait.

Are you starting to miss me
I won't pick up the phone
Go to bed with a stranger
And you wake up alone
Never free on the weekends
Yeah I'm always away
Spend the nights at the table
Try to sleep through the day

Do you miss the smell of my skin
or how you couldn't tell where I'd been
Do you miss me coming round unannounced

We were loving so deeply
More than fucking on the weekly
You said baby you complete me
But you're not the only one