

Flowers

The Neighbourhood

Every day, you want me to make
Something I hate, all for your sake
I'm such a fake, I'm just a doll
I'm a rip-off, and it turns you on

Put on your clothes
Then I polish my toes
Then I powder my nose
In case you get close (get too close, baby)
Knock on your door
Then I put on a show
Then I gave you the floor
And you just froze

Every day, you want me to make
Something I hate, all for your sake
I'm such a fake, I'm just a doll

I'm a rip-off, and it turns you on

And it turns you on
And it turns you on
And it turns you on

Someone has to do it (do it)
So I guess I will (me)
You want more influence
And I, I can be your flint
I can be your flint
I can be your flint (can I be yours?)
I can be your boy

And it turns you on
And it turns you on
And it turns you on
And it turns you on