Bathwater

Planning for Burial

You and your museum of lovers
The precious collection you've housed in your covers
My simpleness threatened by my own admission
And the bags are much to heavy
In my insecure condition
My pregnant mind is fat full with envy again
But I still love to wash in your old bathwater
Love to think that you couldn't love another
I can't help it, you're my kind of man
Wanted and adored by attractive women
Bountiful selection at your discretion
I know I'm diving into my own destruction
So why do we choose the boys that are naughty
I don't fit in so why do you want me?
And I know I can't tame you but I just keep trying
'Cause I love to wash in your old bathwater
Love to think that you couldn't love another
On your list with all your other women

But I still love to wash in your old bathwater
You make me feel like I couldn't love another
I can't help it your my kind of man
Why do the good girls always want the bad boys?
And so I pacify problems with kisses and cuddles
Diligently doubtful through all kinds of troubles
Then I find myself choking on all my contradictions
'Cause I still love to wash in your old bathwater
Love to think that you couldn't love another
Share a toothbrush you're my kind of man
I still love to wash in your old bathwater
Make me feel like I couldn't love another
I can't help it you're my kind of man
No I can't help myself
I can't help myself
I still love to wash in your old bathwater

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