

The Object of My Affection

Mocca

life would be sweeter
if I just knew things better
so why did I get slammed by the door
should I look for another
or should I choose the other man
things may turn out differently if we can't be together
I think I can't be bothered
but why do I keep thinking of you
I never wanted this to happen
but it feels like I'm in heaven or hell
every time you are near you're the object of my affection
I'm longing for your attention
you're the one that I've been clinging to
you're eyes are filled with passion
is this just a physical reaction?
who cares
I think that we're meant to be

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