

Doubt No "Bath Water"

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You and your museum of lover
The precious collection you've housed in your covers
My simpleness threatened by my own admission
And the bags are much too heavy
In my insecure condition
My pregnant mind is fat full with envy again
But I still love to wash in your old bathwater
Love to think that you couldn't love another
I can't help it...you're my kind of man
Wanted and adored by attractive women
Bountiful selection at your discretion
I know I'm diving into my own destruction
So why do you we choose the boys that are naughty?
I don't fit in so why do you want me?
And I know I can't tame you...but I just keep trying
Cause I love to wash in your old bathwater
Love to think that you couldn't love another
I'm on your list with all you other women
But I still love to wash in your old bathwater
You make me feel like I couldn't love another
I can't help it...you're my kind of my man

Why do the good girls always want the bad boys?
So I pacify problems with kisses and cuddles
Diligently doubtful through all kinds of trouble
Then I find myself choking on all my contradictions
Cause I still love to wash in your old bathwater
Love to think that you couldn't love another
Share a toothbrush..you're my kind of man
I still love to wash in your old bathwater
Make me feel like I couldn't love another
I can't help it...you're my kind of my man
No I can't help myself
I can't help myself
I still love to wash in your old bathwater

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