

Bend

binki

In the opera
From the nosebleeds
Thought I had her, she had me
Thought I had her, she had me

Primadonna
Oh I want ya
I was at her mercy
And she tastes like entropy

Throw my caution
Go above it
All the ways I have to bend
All the ways I have to bend

In an email
On your story
And I can't tell what you'd see
And I can't tell what you need

And I can't tell what you'd see
And I can't tell what you need
And I can't tell what you'd see
And I can't tell what you need