

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