Wet & Shiny

The Horrorist

We walk. In the Day. Under the sun and through the trees.
We view the sky. You see blue, I see purple,
we find shapes within the clouds.Oh. Oh. Oh. Oh.We talk. Into the night. About things that do not matter.
About out parents. About our friends.
Things we do, now and then.
Under the moon, in the blanket of the night.Oh. Oh. Oh. Oh.We go, into a club. In any city. The air is hot.
You start to smile, and we dance... like robots.I am wet and I am shiny.
I am wet and I am shiny.
I am wet and I am shiny.
I am wet and I am shiny.Oh. Oh.We fly, like a parrot into a jungle to view the scene.
Green snakes, Purple frogs. Red hippo. White giraffe.
I lean over to taste your kiss.Oh. Oh. Oh. Oh.Your kiss, and your eyes make me feel wet and shiny,
very new, like a baby in out space.I am wet and I am shiny.
I am wet and I am shiny.
I am wet and I am shiny.
I am wet and I am shiny.Oh. Oh.

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