Too Worked Up

Screeching Weasel

each night i see her there. the window shows her
there. but she said it's all-right if i watch her every
a movie just for me. she says "look but don't touch"
night as she lays down and goes to work while
i hope for a glimpse of what she will not let me
have between her thighs. puts on a show for me;
but she's asking too much. if she'd just let me walk
faster now; i'm moving faster now. thoughts about
what's there in between her thighs. she's moving
my brain. i get worked up, i get too worked up
my face inside her thighs' embrace are dancing in
across the street i'd finally get more than a peek at
wanting, needing what's there between her thighs.

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