

The Afghan Whigs, Debonair

Hear me now and don't forget
I'm not the man my actions would suggest
A little boy, I'm tied to you
I fell apart
That's what I always do

This ain't about regret
My conscience can't be found
This time I won't repent
Somebody's going down

Feel it now and don't resist
This time the anger's better than the kiss
I must admit when so inclined
I tend to lose it than confront my mind

Cause it don't bleed and it don't breathe
It's locked its jaws and now it's swallowing
It's in our heart
It's in our head
It's in our love
Baby it's in our bed

Tonight I go to hell
For what I've done to you
This ain't about regret
It's when I tell the truth

And once again the monster speaks
Reveals his face and searches for release
A little boy is tied to you
Attracted only 'til it comes unglued