

Show Me Your Fangs

Matt Nathanson

You get a little bit homesick
You get a little bit wasted
I get a little bit locked inside your
Dumpster-diving primitive heart Like fire, swallowing oxygen
Good liar, you can be anything once
Then you're gone, gone, gone You lose track of where the light goes
You used to see me with your eyes closed
But you can't tell one hotel room from another
His kiss from mine You swear that you're unlovable
You swear that you were raised by wolves
But I'm holding on No, I won't listen to ya
No, I won't listen to ya
No, I won't listen at all Don't let me don't let me go
Show me your fangs You know your words don't scare me
Go ahead and dare me
I want to drive all night
Climb your walls
Live in your bed I'll never give up fighting
I'll never give up trying
I won't give up and I won't give in

Songwriters

VIOLA, MICHAEL / NATHANSON, MATT / SALEM, AMIR Published by
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