The Worst There Is

The Ettes

If I'm ever on your mind
It's a slow disease
Corrosive
And behind
Closed doors you're on your kneesWhen you're the worst there is
There's nothing to fear
That's why you and I are hereHave you ever been afraid
Of all that couldn't be
Just spending all your time
Pretending that you're freeI can offer some reprieve
But it won't cure your ill
So weigh out the little time
That you have before the kill

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