

Stroke

Banks

You want me
You want me
Want me to stroke your ego
Beg for it
Die for it mmm
I got the touch placebo
Nothing that you wouldn't do
Lie to get back in my room
'Cause that's what narcissists do
You want me
You want me
Want me to stroke

Say it's hard to breathe inside my ocean
I give you the deep but your still floating
You would let me drown to save your own life
Don't think I can't see your soul is soaking

It's always in my head
Everything is always about you
You tell me you're a book that I misread
You just wanna tell me what to do

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Gather all your money make a symphony
I looked it over and the thing got steeper
And even though you wanted me sweet you could call me savory
You're treading water and the thing got deeper

It's always in my head
Everything is always about you
(You used to get it on the low)
You tell me you're a book that I misread
(You always said I was your type)
(You said you got it down below)
You just wanna tell me what to do
(You wanna give it to me right)

Tell me you're so good at it
Good at it
You say you don't wanna quit
And you
You say you won't run out of love
Out of love
Say you got enough of it for two

I'm ended up
You been invited
You been telling me - now I'm afraid
You running up to the table invited
You want a taste of my own lemonade

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