

Quicksand

[La Roux](#)

I'm the obsessor holdin' your hand
It seems you have forgotten about your man
Alone in the darkness my bed's a different land
Your touch intensifies and I'm in the quicksand I'm in the quicksand
I'm in the quicksand You're the upsettor stroking my hand
What's my position, I don't understand?
Am I your possession, am I in demand?
Oh, when you turn to me I'm in the quicksand I'm in the quicksand
I'm in the quicksand You, you moved into my mind again, oh
You walking around and free, oh
Oh, I could let you stay but I'm walking on broken ground again
Oh, oh, when will I learn all you do is push me back in the dark? I'm in the quicksand
I'm in the quicksand
I'm in the quicksand
I'm in the quicksand
I'm in the quicksand

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