

I'm Not Made by Design

Nothing But Thieves

I live on oxygen, a bastard monkey boy
Do what the hell I like, I'm no celestial toy
Your goddess is bathed in gold while keeping us in line
We're killing each other for a woman in the sky

Ooooooh
I'm not made, I'm not made by design
Ooooooh
Can you be, can you be satisfied?
Ooooooh
I'm not made, I'm not made by design
Ooooooh
Can you be, can you be satisfied?

This kiss in the parking lot is turning me to stone
You take the sweetest thing then claim it as your own

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