My Soft and Deep

The Matches

Wrap you up in a coat of cobwebs,
tactile little heart of tacks,
the more you lick, the more I chap,
You've a head like a postcard rack.So try this trick and spin it,
spin again, my Surfer Rosa,
all the while the world is whirling,
the morning tilts closer,Your eyelids keep secrets,
Your eyelids keep secrets,
My soft and deep,
while you sleep,
no, no, secrets.Blowing bubbles with nicotine gum,
kiss me below the seatbelt light,
on the roof with a toothpick flag.
Take your broken wings and learn to sigh.In the half-life of balloons,
we will measure how our hair's grown,
we lie curled like question marks,
drifting off on pheromones.Your eyelids keep secrets,
Your eyelids keep secrets,
My soft and deep,
I creep, creep with the grace of an ice cream truck,
ever I'll watch you sleep,
beneath the blanket of dust I'll tuck you in,
my soft and deep,
no, no, secrets.So try this trick and spin it,
spin again, my Surfer Rosa,
all the while the world is whirling,
the morning tilts yet closer,my soft and deep.my soft and deep.my soft and deep.
I creep, I creep with the grace of an ice cream truck. (my soft)
ever I'll watch you sleep,
beneath the blanket of dust I'll tuck you in,
my soft and deep,
no, no, secrets.
deep.

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