

Slacks

St. South

Got a piece of my mind, to tell you who's mine,
Nobody hurts like me for you.
Soft slacks at night, I'm wearing 'em tight,
Nobody hurts like I do. Your fakers are fine, but your water ain't wine,
so stop feeding me, 'a little more time'.
Your shit's a mess, I'm not yours to undress,
I'm leaving this love for the last time.
I'm not yours, I'm mine. You've got the means to caress, but weak you leave me a mess.
One touch is enough, your hands, a little too rough.
Will I ever be enough?
I'm not yours, I'm mine. We fall the fader to black, release the ropes and feel the slack.
I'm not yours, I'm mine.
I tell you every time, you're walking a fine, fine line.
I'm not yours, I'm mine.
I'm not yours. Heard it all before (repeat)

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