

Marquis De Sade

"Tabitha"

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I'm so far
But it always touches me when I
Look around
At everything I'm missing
Run away
But it only seems like inches
>From her sense of intuition
One thing
That gets me down again and again
I feel like
I'm in the palm of her hands
Take away
My telephone so she won't call
The cafe and the flower stand
She's dragging you down
She's dragging you down
She does it like no one's business
She's screwing your friends
She's so full of shit
She's dragging you she's so wicked
For me
Never to return here
She'll have to make that decision
I don't know
Where she'll be in a year or two or three
There's me withdrawn from an addiction
She's dragging you down
She's dragging you down
She does it like no one can
She's doin' your friends
She's so full of shit
She's dragging you she's so wicked
Oh Tabitha

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