

# 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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