Cut Short

Kalabi

When I said you looked good baby
I was thinking possibly or maybe
We could head back to your crib
Not where I live you see
My situations quite sad
I'm still living with my mom and my dad
But really I'm going places
Even though I'm seeing three of your faces
Please, God, let's not resort to
Mini-mall parking spaces
Encounters with police
With my hands in the air
Encounters with police
Why ask if you don't care
I just had no idea that this would be lasting
For just one single moment
I just have to say, you look so goddamn good
I give you crazy mad props because I know I should
And, I came a bit intoxicated, but really, really, really
I just graduated and from where my hands are situated
Obviously, I'm growing more and more and more
Infatuated just wait, please wait
Encounters with police
With my hands in the air
Encounters with police
Why ask if you don't care
I just had no idea that this would be lasting
For just one single moment
We could be like onions and peppers
In a sleeping bag fajitas
We could be anything you want
The way you're busting out of that wife-beater
And I know it's a bit uncomfortable here
In this two door seater but you're just the right size
And I will always feed you and feed you and feed you
Encounters with police
With my hands in the air
Encounters with police
Why ask if you don't care

When I said you looked good baby
I was thinking possibly
When I said you looked good baby
I was thinking possibly, maybe or maybe
I just had no idea that this would be lasting
For just one single moment
If you were driving next to me say, on the lie
My eyes would become so engaged
I'd float unconsciously into the HOV
Kill myself, the guy in front of me
His inflatable passengers of one, two, or three

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