

# I Don't Know What I Want Us To Do

Peter Bjorn and John

Decadent picture of you in nude, sits on my shoulder  
whispers in my ear, makes me feel prude  
obscene gesture makes me feel filthy, makes you feel guilty,  
still can't help it , let's just sink, degradation

Naive pretensions, nowhere discussion  
I pity the downfall, I pity the sarcasm  
you're lips are sealed, you know how it feels?  
comfortable apartment, in a comfortable chair  
a lock of goldilocks, a lock of bear  
your lips are poisonous, that's what destroys us

But I don't know what I want her to do  
can't figure out what I'm supposed to do  
seems like all that it's coming to  
I don't know what I want us to do

Virginity is bound to fail at the altar  
the groom is empty, stuffed up with candy  
the sheets are soiled, olive oil?  
we're oh so pretty and we're oh so young,  
digging your eyelid, singing a song:  
I want you on top, I want you because..

But I don't know what I want her to do  
can't figure out what I'm supposed to do  
seems like all that it's coming to  
I don't know what I want us to do