

Hurt Me So Good

The Downtown Fiction

I feel terrified of this simple life
The picket fences look like balls in the pen
But when you make me bleed, I can feel something,
You spark my senses, could you do it again?
Yeah, could you do it again?

You hurt me so good when you talk like that
You twist my arm break it and you tell me I'm bad
But if you could, I know that you would
You hurt me so, hurt me so, hurt me so good, so good
Yeah you know you hurt me so good

I'm sick inside the head, cause when I want you dead,
that's when I need you, and I can't leave it alone
Why do I ask for this? I'm such a masochist,
I swear I hate you, so could you do it again? (Could you do it again?)
Yeah, could you do it again?

You hurt me so good when you talk like that
You twist my arm break it and you tell me I'm bad
But if you could, I know that you would
You hurt me so, hurt me so, hurt me so good, so good
Yeah you know you hurt me so good

You hurt me so good when you talk like that
You steal my car, burn my house and tell me I'm bad
But if you could, I know that you would
You hurt me so, hurt me so, hurt me so good, so good
Yeah you know you hurt me so good