

Nothing Personal

Des Rocs

I found you sleeping in my coffin
Pale white and in your favorite party dress
I start to feel a little nauseous
Bloody tears, they're all falling as I wept

"You could use a little action"
"Run away and lead a life without consequence"
Reaching for a book of matches
Strike a light and you'll see the real mess that I am

I swear it's nothing personal
I swear it's nothing personal

I wanna take you home
Until the morning come
I swear it's nothing personal
I swear that it is nothing personal, I

I see ya collar bone
And wanna lose control
I swear it's nothing personal
I swear that it is nothing personal, I

I wanna drain you of the morning
I wanna tear away the shadows brick by brick
I know you coulda used a warning
You thought I kissed ya just to borrow some lipstick?

Will you be a stranger at a party?
Reading lips across a room of empty space
With a secret you keep guarded
Like a funeral, buries all our past mistakes

I swear it's nothing personal
I swear it's nothing personal

I wanna take you home
Until the morning come
I swear it's nothing personal
I swear that it is nothing personal, I

I see ya collar bone
And wanna lose control
I swear it's nothing personal
I swear that it is nothing personal, I

I wanna take you home
Until the morning come
I swear it's nothing personal
I swear that it is nothing personal, I

I see ya collar bone
And wanna lose control
I swear it's nothing personal
I swear that it is nothing personal, I

I, I, I

I wanna take you home
Until the morning come
I swear it's nothing personal
I swear that it is nothing personal, I

I see ya collar bone
And wanna lose control
I swear it's nothing personal
I swear that it is nothing personal, I