

Gwen Stacy

"Bathwater"

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You and your museum of lovers
The precious collection you've housed in your covers
My simpleness threatened by my own admission

And the bags are much to heavy
In my insecure condition
My pregnant mind is fat full with envy again

But I still love to wash in your old bathwater
Love to think that you couldn't love another
I can't help it...your my kind of man

Wanted and adored by attractive women
Bountiful selecton at your discretion
I know I'm diving into my own destruction.

So why do we choose the boys that are naughty?
I don't fit in so why do you want me?
I know I can't tame you... but I just keep trying

'cause I still love to wash in your old bathwater
Love to think that you couldn't love another
I'm on your list with all your other women
But I still love to wash in your old bathwater
You make me feel like you couln't love another
I can't help it...your my kind of man.

Why do the good girls always want the bad boys?

So I pacify problems with kisses and cuddles
Diligently doubtful through kinds of trouble
Then I find myself choking on all my contradictions

Cause I still love to wash in your old bathwater
Love to think that you couldn't love another
Share a toothbrush...your my kind of man
I still love to wash in your old bathwater
Make me feel like I couldn't love another
I can't help it...you're my kind of man.

No I can't help myself

I can't help myself
I still love to wash in your old bathwater.

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