

Jerk

Darkbuster

if my eyes are not mistaken, and if my eyes are not untrue
comes a time when you'll be aching for more than
what is good for you

i'll taste the rhyming words you're baking, i'll heat the oven of your youth
the corrosion of your naked but mobile need for perfect truth
if my eyes don't tell me lies, cut me down to my
own size

i've been called a jerk before
i got a stock of names in store, and maybe more
ain't nothing new, you can call me your jerk now
as if my eyes could be mistaken, as if my eyes could be untrue
nor my vision slowly fading and readily admit it's true

i'll wait a while till you'll be aching, i'll write a wail while waiting too
spread the news about the making of a u-turn point of view
no, your eyes ain't sort of wet, ain't no corners
turning red

always prime time on your mind but only time will help you find
ain't nobody new, so fire the crew

i'll be glad to be your jerk
if you need a finer slice, an every side, a six-point dice
i'll stick my finger in my eyes, i got a gift to fantasize
and i don't need more than only you
why can't i be your jerk now?

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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