

# What We Have We Steal

Toadies

Shut down the disease, brush it aside and stand up off your knees  
Tip the scales, spin me some horrible, beautiful tales  
Now you're weak, and you're tired and lonely  
You can't see what could be yours for keeps all the while  
You can take what you want  
But you're not so nice any more  
Everything we have we steal

Run your fingers over me  
Pull away the skin, uncover the disease  
With a weakness and a tenderness we kiss  
Consuming each other all over again  
You can take what you want  
But you're not so nice any more  
Everything we have we steal