

Masochist

Ingrid Michaelson

She says you're a masochist for falling for me,
So roll up your sleeves.
And I think that I like her, 'cuz she tells me things I don't want to hear,
Medicinal tongue in my ear.

When will it stop? When will it stop?

When will I feel all soft on the inside?
When will I feel all soft on the inside?
When will I feel soft, soft?

You say that my skin feels like no one else's,
That it's different somehow.
But I don't understand, isn't a hand just a hand?
No you don't understand.

When will it start? My broken part?

When will I feel all soft on the inside?
When will I feel all soft on the inside?
When will I feel soft, soft?

Oooo

When will I feel all soft on the inside?
When will I feel all soft on the inside?
When will I feel soft, soft?

She says you're a masochist for falling for me.

Lyrics submitted by Adriane.

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