

The Lemonheads, No Backbone

It's dawned on me again
I can't balance in between
It's no longer familiar to me
It's become routine

The bedroom ritual
A simple way to feel
Without running the risk of anything real
Ever being given, ever being shown
Back in the bedroom no backbone

Standards I'd kept, in the back of my mind
Are now just rules to break from time to time
I'm way past worrying about it gettin' a hold on me
I realise I ride on it's back for free

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Addictively I'll stick to the safety of the script
But I know I'll end up settling for a less than perfect fit

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