

Blow, The "The Love That I Crave"

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The love that I crave is a polar bear to gore me
Then I'd know the force with which she adored me
The love of my dreams is the stuff of my nightmares
When I wake up in screams, that's how I know that I
really care

I must await the swing of the scorpion's tail
All my impatient advances come to no avail
Little pinches and pokes, they don't mean a thing
Compared to a true arrival and the shock that it brings

Pick it up, try it, get tired of it, rewind
I'm so tired of being wasted, just chasing the same old
thing
I want to get hit by a big thing, come take me, change
me

I must await the swing of the scorpion's tail
All my impatient advances come to no avail
Little pinches and pokes, they don't mean a thing
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