

# 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

Lyrics provided by  
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