

Psychotic

Footsie

Sometimes I think I hear your voice
Feel your hand in mine
It damaged my perception
Like a glass of poisoned wine I'm clinging on to a dream of you
And I don't know what's real
The only thing I know now
Is the hunger that I feel (Psychotic) I hope you didn't mean the words you said
'Cause being all alone is like being dead
I thought that you would forever be my man
But I guess if I can't have you, no one can

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