The Game Needed Me

Minus The Bear

We don't have money so we can't lose it
But you touchin' me like piano keys, you can't buy that movement
What do we get from this soft transaction?
We know the money lies and you can't put a price on this brand of action
What does it cost for this life of excess?
Would you ever miss your desk's caress
There is no mouth to trace it's shape on to you
You seem to let it fuck you anyway
What does it cost
For this life of excess?

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