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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