

## Whigs Afghan "Debonair"

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Hear me now and don't forget  
I'm not the man my actions would suggest  
A little boy, I'm tied to you  
I fell apart  
That's what I always do

This ain't about regret  
My conscience can't be found  
This time I won't repent  
Somebody's going down

Feel it now and don't resist  
This time the anger's better than the kiss  
I must admit when so inclined  
I tend to lose it than confront my mind

'Cause it don't bleed and it don't breathe  
It's locked its jaws and now it's swallowing  
It's in our heart  
It's in our head  
It's in our love  
Baby it's in our bed

Tonight I go to hell  
For what I've done to you  
This ain't about regret  
It's when I tell the truth

And once again the monster speaks  
Reveals his face and searches for release  
A little boy is tied to you  
Attracted only 'til it comes unglued

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