

# Stroke

Banks

You want me  
You want me  
Want me to stroke your ego  
Beg for it  
Die for it mmm  
I got the touch placebo  
Nothing that you wouldn't do  
Lie to get back in my room  
'Cause that's what narcissists do  
You want me  
You want me  
Want me to stroke

Say it's hard to breathe inside my ocean  
I give you the deep but your still floating  
You would let me drown to save your own life  
Don't think I can't see your soul is soaking

It's always in my head  
Everything is always about you  
You tell me you're a book that I misread  
You just wanna tell me what to do

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Gather all your money make a symphony  
I looked it over and the thing got steeper  
And even though you wanted me sweet you could call me savory  
You're treading water and the thing got deeper

It's always in my head  
Everything is always about you  
(You used to get it on the low)  
You tell me you're a book that I misread  
(You always said I was your type)  
(You said you got it down below)  
You just wanna tell me what to do  
(You wanna give it to me right)

Tell me you're so good at it  
Good at it  
You say you don't wanna quit  
And you  
You say you won't run out of love  
Out of love  
Say you got enough of it for two

I'm ended up  
You been invited  
You been telling me - now I'm afraid  
You running up to the table invited  
You want a taste of my own lemonade

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