

T.m.t.

Snow Patrol

Cover me in anything you'd have on me
Curl my teeth with bitter smiles and cigarettes
Torture me and let me watch you as you fuck him
Bury me in love until I suffocate
'Cause it's easier to make love
Than to crawl across the floor and beg for more
After all this cold I'm sure won't last for long
The Bible thumpers on each corner turn to drink
They only do it to avoid the freezing cold
Their mother chase them out of bars and down the street
'Cause it's easier to hide from
Than it is to face reality each day

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