

Talk Talk, Star Me Kitten

Keys cut, three for the price of one.
Nothing's free but guaranteed for a lifetime's use.
I've changed the locks
and you can't have one.
You, you know the other two.

The brakes have worn so thin that you could hear,
I hear them screeching through the door from our driveway.
Hey love, look into your glovebox heart.
What is there for me inside? This love is tired.
I've changed the locks. Have I misplaced you?
Have we lost our minds?
Will this never end?
It could depend on your take.

You. Me. We used to be on fire.
If keys are all that stand between,
Can I throw in the ring?
No gasoline.
Just fuck me kitten.
You are wild and I'm in your possession.
Nothing's free so, fuck me kitten.

I'm in your possession.
So, fuck me kitten.