

# Autograph

## Sick of Sarah

You had a heart of gold.

You had a heart of stone.

I had a heart attack.

I pulled you in, you pushed me back.

You're not so innocent, you're just a hypocrite.

Now turn me on, let me loose,  
blow me off, what's your excuse?

And I'm not messing around, I want your autograph

I want to touch you, yeah.

And I'm not messing around, messing around

I want your autograph, autograph.

Your bones are pliable, so endeniable.

Cannot commit to words, cus words are indescribable.

And if I had my way, I'd eat you everyday

Now come a little closer, listen to the words I've got to say.

And I'm not messing around, I want your autograph

I want to touch you, yeah.

And I'm not messing around, messing around

I want your autograph.

And you'll just screw with my soul

Your words, they twist and fold,

I need to learn to swallow them whole

I'll swallow them whole

I want your autograph, autograph.

You can't quite sleep in the middle of the night,

You're touching yourself, whoa, whoa.

And if you could see everything that I see, oh, whoa.

I can't quite take this, I cant quite break this, oh, whoah.

And you can't quite take this, you can quite break this, oh, ohh.

And I'm not messing around, I want your autograph

I want to touch you and fuck you, yeah.

I'm not messing around

I want your autograph.

You'll just screw with my soul,  
Your words they twist and fold  
I need to learn to swallow you whole  
Oh, I'll swallow you whole  
I want your autograph.  
Autograph.

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Lyrics submitted by kristin.

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