

Cheap

Fluffy

I gave him head
On his teenage bed
Didn't want to
But I never said

His strawberry flavour words
Are turning me, drawing me
I wake up feeling cheap
And beginning to bleed
And I don't know how, and I don't know why
I feel so cheap

Want to please
But begin to freeze
Can't wait to go
Chance I gotta seize

His strawberry flavour words
Are turning me, drawing me
I wake up feeling cheap
And beginning to bleed
And I don't know how, and I don't know why
I feel so cheap

In his Ford
Feeling clawed
My bleeding
Makes me feel whored

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