

Watching privately with a lens
Can't tell in this business
What theory or fetish you're fighting against

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Hey Margot, sad existence you're living
You sold the idea of touching and healing
An idea you might have once believed in
That's an idea you might have once believed in

Living alone by the phone with no one to blame
Yet you gave me my name
Tell me, what do you believe in?
I've no idea what you still believe in

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That's an idea you might have once believed in
That an idea I might have once believed in
That's an idea you might have once believed in
That an idea I might have once believed in

(I touch myself while staring at your chat textbox)