

# Yvonne, Cut A Smile

I beg for nails, and then you sigh  
"When I approach you step aside"  
I'm coming through, I'll be your sin  
I'll be your weight inside, within

I am trying to smile as I give you a kiss  
but you're holding your hand in the way  
I am starting to age, I'm starting to shake  
and I will never be the same again

I perform inside your mouth  
Am I clean? There is a doubt  
I am disease, you are the sick  
In terms of filth somewhere I fit

I want to believe that you tell me a lie  
when you say I'm the best you have had  
So cut me again, I will do as you please  
but I will never be the same again