

Who Wants It

Deep Blue Something

Who wants it?
who wants it?
who wants it?
ask for it by name
who wants it?
who wants it?
I'll be your one that got away

when is the good ever good enough,
when you're given to giving up?
but you're not one to stop
let's face it
you've tried and it's too hard.

now you're sprawled on the kitchen floor
with your best aiming at the door.
what the bleach won't erase is the pain
what you're left with is nothing
compared to the let-down stains of the brush-off.

who wants it?

you shake your fists out into the sky
with your lips dripping cyanide
and you're blaming yourself
(and you should)
'cause you fall for their come-ons.

you pay the price for your 'liberties'
in little ways that you never see
when you're faced with nothing
but lies and deceit
the despair of not knowing is worse
that the blood left on your hands.

who wants it?