

sick sick [sic]

Sir Sly

All bets are off
Ceramic cuts to the pain ya
You said, "don't be a stranger"
Don't be alarmed
If you never see me after I return your coffee cup
And I start my backing up

All bets are off
I fucked it up, I know I did
But did I honestly think you'd be the mother of my kids
Deep down my name still means loss
Come around at sundown and you could hit the jackpot
But all bets are off

Clinging on - fingertips
Stinging on - still hurting from the grip
Bring it on - fingertips
Leaning on you I've been codependent

Sick little pieces in a puzzle that's the right fit
I printed "wrong" on a mask in all cap sick sick [sic]
Sick sick [sic]
Sick sick [sic]
In a sick sick fit

Do my knees hurt from beggin'?
I'm like Dior or Osiris like laundry still hanging (bloody, bloody)
Well darlin' you could pose fine
Put the camera down and find me on the clothesline (bloody, bloody, bloody money)
Drink me up and spit me out like I was old wine
Not sayin', "no why?" Is this coming from your own mind?
Paid the cost, but "no" fine
Did you catch a glimpse of me, I think not

All bets are off
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All bets are off
All bets are off

All bets are off
All bets are off
You say that you need to grow up
I hope you're better off
All bets are off