Winter Blues

Jon Larsen

Melanin on melanin
Your dude need to recharge off your velvet skin
Make 'em feel like, like twelve again
Soon as you give the green light I'm delvin' in
Learn to balance, it's real tricky
Like The Incredible Hulk turned back to Bill Bixby
Fuck masturbating, I'd rather wait than
Keep enough of that good stuff for the trading in
Each and every day making cash with Satan
Can't eat can't sleep, it's exasperatin'
All he needs is one warm hug to keep from turning off
I'm sure you could use a boost
Left the hooptie parked in hood with the screws loose
Bust the coup out the driveway, stash house
Scooped you up, hit the highway and mash out
Matte-black like melanin on melanin
Of course the butter soft, black leather trim, set of rims
Let 'er purr, not a scratch on it
Spin it back to the garage and put a latch on it
I need a handful of melanin
Feelin' like the lambswool beard on your tender skin
It might give you a shock initially
As we reconnect up the flow, electricity
The phenomenal melanin bio-polymer
Follow with a glass a
, I could swallow her
Eat 'er up like a SnackWell
We could live forever like Henrietta Lacks cells
Ask me where the hell I been soon as I felt her skin
Holdin' hands, feet in the sand-- grounded
Starin' in them pretty brown eyes-- astounded
If you let me pound it we could go for hours
And then again in the shower
Left her leg tremblin'-- recharged the melanin

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