

These Sticks

The Afghan Whigs

From shallow breathing
A different storm begins
Misplaced your feelings?
Well, that ain't your problem now
You thought me easy
And ripe for punishing the dead
Can't stop the bleeding
It all starts coming round again Tie these sticks around my heart
Be here when it blows apart
This ain't love but let's pretend
That it's easy, easy
To forget In dreams you're hunted,
Around and round we go
And this is why we're coming,
And this is how you'll know
If I seem impatient
You won't be waiting long, my friend Tie these sticks around my heart
Be here when it blows apart
This ain't love but let's pretend
That it's easy, easy
Baby Once I fell in your remand
Spent so where I could not stand
Bent to suffer at your hand,
Your command You thought me easy
You thought me prey
I've come to meet you
I've come to make you pay

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