Taos

Oregon

oh I'll bet I know what you like
at least think I know what you might
I'm not the most cocksure guy
but I get more bold with every smileso please, show me your teeth, I'll show mine
I sure hope our P's and Q's don't mind
cause I've been alone quite some time
and I've got to scratch this itch of mine
and I think I know what you know
I'm not that smooth but I'm not blindthe hours pass us by as gin slips slowly
past our tingling spines, cheeks warm and glowing
I'm a social mess but not yet slurring
the words that come to rest upon my luring tongueoh I'll bet I know what you like
at least think I know what you might
I'm not the most cocksure guy
but I still sure fight the good hard fight
try as I may, try I might
I'll ever scratch this itch of mine
we've all got our vices, this one's mine
so I might not smoke but I get highunderneath this fleshy robe lies a beast with no control
I fed it once look how it's grown
oh my god, bring me peace from this wolf covered in fleece
I can't shake loose from its teeth
oh my god, set me free
I have no ability to cut my leash and walk awaywith every passing night my conscience lessens
and seems to pacify these guilt filled sessions
now I'm a social pest but not yet willing
to put my laws to rest till I'm done filling these holesI'll bet I know what you like
at least think I know what you might
and I'm not the most cocksure man (?)
I take what I get and get what I can

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