

# THE BLOB

PVRIS

Can't get enough  
I can't get enough  
I'm a glutton for your punishment  
You go all out, I keep coming back  
I keep coming back for more

Standing on an open flame, just to talk about the feeling  
And, baby, I'm praying for rain while I'm under a glass ceiling (Ceiling)  
I'm not addicted to the pain, I'm addicted to the healing  
I'm not addicted to the pain, I'm addicted to the healing  
So 'round and 'round and 'round we go

Can't get enough  
I can't get enough  
I'm a glutton for your punishment  
You go all out, I keep coming back  
I keep coming back for more

I'm an insect, little pest in the drainpipe  
Go and knock me dead with a wrench, with a scrape, bite  
Wipe the bloodstains on face and I take five  
Take a breath and come down from the high  
Little rush of blood to the head, fright night  
Feeling got my mind twisted, blind side  
Hit and my face bruised red  
Think I wanna go and do it all over again

'Cause I can't get enough  
I can't get enough  
I'm a glutton for your punishment  
You go all out, I keep coming back  
I keep coming back for more

Little rush of blood to the head, Friday night  
Feeling got my mind twisted, plain sight  
Hit and my face bruised red  
Think I wanna go and do it all over again  
It's like  
Little rush of blood to the head, fright night (Can't get enough, I can't get enough)  
Feeling got my mind twisted, plain sight  
Hit and my face bruised red (Can't get enough, I can't get enough)  
Think I wanna go and do it all over again  
Little rush of blood to the head, fright night (Can't get enough, I can't get enough)  
Feeling got my mind twisted, plain sight  
Hit and my face bruised red (Can't get enough, I can't get enough)  
Think I wanna go and do it all over again