

## 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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