

Solo Contendre

Ninety Pound Wuss

Eyes looking through me
Some curvature, I don't know
Dining the black mine A night could only rectify doubt
The newest form, like cherry red
Black eyes Soft wool, tied in knots, pointing compliments
Unaware of any expectations
Horizontal dreams are the only thing
This was made for you and me Always a doubt lingering with a new song
A moment collapsed like tension of bats disturbed by daylight
Oh, they're so disturbed
Oh, to dance and sing a sweet, sweet melody Now I'll never forget your face
Now I'll never forget this place
I won't be here too long
I won't be here too long
Solo contender There's no control
You cradle me, caress me
It's never quite there And all my insecurities race to the surface, long winded
Your eyes look through me
This curvature I know well
There's no contest, you're the one

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