

# Cake

Sir Chloe

Eyes on your neck  
I should put you down like a sick dog  
Look at yourself  
Thinking you deserve what you don't got

Craving  
I don't need a reason for cake  
The salivating  
It keeps me awake

Just another ache, ache

I'll hit it off with an open mouth  
Talking the way I want it  
I'll hit it off with an open mouth  
Talking the way I want it

Feel through the dark for  
Relief on a plate  
On hands and my knees  
Appetite for cake

Just another ache, ache

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Talking the way I want it  
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Look at yourself  
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Just another