

## To Death

Keaton Henson

How is the sex, love?  
I hope it's the best of him.

And how does it feel, love,  
Not knowing where he's been.

And it hurts more with every breath,  
And more than that baby I miss you to death.

How is your soul, girl?  
I hope it's not burning in your head.

And how does he talk, girl,  
When your both lying in his bed.

And it burns more with every breath,  
And more than that baby I miss you to death.