

Wildhearts, Baby Strange

Baby Strange

What does it take to love you?

Baby Strange

What does it take to loathe you?

Stuck in occasions unfinished and severed

I'm dead with my eyes open wide

Heaven above you tired and lonely - I'm terrified

But in the ideal world there'd be a decent conversation

And dignified

Like the asshole lovers with the blackmail rules of

Seizure

Or suicide, they lied!