

Cut Short

The Honorary Title

When I said you looked good baby
I was thinking possibly or maybe
We could head back to your crib
Not where I live you seeMy situations quite sad
I'm still living with my mom and my dad
But really I'm going places
Even though I'm seeing three of your faces
Please, God, let's not resort to
Mini-mall parking spacesEncounters with police
With my hands in the air
Encounters with police
Why ask if you don't careI just had no idea that this would be lasting
For just one single moment
I just have to say, you look so goddamn good
I give you crazy mad props because I know I shouldAnd, I came a bit intoxicated, but really, really, really
I just graduated and from where my hands are situated
Obviously, I'm growing more and more and more
Infatuated just wait, please waitEncounters with police
With my hands in the air
Encounters with police
Why ask if you don't careI just had no idea that this would be lasting
For just one single moment
We could be like onions and peppers
In a sleeping bag fajitasWe could be anything you want
The way you're busting out of that wife-beater
And I know it's a bit uncomfortable here
In this two door seater but you're just the right size
And I will always feed you and feed you and feed youEncounters with police
With my hands in the air
Encounters with police
Why ask if you don't careWhen I said you looked good baby
I was thinking possibly
When I said you looked good baby
I was thinking possibly, maybe or maybeI just had no idea that this would be lasting
For just one single momentIf you were driving next to me say, on the lie
My eyes would become so engaged
I'd float unconsciously into the HOV
Kill myself, the guy in front of me
His inflatable passengers of one, two, or three

Lyrics provided by
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