

Curious Friends

Black Audio

You spent hours with artist,
sitting in that chair, with his fingers in your hair,
licked your lips a seventh shade. Now,
hoping that he'll notice - hoping that he'll care.
You spent hours in the mirror, practicing your pout, perfecting
your stare.
Bite your lips until they're bleeding,
wondering if he'll notice, hoping that he'll care.

Does he tell you that he loves you like you do?
Does he tell you that he loves you? I wonder who... who does he say it to?

You've spent hours in his absence,
reading what he wrote, masking the past.
Light his lines until they're burning,
turning each word into his last.
One more without you speaking,
practicing your smile, hacking your hair - now a year but he's
your weakness,
perfecting his style, wondering if he'll care - hoping that he'll care.

Does he tell you that he loves you like you do?
Does he tell you that he loves you? I wonder who... who does he say it to?

Your friends are asking...
"Does he tell you that he loves you? Does he? Does he?"

Does he tell you that he loves you like you do?
Does he tell you that he loves you? I wonder who... who does he say it to?