

# 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 words I 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 better Sink 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 pocket I 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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