

# Hook, Line & Sinker

Royal Blood

She's got the devil on one shoulder  
And the other's getting colder  
She looks so good but it's not nearly feeling  
Like it's supposed to going sold  
Going sold  
Going gone

Then she drags me by one finger  
To her lips  
Hook, line & sinker  
Honey I'm a sucker when you linger  
Give me everything I want  
'Cause you know  
I won't go  
Till I'm gone

Say my name again  
Tell me you're caught in the middle  
Caught in the middle  
And you're begging for me to stay  
'Cause every now and then  
My love calls like a whistle  
It calls like a whistle  
And it's blowing your mind again

Got you crawling in the shadows  
To the smoke of the tobacco  
Burning slowly out the window  
And which every way it blows  
There you go  
There you go  
There you go

I'm a slave to your addiction  
Your affection and your friction  
I've got all the money to buy exactly what I want  
But you're not for sale  
Honey no second chances  
Oh no

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