

Toadies

"What We Have We Steal"

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Shut down the disease, brush it aside and stand up off
your knees Tip the scales, spin me some horrible,
beautiful tales But you're not so nice any more Now
you're weak, and you're tired and lonely You can't see
what could be yours for keeps all the while You can
take what you want Everything we have we steal Pull
away the skin, uncover the disease Consuming each
other all over again Run your fingers over me With a
weakness and a tenderness we kiss Everything we
have we steal But you're not so nice any more You can
take what you want

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