

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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Just another