

## 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