

It makes you mad
I see your head in a bag
Oh dear God, you look so fucking sad
It makes you before
It isn't the style, it's what you're fighting for

It makes you feel glad
holiday fingering that seems to ring so bad
It makes you before
Belligerent God is what you're fighting for

I need to, need to
I need to own you... to know I want you
I need to argue
You were never (a) jealous lover

It makes you mad
So, so sad
It makes you before
Belligerent God is what you're fighting for

It makes me feel bad
Holiday fingering that seems to ring so bad

I need to, need to
I need to own you to know I want you
I need to, I'm bored
You were never (a) jealous lover

Oh dear god

I need to, need to
I need to own you to know I want you
I need to argue
You were never (a) jealous lover

It makes you mad
Your head in a bag, God, you look so fucking sad