

## Wine 'em, Dine 'em, Sixty-Nine 'em

Eighteen Visions

I want to taste you naked on the fucking floor.  
So drink up my love.  
It's your night my love.  
You can't feel the bang on an empty stomach.  
Wow. yeah. yeah. wow. yeah.  
This is what you wanted.  
You could be the one.  
You can't feel this in those drunken knees that bend and I can't have you this way.  
Delirious, it's hit that point but the nights not over.  
Shout it out baby, you're full of glitz and glamour.  
In the thick of things you're so naive.  
How could you think these things would last for more than a night?  
This is the flavor. this is the taste.  
Come hold these bleeding hands.  
Let all the blood soak in.  
You cry, hiding the tears.  
You cry. wooooo.  
This is the flavor. this is the taste.  
I want to take you down.  
And now you wish that you'd never met me.  
Remember when I found you.  
Well that's where your life took a crash and burn.  
So long sweetheart.  
Sing me another song.  
Before I leave you in the gutter.  
That's where I found you dead. yeah.  
You've made it this far darling.  
And now you're in that gutter.  
And that's where I see you sweetly singing your songs of lust.  
And that's where you'll sing so sweetly.