

Dyed In The Wool

Young Knives

Help me, I'm starting to expire.
I hope that I can hire a helping hand.
It's got a meaning, I really hadn't thought of.
I really should take care of the things I have.

I have to hold you.
Have to hold you in a headlock.
I have to force you into wedlock.
That's how I am.

I'm dyed in the wool.
Dyed in the wool.

f**king love, when I should buckle down.
And I shouldn't hang around, for what that's worth.
Can you forgive me?
We're headed irrational.
Freakish passion for passion, that's my curse.
That's my curse.

I'm dyed in the wool.
Dyed in the wool.
I'm dyed in the wool.
I'm dyed in the wool.
Dyed in the wool.