

She Wants to Wrap Her Legs Around the World

Slow Runner

You hear a tremor in her voice,
So you pull the chain and let her in.
She smells like gin and cigarettes,
but she moves against you close,
and the closeness makes you melt-
you're melting on the floor,
reach up and lock the door...

She wants to wrap her legs around the world. You know you should just call a cab,
Pour some coffee and sit her down.
Instead you're clearing off the bed,
and her keys are in her shoes,
and her makeup's in her hair,
and her hair is everywhere...

You feel it in her kiss,
she wants to wrap her legs around the world. and push it into you,
the good part, and the bad part.

Bring an old feeling back
that's gone, gone, gone. No one's judging you-
it's a cold world out there, after all.

We do what we have to do,
so you hold her while she moves,
and she's pulling on your neck,
her heels are digging in your back.

The street outside is wet and quiet...

She wants to wrap her legs around the world. She wants to wrap her legs around the world.
She wants to wrap her legs around the world.

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