

You want to be the end of the story  
You want to be the end of the story  
So you cling to something  
Clench something

I don't remember your name  
I don't remember your name  
As you lie across the table  
You swear and rhyme  
You lie across the table  
You swear and rhyme

Thinking that maybe it'll suit your body  
Thinking that maybe it'll suit your body  
Your body

It's all trouble  
It's all trouble  
'Cause you want to feel it, you want to feel it  
But you don't believe in it

Spreading your feathers  
Sucking on every tree  
Caught up between the devil and the deep blue sea  
As you lie across the table  
You swear and rhyme  
You lie across the table  
You swear and rhyme

Thinking that someone might suit your body  
Thinking that someone might suit your body  
Your body

It's all trouble  
It's all trouble  
Until you turn off the red lights in your window