

The Last Dinner Party, Nothing Matters

I have my sentence now
At last I know just how you felt
I dig my fingers in
Expecting more than just the skin

'Cause we're a lot alike
In favour like a motorbike
A sailor and a nightingale
Slow dancing in convertibles

And you can hold me
Like he held her
And I will fuck you
Like nothing matters
And you can hold me
Like he held her
And I will fuck you
Like nothing matters

We've got the highway tight
The moon is bursting with headlights
One more and we're away
Love tender in your Chevrolet

And we're a lot alike
In favour like a motorbike
A sailor and a nightingale
Slow dancing in convertibles

And you can hold me
Like he held her
And I will fuck you
Like nothing matters
And you can hold me
Like he held her
And I will fuck you
Like nothing matters

Even when the cold comes crashing through
I'm putting all my bets on you
I hope they never understand us

I put my heart inside your palms
My home in your arms
Now we know
Nothing matters
Nothing matters

And you can hold me
Like he held her
And I will fuck you
Like nothing matters
And you can hold me
Like he held her
And I will fuck you
Like nothing matters