

If you take my eyes, I'm the man in love
I'm the man of the house
If I'm using my hands, I can see the inside of your mouth

Oh, Petra Rae
You rest on me
Oh, Petra Rae

Fire up the night, I'm a socialite
I'm a torrent of rage
I can see from behind to my brain and my spine
And thoughts of who I was before you came

Oh, Petra Rae
You rest on me
Oh, Petra Rae

I shit you not, you broke my heart
To make it whole, to make it start
You stick around, I run from you
If that's not love, then nothing is true

Oh, Petra Rae