

# The Last Dinner Party, Nothing Matters

I have my sentence now  
At last I know just how you felt  
I dig my fingers in  
Expecting more than just the skin

'Cause we're a lot alike  
In favour like a motorbike  
A sailor and a nightingale  
Slow dancing in convertibles

And you can hold me  
Like he held her  
And I will fuck you  
Like nothing matters  
And you can hold me  
Like he held her  
And I will fuck you  
Like nothing matters

We've got the highway tight  
The moon is bursting with headlights  
One more and we're away  
Love tender in your Chevrolet

And we're a lot alike  
In favour like a motorbike  
A sailor and a nightingale  
Slow dancing in convertibles

And you can hold me  
Like he held her  
And I will fuck you  
Like nothing matters  
And you can hold me  
Like he held her  
And I will fuck you  
Like nothing matters

Even when the cold comes crashing through  
I'm putting all my bets on you  
I hope they never understand us

I put my heart inside your palms  
My home in your arms  
Now we know  
Nothing matters  
Nothing matters

And you can hold me  
Like he held her  
And I will fuck you  
Like nothing matters  
And you can hold me  
Like he held her  
And I will fuck you  
Like nothing matters