

Infected

The The

Infect me with your love I've got too much energy to switch off my mind,
but not enough to get myself organized.
My heart is heavy, my head is confused,
And my aching little soul has started burning blue! I can't give you up, till I've got more than
enough.
So infect me with your love
Nurse me into sickness. Nurse me back to health.
Endow me with the gifts of the man made world.
When desire becomes an illness instead of a joy,
And guilt a necessity that's gotta be destroyed. I can't give you up, till I've got more than enough.
So infect me with your love
Nurse me into sickness. Nurse me back to health.
Endow me with the gifts of the man made world. Take me by the hands and walk me to the end
of the pier.
Run your fingers through my hair,
and tell me what I wanna hear
Will lies become truths in this face of fading youth
from my scrotum to your womb, your cradle to my tomb.
I can't give you up, till I've got more than enough.
So infect me with your love
Nurse me into sickness. Nurse me back to health.
Endow me with the gifts of the man made world. Nurse me into sickness, nurse me back to
health
And tell me what it is that I want in this world!

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