

Cut The Cord

Charlotte Martin

Big sigh on my my a mountain lion, hello
Oxygen or baby this one's gonna blow
And we go up, down, up
And we go up and down again
Then we go down, up, down, up
We go down and up again-gain-gain

Three seeds cheap of turning torture into love
I wise up but it's not me you're thinking of
Gonna hold out on me
Gonna go out on her again
And you go frown for sure
And we're real proud you know

And it's the same sad love song
And then it's all right, all wrong
And then we're too weak, too strong
To cut the cord

Stronghold you told me that you weren't into storms
How the sky breaks into what we should have formed
But we are no cloud, no sun
And we're no rainbow that's sure
And we're no street, no heat
Just a vapor in the fog

And it's the same sad love song
And then it's all right, all wrong
And then we're too weak, too strong
To cut the cord
To cut the cord

Just enough to satisfy me
Just enough to gratify me
Just enough to blaze your fire through my desert
Just enough to satisfy me
Just enough to gratify me
Just enough to blaze your fire through my desert

Open books aren't really books without the words
Love's not love if it's not painfully absurd
And then we're hot and cold
And then we're hot and cold again
And then we're shy and bold
And this is crazier as friends

It's the same sad love song
And then it's all right, all wrong
And then we're too weak, too strong

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