

# Stitches (P.Q.M.'s Cracker Beat Pass)

## Orgy

If it stayed I'd never leave it, if that turned around  
I'd grieve the special dirty things that we used to talk about  
I mean that loving you is strange and adored by me throughout  
Oh no it's you againSomeday soon you'll find that someone  
Waiting for the chance to beat you  
Drooling on the set to feel you  
Blessing you with every kissTying yourself to me  
Stitch up my emptiness  
'Cause you're the death of me  
So precious, loving the thrillTying yourself to me  
Stitch up my emptiness  
'Cause you're the death of me  
So precious, loving the thrillSuch the patient one who needs me  
The spoiled one who wins  
So shocking where's your sense  
Don't you know I hate you so unsatisfied you little girlTying yourself to me  
Stitch up my emptiness  
'Cause you're the death of me  
So precious, loving the thrillTying yourself to me  
Stitch up my emptiness  
'Cause you're the death of me  
So precious, loving the thrillRolling dice and seeming queer, bastard love a sick affair  
Let's see what new disease you'll fetch  
I mean that fucking you is strange and adored by me throughout  
Oh no it's you again, blessing you with every kissSo precious you know  
This hate of mine exploded  
I'm so deranged you know  
I will never be deceivedTying yourself to me  
Stitch up my emptiness  
'Cause you're the death of me  
So precious, loving the thrillTying yourself to me  
Stitch up my emptiness  
'Cause you're the death of me  
So precious, loving the thrillSo precious, loving the thrill  
So precious, loving the thrill  
'Cause you're the death of me  
So precious, loving the thrill

Songwriters

GORDON, JAY / DERAKH, AMIR / HEWITT, BOBBY / SHUCK, RYAN  
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