

## **Transmit Now "She Likes It"**

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So this is passion in a rather un-poetic fashion.  
Sprawled across your bedroom floor entranced in  
fits of rage turned into air we're gasping.

And I'm held captive by your bodies precious prison.  
Wrapped in lust filled blankets and the smell of ash in  
the air and they tell me that this is passion.

And I'm raiding your life like this empty liquor cabinet.  
I know we're flirting with disaster.

Because she likes it. Oh baby, I like it.  
And I know, I know she likes it, when there's no time to  
breathe.

Baby blue eyes, I still smell you in my bedroom at night.  
See your body when I close my eyes tight.  
See you shutter as my hands graze your thighs.

Well this is all I've got.  
So baby, baby am I all you want?  
Because when the sun comes up, I'll, I'll be your  
favorite mistake.

And I'll leave you with the remnants  
Short of breath and empty handed, feeling empty and  
unsatisfied.  
To tell the truth it was all lies

Because she likes it. Oh baby, I like it.  
And I know, I know she likes it, when there's no time to  
breathe.

It is tempting to walk out the door  
It's hard when I'm looking at you when the lust is in total  
control.  
So go, wrap your lips around me girl.  
Now you know what you've gotten into.  
How poetically placed we are now,

And I'm raiding your life like this empty liquor cabinet.  
I know we're flirting with disaster.

Because she likes it. Oh baby, I like it.  
And I know, I know she likes it, when there's no time to  
breathe.

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