# Invitations

## Shakatak

With a fleeting smile below the lazy eyes
And the face that's not attempting to disguise
It's an open invitation showing all the signs
Sample my supplyAnd her fingers touch the hand below the lace
She suggests a later time, another place
He accepts her invitation, "wanna spend some time?"
Written on her faceHer stiletto heels go clicking through his head
With the glossy invitation he misread
And you'd think he couldn't fail to read between the line
Plays the fool insteadInvitation
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Songwriters
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