

# Coming Down

## Arab Strap

Make me reflective, introspective  
Make me the violence and explain my silence  
'Cause it's never too late to fill me with hate  
So pull away, go, make me look cool And she looks best, Sunday mornings, coming down So what will I  
achieve, and who should I believe  
I lick her slit, as it tightens its grip  
My drugged up kiss, so hey, have something else  
It's hard to conceal the way I feel And she looks best, Sunday mornings, coming down  
It seems that some swanker makes her darker sights her hair

Lyrics provided by

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