

Masochist

Devin

Here comes my girl

Like the night she just lived and died 96 lives of heartbreak
And they call me November sun
Shall I trust the magic of her tears
Guess she's crying from having too much fun

And we hate almost everything but Sally can't belong to anyone but you
My baby's so in love with herself and now I'm in love with her too

Yeah, I ain't like them other boys she's slipping in from ever
Running all down her leg under one thousand suns
I'll be your underground queen
Baby you're the one
But I know this love can't miss
Cause her first had me feeling like her last, last kiss

Whoa, masochist
Whoa, masochist
Whoa, masochist
Whoa, Whoa.

I can't ever get used too next man wishing she was his
But it only happened what if he turned out to be me and that just ain't the way it is
And now she's breathing all on my best friend
Who's only good for a knife in the guts
So we're up all night crying, tears shining like you just got hit in the face with golden dust.

Oh, I ain't lying saying everything will turn out alright
Fight off all the daylight anthems we still got all night
But what next man saying holds you til your eyes roll wide
I know this love wont miss
Cause her first had me feeling like her last, last kiss.

Whoa, masochist
Whoa, masochist
Whoa, masochist
Whoa, Whoa.

Baby, Oh Baby, come on come on come on baby

Here comes my girl.

Oh shimmer sheen, under the underground
Any heart may seem true, until its truly found

On the nights stay hungry, just like skin and bone
Like that girl I think keeping me from feeling so alone
Cause I know there's no one you ever really own
But I swear this love can't miss
Cause her first had me feeling like her last, last kiss.

Whoa, whoa
Masochist

Lyrics submitted by Arna.

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