

Tiger Lillies, The "Sense Of Sentiment"

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Desire and despair and decadence

All wrapped up in providence

Your misery which you let bleed

Your sense of sentiment

You climb the stairs and have no cares

Except tomorrow and except despair

I wish that I had half your strength

Your sense of sentiment

I got smacked by the idol worship

Well, I hope that it was worth it

Exotic, quixotic and so neurotic

Your sense of sentiment

And if it makes no sense at all

Then you will give it your all

I love you, I need you

I'll die and bleed for

Your sense of sentiment

Yes, I love you, I need you

I'll die and bleed for

Your sense of sentiment

