

What's Come Over Me

Frente!

I know your whereabouts, unhappily
You know my weakness is my sympathy
The crust in your temperament, don't wash with me
I scrub at the base of it with Vaseline

What's come over me?
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Coming down on myself too easily
Packing those stairs away
Could visibly be the most hurtful thing you did to me
How can you sleep with me so silently?

What's come over me?
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What's come over me?

Licking up like a cat on your filthy mat
I like to live with my head in your lap
I don't like to need that, I don't like to need that
I don't like to need that, I don't like to need that

Walking your muddy feet on my carpet
What's come over me?
There's no charge, hurry up and find out who you are