## Laid - James

This bed is on fire with passionate love The neighbors complain about the noises above But she only comes when she's on top



My therapist said not to see you no more She said you're like a disease without any cure She said I'm so obsessed that I becoming a bore, oh no Ah vou think vou're so pretty-ee

Caught your hand inside the till, slammed your fingers in the door Fought with kitchen knives and skewers Dressed me up in women's clothes, messed around with gender roles Lined my eyes and called me pretty

Moved out of the house so you moved next door I locked you out, you cut a hole in the wall I found you sleeping next to me I thought I was alone You're driving me crazy when are you coming home