

Terence

"The Fuse"

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with all the passion and the style of an undertaker
you pledge you love to me, this is misery
insert emotion here, add a smile to make it real
oh baby let it be, you lack the empathy

'till death do us part, which seems to be now
the life of the party's moved on and the band's gone
home

uh-oh, uh-oh, the spark is gone
we should really end it now before we try to kill
eachother
uh-oh, uh-oh, the fuse is lit
I don't wanna stick around 'till it blows up in my face

with all the hotness and the suave of a buddhist monk
I kiss you everywhere, but I'm not really there
can't seem to touch you right, I'm not even trying hard
all of my moves are lame, I have myself to blame

we used to carry good times, make love all day
but we must have lost that luggage somewhere along
the way

uh-oh, uh-oh, the spark is gone
we should really end it now before we try to kill
eachother
uh-oh, uh-oh, the fuse is lit
I don't wanna stick around 'till it blows up in my face
uh-oh, uh-oh, the feeling's lost
I know I truly loved you once so I don't wanna hate you
now
uh-oh, uh-oh, we're dynamite
and I don't mean the good kind so we better run
in 3-2-1

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