

# Candice

## Tin Can Phone

She grabs me, takes me to the bed once more  
Im just a baby, but shes done it all before  
Taken advantage of an [incomprehensible] year old, raped his innocence  
And what for? PowerWell, I hope you got your score  
Well, I hope you got your score  
You ruined me, my physical communication  
To other beings  
My overall sense of feelingI wish I could cut your memories from my brain  
They haunt me, isolating me, infecting me with fearA fear of a touch and fear of women  
Didn't you think that you would turn me  
Into a man thats afraid of a touch?  
Its just skin against skin  
But it freezes me from within, from withinThis English burdened tongue  
Cannot express how plagued I feel  
The slightest touch brings me  
Back to her lust, to her lustTo her perverseness  
Dear God, take this away  
Dear God, take this away

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>