

Leave It to Me (Paula Wasn't Completely Right)

Inspection 12

Your Heaven is my Hell.
You've run the boat aground.
Smoke your cigarette it just might be your last good one.
My poison is your cure.
Your strain is my vaccine.
My hole, your highest ground, the two with nothing in between.
Leave me be today.
I need to be today.
I want to believe you
So leave it to me.