

The Contortionist

"A.I.M"

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Tounge chewed off and head in books
Lately I've been taken ill
All we do is drive that's cool
But i need her around so i'll just wait and see
Soon she'll be home
Baby's coming home
She's all i need she's wired into me
Hey don't you think I know it's unhealthy
It's no big deal
Sooner or later you heal or you die
Oh my sweet love
My beautiful disease the bullet to my knees
It's her and her alone i adore
All I've said and things I've done
Hate i drew into your eyes
Everything is gone so young
You don't need me around
No one else can lift this head this soul
Baby come on home

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