

Toy

Blondshell

I have a big bite
I don't have a big bite
It's been changing with the heat
He's been getting sick
Sick of me
What makes you sick
Isn't the weather, it's a change in degrees

I've been running this ship like the navy
But it's more like a Wendy's
Selling t-shirts down the line
You won't believe me if I said that I'm ready
To take a second joke since '99

What's the point
Of all the talking?
Just say that you don't think you have control
What's the point?
I know it's all your best
Just say that you don't want to obsess anymore

Skin is in the mud
With bubbles underneath
And I'm not choosing when it's good
His is dropping low
Onto feet
What picks it up isn't desire, it's a lack of Sertraline

We need the Steely Danification
Of this operation
Somebody needs to get fucked or get a toy
I won't lose my body
If I get a belly
I'll just roll around and feel it like a boy

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