

You give him head in the basement.
You laugh at his jokes, stomach aching.
Fake when you come, taking a pill,
He leaves when it's done.

You forgive when he doesn't get home.
Tell your friends you don't really mind being alone.
You are the one who can change him,
Sate him.

I'm a giver, he says "Me too."
He is hungry for someone, but doesn't know who.
I'm a giver, or am I a fool?
He forgets the words, so I teach him to say "I love you."

He turns around when you're naked,
Says, "We should be friends" while you're changing.
You nod, half-dressed, he says "It's for the best,"
And "You know, you're really not like the rest."

So, we part our lips for the taking,
But if these lips could open, they'd scream,
"I wanna love you like I'm raining,"
Like I don't need saving.

But I'm a giver and he's immune.
He is hungry for someone, but doesn't know who.
I'm a giver, he's the moon.
And I reach and I reach, and I forgive the girl who let you.

Are you hungry for me, baby, are you hungry?
Are you hungry for me, baby, are you hungry?
Are you hungry for me, baby, are you hungry?
Are you hungry for me, baby, are you hungry?