Waking Hour

Watsky

Chorus (Mariami)
In the waking hour I see your face
In the waking hour I feel your (oh)
In the waking hour feel my body race
In the waking hour
Baby I see that the game is unspoken so if you play with me
I don't need nothing broken
I've got patience you see
And I don't mean to preach that's it's a man's world baby
But a woman will teach you to believe
Verse 1
you're in the bed in that pretty little thong
with a ribbon on it, when I said to pick a song
you had a feeling for some healing with that marvin gaye
begins with "let's," ends with "get it on"
I get it. you're ready to fuck
and it's time for me to let it erupt
But. I got a confession to make
when I get nervous
i can never get it up
I gotta get it together, I better meditate
I want to set it straight
I gotta separate the passion I had
from the fear that came
alone i get a boner when I hear your name
but when I'm near the game, I veer to shame
clearly, my dear it appears the same
severely lame!
my genitals' flustered
make a last stand like general custer!
I'd take a cluster fuck or a just some animal lust
I know you're looking for a man who can thrust
(trust) i was in the sack with a faster women than danica patrick
when i had a panic attack
I can never fake it, I make another mistake
and I'm aching and so I pray to the have the pastor take
an erection collection and pass the plate
but no one donated, so I had to masturbate
I know the girls want it

i'm close, and if it grows i can put a condom on it
her moan is onomatopoetic,
I groan. because my bone is gone as soon as get it
Got a risky trick, for frisky chicks
have a drink, then blame it on whiskey dick
wait a couple hours, I'll be horny good
and can wake up with a little bit of morningwood
Chorus (Mariami)
Verse 2
i know that many men are waiting
to be penetrating
you think i'm panting
but i'm hyperventilating
i would get to mating but i'm so damn nervous
i called my dick, but i can't get service
the worst is i'm a pervert- I want you
I'd make harness from your tan brassiere
last night i had a fantasy
we're banging hanging from the ceiling like a chandelier
slip into your chimney singing "santa's here!"
but it's a grand veneer
damn, it's enough to bring a man to tears
with a hand on my gear
but a strand full of blanks in my bandoleer
there are times when I wish it away
there are nights when I wish i was gay
it'd be quicker- i go to theater school
shit i figure I could stick it to pick of the litter
man i'm sick of it
want to stick a dick in it, lick a tit
get some cliterature, for the illiterate!
hit it in the middle of the night
in the waking hour
when I take a shower, we can strip
luckily i studied up on being cuddle buddy
would rather have sucker who fronts?
fucking you once, making ugly grunts?
i'll be casanova (in a couple of months)
i'm making you mine
maybe later for the sake of taking our time
tonight we can lie naked
If you don't mind waiting
give it like five dates and i'll have your thighs shaking
i get her in bed and then we're attending a seminar on a bit of sex ed
i hope this song proves

how fast my tongue moves
cause it's true I give the best head
Bridge (Mariami)
I go to sleep just to wake up in your arms, babe
And before the dawn you'll rise when the sun say
Early mornings make me restless
Breath on my skin, I'm already breathless (oh)
You're sexy under pressure, boo
Better catch your breath so that I can let my hands perform for you baby
We're all alone, help me untie my blue sarung
I can't wait to tell my girls "Yeah, that's my man.
So good I had to write him a song."
Chorus (Mariami)

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