

10 or a 2-way

Korn

Precious fingers, she knows how to hold the poison
Lick it, dip it and for no particular reason
She crawls on the floor, slides against the door
Press your fingers over blossom and it's season
Doesn't matter, she'll be doing it her way
Doesn't care if it's a 10 or a 2-way
Doesn't matter, she'll be doing it her way
Every night, every day
Never make a show of fear anyway
Only fucking you 'til the season change
Treasure deep between the places that you hold dear
Can't it hurt to act as if we are in love here?
Lies across this chair, fingers everywhere
To define all the angels up above here
Doesn't matter, she'll be doing it her way
Doesn't care if it's a 10 or a 2-way
Doesn't matter, she'll be doing it her way
Every night, every day
Never make a show of fear anyway
Only fucking you 'til the seasons change
When you cum, be a good girl
Hold your breath, make it last long
And it's called death
A little death, girl
Never make a show of fear anyway
Only fucking you 'til the season change
Never make a show of fear anyway
Only fucking you 'til the season change

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