

# Laid

James

This bed is on fire  
With passionate love  
The neighbours complain about the noises above  
But she only comes when she's on top  
My therapist said not to see you no more  
She said you're like a disease without any cure  
She said I'm so obsessed that I'm becoming a bore, oh no  
Ah, you think you're so pretty  
Caught your hand inside the till  
Slammed your fingers in the door  
Fought with kitchen knives and skewers  
Dressed me up in womens clothes  
Messed around with gender roles  
Dye my eyes and call me pretty  
Moved out of the house, so you moved next door  
I locked you out, you cut a hole in the wall  
I found you sleeping next to me, I thought I was alone  
You're driving me crazy, when are you coming home

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