Masterpiece

Chamberlain

My sweet etcetera,
My finest work is when I undress you and your heart's the perfect verse,
Singing between the parentheses of your shoulders.
You're my reason for falling (slightly) short of my calling (nightly),
And I'm gonna make you my sweet excuse.
So, come on, please, would you be my masterpiece
So that I can believe my best work is done?
Come on, please, would you be my masterpiece
So I can stop tryin' to be great and believe that I've won?

I don't mean to upset you.
I was a better man back when I met you.
Now, every night is my last night of obscurity
The talent of your skin slays me.
You're my reason for falling (slightly) short of my calling (nightly),
And I'm gonna make you my sweet excuse.
So, come on, please, would you be my masterpiece
So that I can believe my best work is done?
Come on, please, would you be my masterpiece
So I can stop tryin' to be great and believe that I've won?

In between what you make and who you are,
There's a place where the tear-down starts.
If I had to stand up and choose, I could only save one of you.
So, come on, please, would you be my masterpiece
So I that I can believe my best work is done?
Come on, please, would you be my masterpiece
So I can stop tryin' to be great and believe that I've won?
My sweet etcetera, my finest work is when I undress you.

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