

Emiliana Torrini

"I Know Where You Sleep"

Visit "[I Know Where You Sleep](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

I know
The sickening thoughts that slither around your head
I know
The gluttonous guilt that buried me in your bed
Manipulate me if you can
Go on and fool me like your biggest fan

I know
The arrogant pride that poisons the truth you hear
I know
The bigoted tongue that tears away all your fear
Pontificate you faded star
Go on and show me who you really are

You can lie to the papers
You can hide from the press
You can fake it on stage
You can crawl from your cage
You can search and destroy
You can kill and depend on it
I know your tainted flesh
I know your filthy soul
I know each trick you played
Whore you laid
Dream you stole
I know the bed in the room in the wall
In the house where you got what you wanted and
ruined it all
I know the secrets that you keep
I know where you sleep

I know
The illness behind the image you create
I know
The tedious need to turn all you love into hate
You poor pathetic paranoid
Is it just me or do you secretly enjoy it?

You can lie to the papers
(You can lie) You can hide from the press
(You can hide) You can fake it on stage

You can crawl from your cage
You can search and destroy
You can kill and depend on it
(Fake, crawl, search, kill)
I know your tainted flesh
(You can't hide)
I know your filthy soul
(You can't hide)
I know each trick you played
(You can fake it if you try) Whore you laid
Dream you stole
I know the bed in the room in the wall
In the house where you got what you wanted and
ruined it all
I know the secrets that you keep
I know where you sleep

Sleep
Sleep
Sleep

You play the victim very well
You build yourself indulgent hell
You wanted someone to understand you
Well be careful what you wish for because I do
You've got a fancy turn of phrase
You set your trap
You made your plays
You're so fond of games
You must never lose
Funny how the only one in your bed is you

You can lie to the papers
You can hide from the press
You can lie to the papers
You can hide from the press
(Fake, crawl, search, kill)
You can lie to the papers
You can hide from the press
(Fake, crawl, search, kill)
FAKE, CRAWL, SEARCH, KILL

Oh my god
Oh my god
I touched you
I can never live it down
I can never live it down
God save the queen
I love you
I can never live it down
I can never live it down

Oh, oh
I fucked you
I can never live it down
I can never live it down
I can never live it down

I know the sickening thoughts that slither around your
head
I know the gluttonous guilt that buried me in your
...shh!... bed

You can lie to the papers
You can hide from the press
You can fake it on stage
You can run from your cage
You can search and destroy
You can kill and depend on it
I know your tainted flesh
I know your filthy soul
I know each trick you' played
Whore you laid
Dream you stole
I know the bed in the room in the wall
In the house where you got what you wanted and
ruined it
I know the bed in the room in the wall
In the house where you got what you wanted and
ruined it
I know the bed in the room in the wall
In the house where you got what you wanted and
ruined it
I know the secrets that you keep
I know where you sleep

I'm wishing you the best of luck
And by the way
(Your poetry sucks)
I'm wishing you the best of luck
And by the way
(Your poetry sucks)
I'm wishing you the best of luck
And by the way (Your poetry sucks)
I'm wishing you the best of luck
And by the way

Visit [Emil?ana Torrini](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.