

# Dialogue

## Rosa M. Calbet, Chuspi De Castro, Carlos Las Heras

I got no use to call you  
I got no reason to miss you at all  
I can't pretend I love you  
Although you got me by the balls  
I got no use  
I got no use  
I ain't got time to kill you

Spend too much time behind these walls  
I can't pretend I love you  
Although you got me by the balls  
You weave your web around me  
And all your eyes confuse me  
You drain my balls beneath me  
And then you try to eat me

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