# Dr. L'ling

## Minus The Bear

Don't give me no hand me down love
It don't wear the same
I want love that looks good on
With a fit that screams my name, yet I was afraid

Of becoming a casual business man
On matters of the heart
Of becoming a casual business man
Or something even worse

Watched you get in the taxi, your hands on another man
You must be crazy if you think I'll stand back

Wide eyed and so discrete, a maintenance touch
Makes prose from poetry and it doesn't mean much

Can you get enough?
Is there enough?
I found out your escape routes
Can you get enough?

Touch me sweet
Forget the rest
Your hooks felt so right
Dug in my chest

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