

Sanjaya Malakar "Bathwater"

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You and your museum of lovers
The precious collection you've housed in your covers
My simpleness threatened by my own admission

And the bags are much too heavy
In my insecure condition
My pregnant mind is fat full with envy again

But I still love to wash in your old bathwater
Love to think that you couldn't love another
I can't help it...you're my kind of man

Wanted and adored by attractive women
Bountiful selection at your discretion
I know I'm diving into my own destruction

So why do we choose the boys that are naughty?
I don't fit in so why do you want me?
And I know I can't tame you...but I just keep trying

'Cause I love to wash in your old bathwater
Love to think that you couldn't love another
I'm on you list with all your other women
But I still love to wash in your old bathwater
You make me feel like I couldn't love another
I can't help it...you're my kind of man

Why do the good girls always want the bad boys?

So I pacify problems with kisses and cuddles
Diligently doubtful through all kinds of trouble
Then I find myself choking on all my contradictions

'Cause I love to wash in your old bathwater
Love to think that you couldn't love another
Share a toothbrush...you're my kind of man
I still love to wash in your old bathwater
Make me feel like I couldn't love another
I can't help it...you're my kind of man

No I can't help myself
I can't help myself

I still love to wash in your old bathwater

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