

Ounce Of Your Cruelty

Bluebottle Kiss

You're a waitress who hung out
With the customers too long now
It seems the curtain's closed
And the lights are on
I guess there's going to be no encore for us
You're a mystery in the street
and the men would pay good currency
And you let them down so softly
For an ounce of your cruelty, you would leave your house keys in my door
And they'd fit because you want them to
Such coincidence, it always befalls you
It gets so far beyond comedy that
How can I play that part when I'm jogging in your slow lane
now ?
Could you just have a heart ?
Give me an ounce of your cruelty, could you
There's a whistle in the street
There's a night so cloaked with secrecy
But I'm keeping my nose clean
I've drawn the curtains closed
Until it's summer and these crickets wake me
And your breath will light the dawn
But you'll wake up with a thorn in your side
Hey it's only me, you should turn it around
And wake me up with your cruelty
How can I play that part when I'm jogging in your slow lane
now ?
Could you just have a heart ?
Give me an ounce of your cruelty
How can I play that part when I'm jogging in your slow lane
now
Could you just have a heart ?
Give me an ounce of your cruelty
And you'll leave it alone and let it rot
An ounce of your cruelty means
You'll stay at home
And deprive me of your pleasure
Hey could you do that ?
No way around it

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.