

# Cut The Cord

Charlotte Martin

Big sigh on my my a mountain lion, hello  
Oxygen or baby this one's gonna blow  
And we go up, down, up  
And we go up and down again  
Then we go down, up, down, up  
We go down and up again-gain-gain

Three seeds cheap of turning torture into love  
I wise up but it's not me you're thinking of  
Gonna hold out on me  
Gonna go out on her again  
And you go frown for sure  
And we're real proud you know

And it's the same sad love song  
And then it's all right, all wrong  
And then we're too weak, too strong  
To cut the cord

Stronghold you told me that you weren't into storms  
How the sky breaks into what we should have formed  
But we are no cloud, no sun  
And we're no rainbow that's sure  
And we're no street, no heat  
Just a vapor in the fog

And it's the same sad love song  
And then it's all right, all wrong  
And then we're too weak, too strong  
To cut the cord  
To cut the cord

Just enough to satisfy me  
Just enough to gratify me  
Just enough to blaze your fire through my desert  
Just enough to satisfy me  
Just enough to gratify me  
Just enough to blaze your fire through my desert

Open books aren't really books without the words  
Love's not love if it's not painfully absurd  
And then we're hot and cold  
And then we're hot and cold again  
And then we're shy and bold  
And this is crazier as friends

It's the same sad love song  
And then it's all right, all wrong  
And then we're too weak, too strong

And it's the same sad love song  
And then it's all right, all wrong  
And then we're too weak, too strong  
To cut the cord  
To cut the cord  
To cut the cord  
To cut the cord