

Two Feet, Caviar

I wanna love you like,
You love him
You love him
You love him

She seems to say that the caviar, taste to raw
And everyday in a brand new car, up the bar, go
That dick she had, he gonna change her
She thinks he's bad, and likes the danger
Her psychic tell her to go but she don't give advice for free
Whole life in a Birken bag I wonder if that came for free
Call me up at 2am and tell me that you needed me, you needed me, you needed me
I wanna love you like,
You love him
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It feeling like she's the morphine morphine
and don't look now, cause she's morphing morphing
To the time and place
Just to get her way
I can't get away she chasing chasing
I like to claim that I can't live my life without her
But everyday that she gone I feel less attached and I
Don't need this, don't need this oh, don't need this, don't need this oh
I wanna love you like,

You love him
You love him
You love him

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