

Morgan Page

"Fuck Was I"

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Love grows in me like a tumour
A parasite bent on devouring its host
I'm developing my sense of humour
Till I can laugh at my heart between your teeth
Till I can laugh at my face beneath your feet.

Skillet on the stove is such a temptation
Maybe I'll be the lucky one that doesn't get burned
What the fuck was I thinking?

Love plows through me like a 'dozer
I've got more give than a bale of hay
And there's always a big mess left over
What did you do? What did you say?
What did you do and what did you say?

Skillet on the stove is such a temptation
Maybe I'll be the special one that doesn't get burned
What the fuck was I thinking?
What the fuck was I thinking?
What the fuck was I thinking?
What the fuck was I thinking?

Love tears me up like a demon
Opens the wounds and then fills them with lead
And I'm having some trouble just breathing
If we weren't such good friends I think that I'd hate you
If we weren't such good friends I'd wish you were dead

Skillet on the stove is such a temptation
Maybe I'll be the lucky one that doesn't get burned
What the fuck was I thinking?
What the fuck was I thinking?
What the fuck was I thinking?
What the fuck was I thinking?

Oh it's so embarrassing
I'm this awkward and uncomparable thing
I'm running out of places to hide
I'm running out of places to hide

(You know that I've got what you want)
What the fuck was I thinking?
(You know that I've got what you want)
What the fuck was I thinking?
(You know that I've got what you want)
What the fuck was I thinking?
(You know that I've got what you want)
What the fuck was I thinking?
(You know that I've got what you want)

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