

Mayfield Four "Sick And Wrong"

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One touch... taste... the thrill so great
My flesh... breath... forbidden fruit you waste
They say I'm pure,
Naive and such a bore,
But now you know
The truth told,
I'm gonna give it away

Clip my wings this angel's falling down
Sick, sick, sick, and wrong
Let's go, let's feel, let's fuck around
Sick, sick, sick, and wrong

Your guilt... it never tires... it wants to bring down
babylon
Your want... desire... your urge is way too strong,
It's never safe,
When we're together,
A supernova when we collide,
I start to shake,
I start to tremble,
I lose control when I come inside

Clip my wings this angel's falling down
Sick, sick, sick, and wrong
Let's go, let's feel, let's fuck around
Sick, sick, sick, and wrong

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