

Laid

Matt Nathanson

This bed is on fire with passionate love
The neighbors complain about the noises above
But she only cums when she's on top

My therapist said not to see you no more
She said you're like a disease without any cure
She said I'm so obsessed that I've become a bore, oh no

Ah you think you're so pretty (eeeeeeeeeeeeeeee eeeeeeeeeeeeeeeee)

Caught your hand inside a till
Slammed your fingers in the door
Fought a kitchen knives and skewers
Dressed me up in women's clothes
Messed around with gender roles
Dye my eyes and call me pretty (eeeeeeeeeeeeeeee eeeeeeeeeeeeeeeee)

Moved out of the house so you moved next door
I locked you out you cut a hole in the wall
I found you sleeping next to me I thought I was alone
You're driving me crazy when are you coming home

Laid Laid (eeeeeeeeeeeeeeee eeeeeeeeeeeeeeeee)