

Taste

Forth Wanderers

He says
He likes my taste
But I bite his tongue
You know, just in case

He starts to fall in love
I can't stand his face
But I like his feel
I'm all over the place
He thinks I'm the real deal

One cigarette
Before he parts, I watch him go
Tugs on my heart
The smell of wood when I breathe him in
Doesn't know where I've been
Oh, it's on my skin

Not a trace of guilt
Not a glimpse of regret
I'll sit still and hold my breath
Starts to bleed all down his lip
Starts to weep as I tighten my grip
Oh, he likes my taste
He thinks I'm the real deal