

Kid

Allan Rayman

Whatever makes you hungry
And whatever makes you scared
That's where the devil lives
Where idle hands become prepared and I don't even care
I'm not scared

Whatever makes you angry
And whatever makes you mean
That's where your spider spins his wicked webs and tangled in
Feel in between
Fall in between

I won't fuss and I won't fight but I might bite
I'm shook
I won't fuss and I won't fight but I might bite
If you put up a fight tonight
She just wants to have a night
The moment she walks through the door
She just really wants to have a night
Nothing I can do no more
We'll have a night

Whatever tests your patience
And whatever drives you mad
That's when your love arrives and sinks its teeth into your mind
Can't help but be
Swept off your feet

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