

Taste It

L.A. Guns

Never one for the truth
Say you're sorry, but it feels like abuse
Run around, back to me
You got motion and perpetual need, need, need

No chance, what you thinking?
This ain't no right of the road
You're blind, what you drinking
That you don't think that I know?

But I love the way
That you taste way down low
Yeah, I love the way
The way you taste below

See myself in the mirror
Through the cracks, but I can see myself clear
I don't want, but I crave
All the vitriolic love that you gave, gave, gave

No more, what you thinking?
Won't give you time to reload
You're tryna take me deeper
I've got no line to hold

But I love the way
That you taste way down low
Yeah, I love the way
The way you taste below

Grabbing on to the noose
Pull it tighter when you think I might choose
For myself, gonna steer
Any way that I can get myself clear, clear, clear of you, babe

Oh yeah, what you giving?
You're giving more than you know
It's all fine, how you're living
Your life's about to implode

But I love the way
That you taste way down low
Yeah, I love the way
The way you taste below

Yeah, I love the way
That you taste way down low
Yeah, I love the way
The way you taste below

Yeah, I love it, oh
The way you taste below, ooh
I love, yeah, I love it
Oh, I love
The way you taste below
Yeah, I love it
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