Spaghetti Strapped

Atmosphere

Hey Girl
What you lookin' like?
I have seen you get up, and go to that bathroom
Like five or six times in the last twenty minutes
What the hell's going on?[Verse 1]
Under the great wide gray sky
Still the same guy watching the paint dry
With bloodshot snake eyes
My lady still hates me like you know she should
Because the simple things in life don't get overlooked
But now I'm here with a glass full of beer
Positioned in my chair to watch your ass from a mirror
Hungover and horny, dirty old man
Weed junky drunk leaving tips for the dope man
I'll impress her with my jukebox selections
Spit a couple words in exchange for affection
And if those legs work as good as they look girl
You can walk up and down the page in my book
Can you spell secret?
Come get your feet wet
Let me make up pet names for all your little regrets
(Here let me buy you a drink as a token of my erection)
Hoping that you'll open up and put down your weapons[Chorus]
Up, up, girl let your strap down, put your strap down
Up, up, girl put your strap down[Verse 2]
Spaghetti strapped, another lap around the track
I had to suffer punching onto somebody's back
What's up with that?
Where's the independence?
Find the dotted line between acquainted with and friendship
But damn got head rushed, can't stop
What's the big fuss it was just a little hand job
So what if her friend took off her bra and socks and drawers
It was like a massage-a-trois
Why the witnesses always positioned up in your business
Like they're invested in your best interests
Who I be with, and who I leave with
Affects this vicarious life that the weak live
Guess now the pressure's on me to charm you

Relieve you of your weapon, disarm you
See if I can get you off this barstool
We all wanna know if I can get you out your clothes girl[Chorus][Verse 3]
From the star-fuckers to the hard lovers
Passing judgment on none
Everyone's got scars mother
Some of them will never heal
Sometimes you gotta step aside; you wanna see how the weather feels
You can't avoid them or fill a void with 'em
If you're nuts you'll enjoy trying to make him your boyfriend
I'm like a pile of paper and ribbons the day after Christmas
(Naw, naw for real I will take my clothes off right here girl)
Who wants to help me, I'm looking for a muse
This time around I'm trying to cook up the blues
Let's make a little love, a little hate
A little give and take and give it to the kids that can relate
And we don't even have a choice
It's the balance, the bits between your ears and my voice
So praise God that the rain ain't stopped
Let's head to my spot and take that wet tank-top off now

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