

James "Laid"

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This bed is on fire
With passionate love
The neighbours complain about the noises above
But she only comes when she's on top

My therapist said not to see you no more
She said you're like a disease without any cure
She said I'm so obsessed that I'm becoming a bore, oh
no
Ah, you think you're so pretty

Caught your hand inside the till
Slammed your fingers in the door

Fought with kitchen knives and skewers
Dressed me up in womens clothes
Messed around with gender roles
Dye my eyes and call me pretty

Moved out of the house, so you moved next door
I locked you out, you cut a hole in the wall
I found you sleeping next to me, I thought I was alone
You're driving me crazy, when are you coming home

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