

Vince Kidd "Sick Love"

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Baby you're a quiet one,
They say you're the preacher's daughter.
(Ooh)

They tell you that these thoughts are wrong,
That your Daddy's home praying for you.
(Ooh)

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Well come on babe lets push it till it goes wrong, goes
wrong.
We don't ever wanna have our clothes on, clothes on.

I'm gonna make you bad, I'm gonna turn you out,
I'm gonna make you scream, I'm gonna make you
shout.

Dirty, twisted, crazy, nasty, gag me, fuckin sick love.
Filthy, sexy, freaky, get me chemically sick love.
Ride me, bite me, cut me and infect me with your sick
love.
Touch me, touch me, t-t-touch me, turn it into sick love.

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Baby there's no turning back,
I've seen you in all your glory.
(Ooh)

You've got things that others lack,
Them kinda b*tches they bore me.

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We don't ever wanna have our clothes on, clothes on.

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Touch me, touch me, t-t-touch me, turn it into sick love.
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I'm crazy baby, I raise the bar.
I wanna film it baby, cause you're my star.
I'm hooked up, I can't stop.
In the name of sick love.
I'm gonna make you come, come, come, come, come,
come down with sick love.

(For 40 days and for 40 night, they ate no food, they
drank no water, they saw no light, they saw no light,
they saw no light)

Your skin on my skin,
Your body on mine.
It's ridiculous babe,
We're gonna do this tonight.
Live fast and fuck harder,
Die here in my arms.
Oh sick love.

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Filthy, sexy, freaky, get me chemically sick love.
Ride me, bite me, cut me and infect me with your sick
love.
Touch me, touch me, t-t-touch me, turn it into sick love.
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