

Sweetest Girl

Vices I Admire

She gets her moves right from the front page and begs me, ooh I've got the sweetest girl. She is the product of uncertainty. The treasure I sought, a wonder grinning and gold, so much for the soft words she never told: that I would have to wait so many steps behind.

Forgive me, I don't mean to trouble you, I will move the parade an inch behind the starting line. Forgive me I don't mean to trouble you but I feel so miserable.

Now she likes to touch only when I'm sleeping, it keeps me dreaming of a sweeter girl. One with a generalized impurity. She's abruptly the queen, suddenly fit for the crown, probably the reason she don't need me now. But I prefer things much more spiritual, so I'll stay a step behind.

Forgive me, I don't mean to trouble you, I will move the parade an inch behind the starting line. Forgive me I don't mean to trouble you but I feel so miserable.

She gets bored. If there were a photographic record you could watch her as she pulls the rope to move back the floor and let the world fly out from under me. I'll act my age, but if there's any reason, then I reason it's a reasonably good time to stage my routine routine: melodramatic love affair.

Forgive me, I don't mean to trouble you, I will move the parade an inch behind the starting line. Forgive me I don't mean to trouble you but I feel so miserable.

We're all miserable

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