

# Nefarious

## Spoon/Britt Daniel

She was smoking up all his cigarettes  
And putting 'em out in his hand  
She said that you think this hurts now, kid, well  
Just wait till later man  
This is fucking torture to me, it's fucking torture  
Nefarious, nefarious  
It's enough to have to meet ya  
Nefarious, nefarious  
And there's nothing that could reach ya  
What's good, what's not so good  
Sometimes it's hard for her to tell  
What's good, what's not so good,  
Sometimes it's hard  
When she knows you so well and when she knows you so well  
And now your teeth are red and there's a little bit about you I don't  
Wanna know, uh huh  
And now your teeth are all red and there's a little bit about you I  
Don't wanna know, uh huh  
But when there's something that wants this much to happen,  
There's no need to be alarmed.  
But I'm not so sure if I want to get in that car,  
Because I caught you cheating, and caulking your chair  
And now your teeth are all red and there's a little bit about you I  
Don't wanna know, uh huh  
And now your teeth are all red and there's a little bit about you I  
Don't wanna know, uh huh  
Nefarious, nefarious  
It's enough to have to meet ya  
Nefarious, nefarious  
And there's nothing that could reach ya  
And you're tearing me apart, tearing me apart,  
It's enough to have to meet ya.

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