

Artist: toadies

Title: What We Have We Steal

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Shut down the disease, brush it aside and stand up off your knees
Tip the scales, spin me some horrible, beautiful tales
Now you're weak, and you're tired and lonely
You can't see what could be yours for keeps all the while
You can take what you want
But you're not so nice any more
Everything we have we steal

Run your fingers over me
Pull away the skin, uncover the disease
With a weakness and a tenderness we kiss
Consuming each other all over again
You can take what you want
But you're not so nice any more
Everything we have we steal