

Motherfucking Whore

Dana Immanuel

I must be such a bore, you've got one eye on me, one eye fixed on the door
You can't resist its pull, so go ahead and bow to the inevitable
I still get my say, I've spent all day writing on your wall in a back-stab slash-cut scrawl, says, this ain't my
number, and baby, don't callAnd don't the blood feel good welling up in your chest?
Well baby, don't you feel good, don't you feel blessed?
Just a taste the second time will keep you wanting more so fuck that dirty motherfucker like a motherfucking
whoreDon't just stand around, if you're giving up then you're going down
There's the plank, here's a tip - keep a hold of your valuables when jumping ship
This is your reward, but where the party's at is overboard, and you're hunched and teetering on your heels,
wondering how good drowning feelsWell, don't the blood feel good welling up in your chest?
Well baby, don't you feel good, don't you feel blessed?
Just a taste the second time will keep you wanting more so fuck that dirty motherfucker like a motherfucking
whoreYou don't even try, oh look, something's caught your eye
And I bet you feel a shiver in your spine 'cause it's got to be gold, baby, if it shines
And I got no line, I got no hook
And it ain't mine, that bait you took
I know your kind, and I know that look
One part divine, and two parts crookWell, don't the blood feel good welling up in your chest?
Well baby, don't you feel good, don't you feel blessed?
Just a taste the second time will keep you wanting more so fuck that dirty motherfucker like a motherfucking
whore

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