

Madonna

Snail Mail

You've got a way to you, original Madonna
Won't make the rest just go away
Spent the money, throwing ones at supermodels
Everybody wants to taste the wine
Line around the block, the judgment time
And how could you deny them that?

Body and blood, lover's curse
Divine intervention's too much work
I don't need absolution, it just hurts
We're not really talking now
We're not really talking now

I consecrate my life to kneeling at your altar
My second sin of seven being wanting more
Could that have been the smell of roses, backseat lover?
Praying you'll fill my empty cup
Cursing myself for even getting dressed up

Body and blood, lover's curse
Divine intervention was too much work
I don't need absolution, no, it just hurts
We're not really talking now

Body and blood, all the time
Get to it now where we can fight on the phone
I just wanna get even, I'll just get soaked
Body or divinity
Gonna wipe the dirt off me

I love the sickness, baby
Of holding on tight, I don't know why
I've come to hate my body
No it's not yours, no it's not mine
I don't know why, oh I don't know why but
We're not really talking now
We're not really talking now
We're not really talking now