

Return

The Cure

{ Three O one a.m. } Oh I really love it here
Oh you've thought of it all
Candlelight, coconut ice and fur on the floor
I really love the way you wear your hair
And nothing more So tell me
What is going on?
I was sure that I'd already gone But all you say is we're all spinning
It's really not just me
But that doesn't seem to help me figure out how I can be
A prisoner in PVC a minute after three
It didn't used to be like this
Must be all that sleep I missed (Yea yea)
Yea but I really love it here
You've done everything to please
Stolichnaya, Banco De Gaia bad timing on TV
And I really love the way you turn
Your smile into striptease
But I'm still not sure what's going on
And I can't help feeling something's wrong But you just say that we're all spinning
And it's really not just me
But that doesn't seem to help me figure out how I can be
Still wrapped inside your rubber as I wriggle at your feet
No it didn't used to be like this
Must be something strange I kissed
Maybe when my eyes were closed So tell me what is going on?
I'm sure that I've already gone But all you say is we're all spinning
And it's really not just me
But that doesn't seem to help me figure out how I can be?
Still fixed inside your fantasy, a TV refugee
So tell me what is going on?
Just can't help feelin' something's wrong
Or is it right this way I feel
Someone get me out of here
I'm waiting on my knees { Two fifty seven a.m. }

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