

Slash

Tuff Darts

Every time I see you, I feel my skin crawl
Your perverted fantasies, drive me up the wall
I can't believe what you whisper to me, secretly
I haven't got the stomach, to do things at all
I'd rather slash my wrist, and cut my throat
Than to have to spend the night with you
Your fancies are the pits, you must be one sick bitch
To want to do what you say you do
I'd rather slash my wrist, and cut my throat
Than to spend the night with you
My imagine's nil, my equipment small
I couldn't live up to what you expect, at all
But I feel your eyes follow me, constantly
Your visions of ecstasy, leave me appalled
I'd rather slash my wrist, and cut my throat
Than have to spend the night with you
Your fancies are the pits, you must be one sick bitch
To want to do what you say you do

Lyrics Submitted by brian clouse

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