

# Laid

[Matt Nathanson](#)

This bed is on fire with passionate love  
The neighbors complain about the noises above  
But she only cums 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've become a bore, oh no Ah you think you're so pretty (eeeeeeeeeeeeee  
eeeeeeeeeeeeeee) Caught your hand inside a till  
Slammed your fingers in the door  
Bought a kitchen knives and skewers  
Dressed me up in womens clothes  
Messed around with gender roles  
Dye my eyes and call me pretty (eeeeeeeeeeeeee eeeeeeeeeeeeeee) 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 Liiiiid Liiiiid (eeeeeeeeeeeeee eeeeeeeeeeeeeee)

Lyrics provided by

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