

The Dø "Stay"

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He was a bore, a true chore and I still wonder why I
ever wanted to see him more
I know it is useless to complain all these years after,
well...
Thanks for asking now I'm fine
I should have muffled my obsession but I was all too
pure
And so blindly sure that he'd always have the satisfying
hug I needed

Stay just a little bit more
Don't let my heart turn sore
Stay just a little bit more
Don't let my heart turn sore

He was kind, polite and divine in public, tender as a
sleepy child
But when we got slightly more intimate it wasn't that
bright
Yes he was kind, polite, sound and sublime, in theory
But in practice believe me, there was a nasty fire
burning

Stay just a little bit more
Don't let my heart turn sore
Stay just a little bit more
Don't let my heart turn sore

And when my curves came into play
Oh what a hopeless tumbling down
When his desire was stuck in plaster
I was young but I believed in no tales!

Sit in the desert of the bed I looked hard for an oasis
But all I could find was a dead camel in pieces
So I got so scared I tried to lure him back to bed
And whispered "stay just a little bit more"
But now I'm grateful to the camel
Because all the lazy boy could do was RUN, then I knew
for sure
That he would never be the satisfying shag I needed,

no no no

Stay just a little bit more

Stay just a little bit more
Don't let my heart turn sore
Stay just a little bit more
Don't let my heart turn sore

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