

OK

Slaves

Burning holes in the back of my head
There are times when you wish I was dead
Night falls and we get into bed
And it's OK, OK, OK, OK
Blood stains on the door to your place
Walk in and greet the floor with your face
What a mess, what an utter disgrace
But it's OK, OK, OK, OK

OK, OK
OK, OK, OK, OK, O-K

I get the feeling that you're selling me off
Start a conversation with a sniff and a cough
It can't be helping that I'm coming off soft, but
I'll deal with it
Part ways for a day, maybe two
Code red, now we're back in the blue
The road's blocked, we can't see a way through
But it's OK, OK, OK, OK

OK, OK
OK, OK, OK, OK, O-K

I'm OK, I'm fine
I'm dealing with it
I'm just OK
OK

Burning holes in the back of my head
There are times when I wish you were dead
But it's OK