

Gripp

George Maple

I'm afraid I'm addicted
To the click of your tongue
Telling me what I'm doing wrong
I'm afraid I'm convicted
To lie back, sit around here
Talk about you all the time
How'd you do that to me?
Always, always do that to me

It's all in your head, it's all in your head
Get a grip and take control
It's all in your head, it's all in your head
Get a grip and take control

I sip, you sip, we take
There's nothing left to love
A mess, a fucking wreck
Of this, we made our love
I sip, you sip, we take
There's nothing left to love
A mess, a fucking wreck
Of this, we made our love

I'm ashamed to admit it
But I'll take my clothes off at your beck and call
I'm afraid when I'm with you
That I should be expanding my palette
But you taste so good
How will I let you go? No

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A mess, a fucking wreck
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There's nothing left to love
A mess, a fucking wreck
Of this, we made our love

I sip, you sip, we take
There's nothing left to love
A mess, a disgusting wreck
Of this, we made our love