

Please Don't Call

David Wilcox

How good would it feel to be needed by me
To watch me put you first, time after time?
How good would it feel to know that I cannot
I cannot in fact live without you
And I would sell my soul to say that you were mine? If I was aching and begging you please
Would you want me down?
That's right pleading and dizzy from
Needing you to fix my soul again How good would it feel then
To know that you had the power of revenge? How good would it feel to control me
To know that I would do whatever it took
For you to take me again? If you would just take me, take all of me
Take everything in trade for just a taste of you
Until they find me lying cold
And they check my blood for just a trace of you How good would it feel? You could say you had me
You could say you had me and I was yours
How good would it feel if I needed your potion so badly
Until you captured my mind with the single desire for more And yes, I desire you, of course I desire you
But how good could it feel to lead me to my fall?
And if you respect me at all
And please don't call

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