

## The Afghan Whigs "My Curse"

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You hurt me, baby  
I flinch so when you do  
Your kisses scourge me  
Hyssop in your perfume  
Oh, I do not fear you  
And slave I only use as a word to describe  
The special way I feel for you

You look like me  
And I look like no one else  
We need no other  
As long as we have ourselves

But I won't cry about it  
Every time you get obsessed  
Every time I came undressed

All ugly thoughts are gone  
I'm sure we'll all be friends  
I'll try to break your back  
You'll try to make amends  
Curse softly to me, baby  
And smother me in your love  
Temptation comes not from  
Hell but from above

And there's blood on my teeth  
When I bite my tongue to speak  
Zip me down, kiss me there  
I can smile now  
You won't find out ever

Hurt me baby  
I flinch so when you do  
Your kisses scourge me  
Hyssop in your perfume  
Oh, I do not fear you  
And slave I only use as a word to describe  
The way I feel when I'm with you

If I have to lie about it everytime I came undressed

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