

# 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 causal business man;  
On matters of the heart;  
Of becoming a causal business man;  
Or something even worst.

Watched you get in the taxi;  
Your hands on another man;  
You must be crazy;  
If you think that I'll stand back.

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.

Wide eyed and so discrete; A maintenance touch;  
Makes prose from poetry;  
And it don't mean much.

A maintenance touch;  
And it don't mean much.

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

Touch me sweet; Forget the rest;  
Your hooks feel so right; Dug in my chest;  
Touch me sweet; Touch me sweet.

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 causal business man;  
On matters of the heart;  
Of becoming a causal business man;  
Or something even worst.

---

Lyrics submitted by cassidy.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>