

## Sally Slips

Hurt

Bitter sweet sleep, summer street  
Looks at me and then she bleats out a streak  
This just means she got her weed  
But not a bong, who's tired?  
Don't we all just want a little piece of release?  
Comfort me and cum for me again

I think she just might be the one

Now we sleep deep under sheets  
With what's going underneath  
Who was she, or who was he?  
Who reaped the benefit of love this time?  
What's it all?  
Since I could neither fuck it, or cover it  
I'd rather smother it

To come to where it goes  
Cause it'll come to where it goes  
And when it comes to where it goes  
Well then it goes away

If it looks just like it, it smells just like it, it felt just like it  
Well, then, it might just be the one  
Well, if it looked just like it, it felt just like it, you melt just like  
It  
And, then, it just might be the one

(She just might be the one,  
She just might be the one,  
She just might be the one,  
Just might be the one)

It comes just like echoes,  
It goes just like echoes,  
It goes just like echoes,  
It goes just like a ghost

Cause then she comes to where it goes  
Cause it will come to where it goes  
And when it comes to where it goes  
Well then it comes just like it's told

Sally slipped again in deep with them  
There was not a thing of you to love  
You lied all this time you were alone  
Sleeping ghosts in the end  
Now we are both...  
But now it's time... delivers in the memories  
I've got the medicine.

To looks just like it  
Smells just like it  
It felt just like it  
You might just buy it

If it looks just like it

It sucks just like it  
It fucks just like it  
Well then is got to be the one

You know me... here  
You own me... here  
You're only... here