

Biting And Scratching

Tank

Many plans that I've had have been thrown out the window, hopes
and dreams
And devious schemes have ended bad well you know
How it is and the way I live are secrets closely guarded
Any chances of being romantic are slim and soon discarded
Why should I sleep within its opening time it seems like I've been here all my life
I don't know what it is but it's in her blood
It's when I get home is when she starts up
Biting and scratching is all she does biting and scratching when making love
Biting and scratching there's no use saying you're tired
Biting and scratching would you call me a liar?
My first love is thinking 'bout just how far can I go
With the ins and outs and whereabouts it just gets right up her nose
What is next and I suspect she don't know what she started
Before you know it she'll go and blow in the land of the departed