

Centipedes

Baxter Dury

One day to the next I'm sending out these messages
No one really gives a fuck
Don't you think that broken love is all we got
Nothing else is making much sense now

I want you to be full of centipedes

In the end I'm left without much to say now
Everybody else has gone back to bed
Don't you think that broken love is all we got
Nothing else is making much sense now

I want you to be full of centipedes

Don't you think that broken love is all you've got and
Nothing else is making much sense now

I want you to be full of centipedes