

Dana Immanuel

"Motherfucking Whore"

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I must be such a bore, you've got one eye on me, one
eye fixed on the door

You can't resist its pull, so go ahead and bow to the
inevitable

I still get my say, I've spent all day writing on your wall
in a back-stab slash-cut scrawl, says, this ain't my
number, and baby, don't call

And don't the blood feel good welling up in your chest?
Well baby, don't you feel good, don't you feel blessed?
Just a taste the second time will keep you wanting more
so fuck that dirty motherfucker like a motherfucking
whore

Don't just stand around, if you're giving up then you're
going down

There's the plank, here's a tip - keep a hold of your
valuables when jumping ship

This is your reward, but where the party's at is
overboard, and you're hunched and teetering on your
heels, wondering how good drowning feels

Well, don't the blood feel good welling up in your
chest?

Well baby, don't you feel good, don't you feel blessed?
Just a taste the second time will keep you wanting more
so fuck that dirty motherfucker like a motherfucking
whore

You don't even try, oh look, something's caught your
eye

And I bet you feel a shiver in your spine 'cause it's got
to be gold, baby, if it shines

And I got no line, I got no hook

And it ain't mine, that bait you took

I know your kind, and I know that look

One part divine, and two parts crook

Well, don't the blood feel good welling up in your
chest?

Well baby, don't you feel good, don't you feel blessed?
Just a taste the second time will keep you wanting more
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whore

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