

Psycho Blonde

Colony 5

With or without me she plays
And she comes two or three times a day
She is born to love and lust
Without that she crumbles to dust
She is born to love and lust
Without that she crumbles to dust!

Therapy doesn't seem to work anymore
But only adds to the hurt and the sores
When we are out she makes me wear handcuffs
She's far too much and not nearly enough...

She never ever gives me room
I fear I'll suffocate soon
Psycho Blonde I'm not your toy
She never ever gives me room
I fear I'll suffocate soon
Find yourself another Psycho Boy

I can't get help to get herself fixed
I'm tired of games, and i'm sick of tricks
I had to move to start seeing her again
She has her ways to crawl back into my head

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