

This bed is on fire with passionate love
The neighbours complain about the noises above
But she only comes when she's on top

My therapist says not to see you no more
She said you're like a disease without any cure
She said I'm so obsessed that I'm becoming a bore, oh no

God, you think you're so pretty

Hey

Caught your hand inside the till
Slammed your fingers in the door
Fought with kitchen knives and skewers
Dressed me up in women's clothes
Messed around with gender roles
Line my eyes and call me pretty

Hey

I moved out of the house
So you move next door
I locked you out
You cut a hole in the wall
I caught you sleeping next to me
I thought I was alone
You're driving me crazy
When are you coming home?

Ah, you think you're so pretty

Hey