

Phone sex delirium
Leads me into town
Love over here and there
Blessed while dressed and down
Out at the edge, touching madly
Watching them all being so fierce
Stealing the dregs, flailing wildly
Wind me up and watch me go

Love could make me
Love could just break me
Love could make me
Love could just break me

Spit-shone and diction-free
As I work the room Optics, they wink at me Crystal-
kissed, I swoon
The way that they treat me Completely destroys me
Looks that they send me
Offend me, annoy me
Eying the prize with a sideways smile
Randomly violent, that's my style
That's my style

Love could make me
Love could just break me
Love could make me
Last call just breaks me

Just break me
Just break me
Just brave me
Just break me