

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