

Every You Every Me

Lisa Mitchell

Sucker love is heaven sent.
You pucker up, our passion's spent.
My hearts a tart, your body's rent.
My body's broken, yours is bent.

Carve your name into my arm.
Instead of stressed, I lie here charmed.
Cuz there's nothing else to do,
Every me and every you.

Sucker love, a box I choose.
No other box I choose to use.
Another love I would abuse,
No circumstances could excuse.

In the shape of things to come.
Too much poison come undone.
Cuz there's nothing else to do,
Every me and every you.
Every me and every you,
Every me...

Sucker love is known to swing.
Prone to cling and waste these things.
Pucker up for heaven's sake.
There's never been so much at stake.

I serve my head up on a plate.
It's only comfort, calling late.
Cuz there's nothing else to do,
Every me and every you.
Every me and every you,
Every me...
Every me and every you,
Every me...

Like the naked leads the blind.
I know I'm selfish, I'm unkind.
Sucker love I always find,
Someone to bruise and leave behind.

All alone in space and time.
There's nothing here but what here's mine.
Something borrowed, something blue.
Every me and every you.
Every me and every you,
Every me...
Every me and every you,
Every me...