Debonair

Afghan Whigs

Hear me now and don't forget I'm not the man my actions would suggest A little boy, I'm tied to you I fell apart, that's what I always do

This ain't about regret My conscience can't be found This time I won't repent Somebody's going down

Feel it now and don't resist This time the anger's better than the kiss I must admit when so inclined I tend to lose it than confront my mind

'Cause it don't bleed and it don't breathe It's locked its jaws and now it's swallowing It's in our heart, it's in our head It's in our love, baby, it's in our bed

Tonight I go to hell For what I've done to you This ain't about regret It's when I tell the truth

And once again the monster speaks Reveals his face and searches for relief A little boy is tied to you Attracted only 'til it comes unglued

And it don't bleed and it don't breathe It's locked its jaws and now it's swallowing It's in our heart, it's in our head It's in our love, baby, it's in our bed

Tonight I go to hell For what I've done to you This ain't about regret It's when I tell the truth

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