

Black Sheep

Suckers

Don't care, I'm not sorry. I don't sow what I reap,
hide all my jewelry and shear the black sheep.

And you want it, and you need it,
yeah, you want it, but man I won't give it away.

Fever has broken,
the bubble has burst,
don't want the the lies that I'm saying to sound too rehearsed.

Cause you're honest and you mean it,
yeah, you're honest, but I won't believe you again.

Set me on fire, fingers like live wires,
you like pulling on hair and playing truth or dare,
well that's a pretty little getup you got on tonight,
I'd like to see it round your ankles while we scratch and we bite, but then,

Something's got the best of you,
don't let it get the rest of you.
Something's got the best of you.
Don't let it get the rest of you.

Sure getting tired of running around,
everyone married or six feet in the ground.

But you love it, you won't leave it,
yeah, you love it, but hey I just take what I can.

New York apartment with modern decor,
nothing got on ya but the back of the door.

And you're happy, yeah, you're living
and you're happy, yeah man, you don't need anyone.

Set it on fire and burn it away,
set it on fire and burn it away.

Cause you're honest and you mean it,
yeah, you're honest, but man, I won't believe you again.

Your pantyhose run,
your buttons all undone,
while your mouth's always suggesting things that sound like fun,
well I'm a little skeptical about the way this'll go
cos you're acting suspicious and I doubt that you know that maybe,

Something's got the best of you, don't let it get the rest of you.