

# Catapult

## REM - Classical

Both sides  
In softly came the growl from both sides  
And if his whisper splits the mist  
Just think of what he's capable of with his kiss  
Nice try  
You cannot turn away, but nice try  
He'll turn your legs to little building blocks  
And with his index finger flicks you on your socks  
I go high pitched  
He'll talk and make your voice sound high pitched  
Dread to think if he got you on your own  
And whispered in your ear in that baritone  
It's the same stone  
His heart was cut out of the same stone  
That they use to carve his jaw  
It's impossible not to feel inferior  
And he could catapult you back  
To your daddy or into any hissing misery  
And he will tell you how the day after a triumph  
Is as hollow as the day after a tragedy  
He'll extinguish any chance of escape  
When he slaps you on your arse or kisses your nape  
And he's leaving without saying bye  
And they would queue up to listen to him  
Pissing and hang around to watch some poor girl blub  
And then they'd chase him down the avenue  
Incessantly pestering him to let him join the club  
He knows how to put a cork in the fuss  
And just how to shut up the charming ones of us  
And I've seen him talking to your lady friend  
There's a dust track waiting for betrayal  
Where he'll teach you all the bits they missed

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