

Saturday Night

EVE 6

Saturday night burns
A redness on my face
I tasted you
You tasted me You were never my taste
Now left alone
With precious thoughts of half - assed half an hour stops
And talk so small I can't remember every single word Laced with think naivete
Firm delusions can't be swayed
Tell yourself you're happy
We both know the truth It's false behind the dirty talk
The dirty sheets
The sexy walk
Your eyes are closed Your heart is open wide
And that's no good.
There is something up my sleeve
There is nothing in between You and me that you can't see
So beg my pardon. Honesty's a virtue that can hurt you
Let it be
The thought that counts is
Counting down the minutes 'till I leave And when I do you'll be looking for security in words
Though you know that you won't get it for the better
For the worse. There is something up my sleeve
There is nothing in between
You and me that you can't see
So beg my pardon I apologize for me
Then I'm back in a couple weeks
I'm too weak to help it
Don't know how to end it I apologize for me. There is something up my sleeve
There is nothing in between
You and me that you can't see
So beg my pardon There is something up my sleeve There is nothing in between
You and me that you can't see
So beg my pardon

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