

Royseven

"Atm"

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Why do your legs open wide when my wallet appears?
You don't date faces, you date bank account
statements
With cold ease

But I, I'm not your ATM
No and I, I'm not your anything,
Your anything

Love isn't chemistry, it's credit cards
I pay the bills
Foreplay is conversation, not physical appreciation
Material, material things

Yeah but I, I'm not your ATM
No and I, I'm not your anything,
Your anything

But I, I'm not your ATM
No and I, I'm not your anything,
Your anything
No I, I'm not your ATM
No I, I'm not your anything,
Your anything

And you'll wake up in decades on
Beside a man who, who doesn't make you come
Which is ironic
Cause you're, you're, you're, a cunt

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