

Antje Duvekot

"Sex Bandaid"

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I don't need your baggage
I don't need your grief
Still I came back
When I tried to leave

Cause I need you like a cigarette
I need you like my whiskey
Drag me down, you are the ground
And I am gravity

Open the floodgates
Throw a sex bandaid on my open wounds
Kiss me, I will swallow my pride
I will swallow my pride
When you come down
I will meet you out on the burning fields
For another damn spin on your merry-go-round

You light me like a candle
There's sugar in your mouth
Kiss my lips
And you blow me out

But I need you like the poisoned fruit
Hung up on the tree of truth
I am weak and I need you
So exile me if you want to

Open the floodgates
Throw a sex bandaid on my open wounds
Kiss me, I will swallow my pride
I will swallow my pride
When you come down
I will meet you out on the burning fields
For another damn spin on your merry-go-round

Oh, you make me vincible
How am I supposed to fight back
And if you wouldn't mind, just lost some limbs
I hope you don't mind if I come in
Oh, it's just a little blood
Just a little flood, flood, flood

Open the floodgates
Throw a sex bandaid on my open wounds
Kiss me, I will swallow my pride
I will swallow my pride
When you come down
I will meet you out on the burning fields
For another damn spin on your merry-go, spin on your
merry-go
Spin on your merry-go-round

Open the floodgates
Throw a sex bandaid on my open wounds
Kiss me, I will swallow my pride
When you come down
I will meet you out on the burning fields
For another damn spin on your merry-go-round
Spin on your merry-go-round, round, round

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