Masochist

Desolated

She says you're a masochist for falling for me
So roll up your sleeves and I think that I like her
'Cuz she tells me things I don't want to hear
Medicinal tongue in my ear
When will it stop? When will it stop?
When will I feel all soft on the inside?
When will I feel all soft on the inside?
When will I feel soft, soft?
You say that my skin feels like no one else's
That it's different somehow
But I don't understand, isn't a hand just a hand?
No, you don't understand
When will it start, my broken part?
When will I feel all soft on the inside?
When will I feel all soft on the inside?
When will I feel soft?
When will I feel all soft on the inside?
When will I feel all soft on the inside?
When will I feel soft, soft?
Soft, soft, soft, soft
She says you're a masochist for falling for me

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