

We generate heat  
We generate emotion  
We generate a feeling  
That is better left here  
Than a memory on a wall

I'd rather cry than forget you

We generate pain  
We generate suspicion  
We generate a rumour that's sick  
But a rumour that is probably true

I'd rather die than forget you

(I won't let my dreams slip away from me)  
I'm talking sex motion  
I'm talking 'bout fashion  
I'm talking 'bout skin games  
I'm talking 'bout secrets

(And I won't let my heart run away with me)  
I'm talking temptation  
I'm talking 'bout memories  
I'm talking 'bout feelings  
I'm talking 'bout emotion

We generate lies  
We generate pictures  
We generate a video film  
That I couldn't let my best friend see

I'd rather lose than forgive you

We generate shame  
We generate secrets  
We generate a reason for living  
And we generate a reason for not

I'd rather hurt than forget you

I can't believe that I'm here  
I can't believe what I've seen  
I can't believe what I'm doing to you