

# Debonair

## The Afghan Whigs

Hear me now and don't forget  
I'm not the man my actions would suggest  
A little boy, I'm tied to you  
I fell apart that's what I always do This ain't about regret  
My conscience can't be found  
This time I won't repent  
Somebody's going down Feel it now and don't resist  
This time the anger's better than the kiss  
I must admit when so inclined  
I tend to lose it than confront my mind 'Cause it don't bleed and it don't breathe  
It's locked its jaws and now it's swallowing  
It's in our heart, it's in our head  
It's in our love, baby, it's in our bed Tonight I go to Hell  
For what I've done to you  
This ain't about regret  
It's when I tell the truth And once again the monster speaks  
Reveals his face and searches for release  
A little boy is tied to you  
Attracted only 'til it comes unglued And it don't bleed and it don't breathe  
It's locked its jaws and now it's swallowing  
It's in our heart, it's in our head  
It's in our love, baby, it's in our bed Tonight I go to Hell  
For what I've done to you  
But this ain't about regret  
It's when I tell the truth Tonight I go to Hell  
For what I've done to you  
This ain't about regret  
It's when I tell the truth

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