

Quiero, Quieres

Forget Cassettes

I would be nobody's number two
That's what I wrote in his letter too
How could a man just leave with no regrets
Women start looking to replacing it

Are you feeling love for it, man
I think the cure is in your hands

Doctor, he said I'd always be loved
That my arms would always be warm enough
But now he's gone and I guess I'd better move
My heart stopped, now it beats fast for you

I am showing symptoms of sorrow, again
Tell me the truth, if it's serious, man...

Put me under, starve the fever
Don't feed it

I am fading with every wasted second

You're a lie.
Human, mortal

You're a lie.
Human, mortal

Lyrics submitted by rachel.

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