

Deus "Favourite Game"

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The sponsor's sweating
The girls are fretting
But he's getting away
With re-fuck

This city crawler
Would like to howler
He's not a brawler
But he's got something to say

Like burning down a flat
To light a cigarette

Rest your eyes
Got no tears for a love song
Rest your eyes
You got it coming on

How late the favorite game
Eleven on the clock of fun and shame into the black
anew
We need a big blow to kill a little flame
Tell me what you gonna do
Come on now, baby, can you put me through?

It's suck, squeeze, bang and blow
I feel at home in your pressure dome
Let's jettison in unison that monotonous drone
(It's)
Like burning down a flat to light a cigarette

Rest your eyes
Got no tears for a love song
Rest your eyes
You got it coming on

How late the favorite game
Eleven on the clock of fun and shame into the black
anew
We need a big blow to kill a little flame
Tell me what you gonna do
I don't wanna look at the receding moon

Tell me what you gonna do
Come on now, baby, can you put me through?

Oh, let me hype this dream
My own promo machine
Wipe your belly clean
Like a 'Behind the scenes'

We've been there before
I always been your whore
But now, I want it more
I am bored and lonely tonight

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