

Bread Butter Tea Sugar

Wolf Alice

How could I hate you?
Can't even like you less
So I just hate myself instead
Why would I want to
Wake up alone in my bed
When I could have you here between my legs?

I know you're no good
But you're my wicked pleasure
Feeding me charm
In miniature measures

Don't want a dish without salt
Bread without butter
If it's bad for me, good
I feel bad suits me better
Don't want a dish without salt
Tea without sugar
If it's bad for me, good
I feel bad suits me better

How could I hate you?
Somehow I like you more
You are just what I'm qualified for
And when the last of the sand hits the hourglass floor
Carve my name on the tombstone
The badman's whore

Don't want a dish without salt
Bread without butter
If it's bad for me, good
I feel bad suits me better
Don't want a dish without salt
Tea without sugar
If it's bad for me, good
I feel bad suits me better

Under the shadow of a mountain
I pay no mind to move
There is still some scattered light
It warms me up like it could reach me inside
And then I come into a clearing
And then I come into a clearing
And I come into a clearing