What Love Is

Dead Boys

I don't need none of your bedroom bruised sweet box
I don't need none of your spoiled ass sweet talk
Write on your face with my pretty knife
I want to toy with your precious life
I want you to know
I want you to know
I want you to know
I want you to know what love is
I don't need none of your tender back seat love
And I don't need none of your two-bit machine love
Write on your face with my pretty knife
I want to toy with your precious life
I want you to know
I want you to know
I want you to know
I want you to know what love is
I don't need none of your two-bit machine love
And I don't need none of your spoiled ass sweet talk
Write on your face with my pretty knife
I want to toy with your precious life
I want you to know
I want you to know
I want you to know
I want you to know what love is

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