Bitch & Animal "Traffic"

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this is the point

where the eye and I don't meet this is the point that spells defeat i have watched your unlove written like tabloids i had to stumble on buying my food there you were unfolded in headlines and horror i love all those bits of you i love all those bits of you on the hardwood floor where the bird imitates our fighting you put the golf show on to avoid my crying you cup your arm to care where the hurt went in and well, why does it hurt? complications of leftover racisms why does it hurt? you start the road trip off with accusations of why does it

feel like i've been run over in traffic scratchin in the dust of someone's leavin punches in my gut oh look i'm bleeding not for you, for me this time, this time not for you, for me this time

just for the record, there is no record it's a problem there is no "this is what you said" that's already gone all we have are our love and our guts baby all we have are our love and our guts baby they're all over the road you don't know the difference

between anger and pissed off one is doing and one is feeling one is doing and one is feeling and i'm feeling i'm feeling

feels like i've been run over in traffic scratchin at the dust of someone's leaving punches in my gut oh look i'm bleeding not for you, for me this time, this time not for you, for me this time

i need to be healed i need to be healed

just saying it does it just smashing it crushes it just loving it douses it

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feels like i been run over in traffic scratching at the dust of someone leaving punches in my gut oh look- i'm bleeding not for you, for me this time, this time not for you, for me. not for you, for me.

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