Do You Love?

Final Fantasy

This kitchen has a king!
This hand, this hand is a cunning little bugger
With a habit of turning every A into a be

Unless it's put to work
There's a twitch twitch twitch and a rash, and an itch
For a job, for a magic job, and a magic diet and exercise plan

There are things I cannot do
I cannot not not turn a skinny little shit
Into a winsome Brit who spent his youth in honest pleasure

For all my wily ways
I cannot not not turn back into the boy
It's a tearful day when a boy must learn his limitations

Take a look at this brochure:
Inject, inject, strip away, peel away
The scars of self abuse with a couple of hours in a private clinic

What have I left in life?
The Knife! the Knife! this knife! this knife!
Every inch, every inch of me will come to know its magic!

Lyrics powered by lyrics.tancode.com
written by WIL MALONE, GARY CLARK, NATALIE JANE IMBRUGLIA
Lyrics Â© CHRYSALIS MUSIC (DIGITAL ONLY)

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/