

Florence & The Machine

"Galaxy Of The Lost"

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Hate to think what would happen if I started to drink like
you, maybe I would loosen up, so pour me another gin.

Guzzle down, My neck will burn
And as we kiss, And I'm sick in your mouth, I know you
want more, Lick my open wounds, And add some ice
And choke on my sick vice, Oh God, the lights are on.

Trapped in bed, As the poison slowly creeps, And stops
me dead. I should have known better than to cave, Into
such fantasies.

Guzzle down, My neck will burn
And as we kiss, And I'm sick in your mouth, I know you
want more, Lick my open wounds, And add some ice
And choke on my sick vice, Oh God, the lights are on.

I feel better, Now I've seen you
But deep inside, My bones feel like timber, And I am
shaking at the tension
And I will shudder at the mention.

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