

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 coolAnd she looks best, Sunday mornings, coming downSo 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 feelAnd she looks best, Sunday mornings, coming down
It seems that some swanker makes her darker sights her hair

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