

# Conjure Me

## The Afghan Whigs

I smell your blood, my love  
But I can't taste it yet  
I have your mind, my love  
But I can't waste it yet Please understand, my love  
I find this sickening but  
My head is ice, my love  
My skin is thickening But oh my love  
We could still be friends  
And oh my love  
With me you must contend I'm gonna turn on you before you turn on me  
I'm gonna turn on you, can you conjure me?  
And walk the mile into this web of my conspiracy, oh  
I'm gonna turn on you before you turn on me I'm in a hole  
But I don't feel the safety net  
I have your soul  
But I am wasting it But oh my love  
We could still be friends  
And oh my love  
With me you must contend I'm gonna turn on you before you turn on me  
I'm gonna turn on you can you conjure me?  
And walk the mile into this web of my conspiracy, yeah  
I'm gonna turn on you before you turn on me I'm gonna turn on you  
I'm gonna turn on you  
Before you turn on me  
Before you turn on me  
I'm gonna turn on you  
I'm gonna turn on you  
Before you turn on me  
Before you turn on me  
Before you turn on me  
I'm gonna turn on you  
I'm gonna turn on you  
Before you turn on me  
Before you turn on me

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