

The Afghan Whigs, My Curse

You hurt me baby
I flinch so when you do
Your kisses scourge me
Hyssop in your perfume
Oh, I do not fear you
And slave I only use
As a word to describe
The special way I feel for you

You look like me
And I look like no one else
We need no other
As long as we have ourselves

But I won't cry about it
Every time you get obsessed
Every time I came undressed

All ugly thoughts are gone
I'm sure we'll all be friends
I'll try to break your back
You'll try to make amends
Curse softly to me baby
And smother me in your love
Temptation comes not from hell but from above

And there's blood on my teeth
When I bite my tongue to speak
Zip me down, kiss me there
I can smile now
You won't find out ever

Hurt me baby
I flinch so when you do
Your kisses scourge me
Hyssop in your perfume
Oh I do not fear you
And slave I only use as a word to describe
The way I feel when I'm with you
If I have to lie about it everytime I came undressed