

Twenty Points (The Ballad Of Sexual Dependency)

Buffalo Tom

I thought of you, did you think of me
I guess we'll wind up running down your street
Twenty points for me

I see that bandage lying under your sheets
I see that blood, it's running down your cheek
Twenty points for me

Twenty points on top of me
Take your points away from me
Take your points away from me
Take your points away from me
Take your points away from me

Well I hurt you, so you hurt me
I count them up, all you were plain to see
It's twenty more for me

I take from you, you take from me
You plant that garden and you toss that seed
It's twenty points for me

Twenty points on top of me
Twenty points, why can't you see
If you can't take them honestly
Then take your points away from me
Take your points away from me
Take your points away from me
Take your points away from me
Take your points away from me