

Nothing Matters

The Last Dinner Party

I have my sentence now, at last, I know just how you felt
I dig my fingers in, expecting more than just the skin

'Cause we're a lot alike, in favour, like a motorbike
A sailor and a nightingale dancing in convertibles

And you can hold me like he held her
And I will fuck you like nothing matters
And you can hold me like he held her
And I will fuck you like nothing matters

We've got the highway tight, the moon is bursting with headlights
One more and we're away, love tender in your Chevrolet

And we're a lot alike, in favour, like a motorbike
A sailor and a nightingale dancing in convertibles

And you can hold me like he held her
And I will fuck you like nothing matters
And you can hold me like he held her
And I will fuck you like nothing matters

Even when the cold comes crashing through, I'm putting all my bets on you
I hope they never understand us
I put my heart inside your palms, my home in your arms, now we know
Nothing matters, nothing matters

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And I will fuck you like nothing matters
And you can hold me like he held her
And I will fuck you like nothing matters
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