

# Hurt Me

The Jezabels

Oh my love is that a vulture?  
Don't tell me it's a vulture  
Standing beside you

Do you see your own face in his eyes?  
Do you see him like I do?

I used to be that, when you said you believed it,  
I would believe it too.  
It used to be that, when you said you were leaving,  
I'd want to follow you,  
But never where the dogs bark

And I remember praying at the dinner table  
For you to come around,  
Maybe pat me on the back,  
When you're able

Now I've a dream of you with half a face  
And you take me to a rooftop and skin me,  
Come on, Abel, are you going to skin me?

And use it as a mask to keep you in the dark,  
When the shadow of the moon won't do,  
Because on you, the moon is but a pearl,  
Stolen from your mother's bedside,  
The day you came into the world.

And still now I can hear the dogs bark.  
And I remember praying at the dinner table,  
For you to come around,  
Maybe pat me on the back  
When you're able

Whole cities light up,  
But nothing can compare to you, baby.  
So I stay waiting,  
Laying on the dinner table,  
Waiting for you to hurt me

Come on, Abel, hurt me, hurt me, hurt me.  
Come on, Abel, cut me, cut me, serve me ('round the table).

And now it's laying on the table, waiting for you on the table  
To carve it up and watch the spray go across the river-bed,  
And sweet aromas fill the halls from all the bodies that came before  
And that's the body; I swear that's the body  
I remember, was laying on the dinner table  
When you came around, said, "You'll be doing fine when you're able."

Oh whole cities light up,  
But nothing can compare to you, baby.  
So I stay waiting, laying on the dinner table.

Hurt me, hurt me, hurt me,  
Cut me, cut me, serve me.