Keep Me In Your Pocket

Charlotte Martin

Sharp move.
It's funny how the intuition stabs you
I'm head-first diving off the plank
Good Morning.
I'm green and mean and have a thousand eyes.One small
Thin line is easy to erase all.
I'm crossing over Jordan with the
Lights off.
You better lock the door and not think twice.Push me deep into your English Channel.
Your palm sweat- it isn't all that I can handle.
I love you, we have an understatement-natural.
Please baby-bee, keep me in your pocket.All bets off
You kept your bitches in my
Sweet spot
And I got dibs and stitches
So I feel hot
You burn those hallmark cards and
Keep my wordsI want wanna be your cigarette
I want wanna be your black jack best
I want wanna be your sweater
It won't make this feel much betterSink your
Teeth into the taste of me and
Squeeze hard
Till you can feel me splitting and you
Want more
You know I want you know I want it more.Push me deep into your English channel
Your palm sweat--it isn't all that I can handle
I love you. We have an understanding--natural.
Please baby keep me in your pocketI want wanna be your cigarette
I want wanna be your blackjack best
I want wanna be you sweater
It won't make this feel much better

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