Control of the Knife

Won't climb underground, battle lounge Won't crawl in the dirt, you're cruel That's what you found, body sound I'm turning it round, I'm cool

You hooked me line and sinker, I fell Ooh you'd like the heavens in hell You took me high and blinkered I fell Ooh you'd like the kiss and the tell

You're keeping control of the knife But I'm not your darling It's keeping me cold in the nights But honey you're starving

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Got sweet hassle, sweet talking me Got cheap babble, cheap talking free Got sweet hassle, sweet talking me Got cheap babble, cheap talking free

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