

# The Morning Of, A Barrel Tapped At Both Ends

New Jersey  
I think I'm hooked.  
I think you're blessed  
With your coastline calling out  
Like diamonds in the eyes of a criminal....  
Your subliminal message.  
I'd give a life to get washed up  
On that piece of cold atlanticism  
And the enthusiasm your inhabitants reside...  
Oh they makes me want to dance.  
It's like I'm sharing secrets  
With my bathroom mirror  
Behind this locked door.  
This valley's starting to feel unkind  
There must be something in the water  
Here so baby let's dance.  
Damn we got the moves  
And damn do we have style.  
My hands fit your hips like a puzzle piece  
And the poise your spread to me is like  
A new disease so your majesty, please infect me.  
Like a midnight menagerie or something sweet  
When it's needed the most.  
I'm pretty sure you're as perfectly  
Timed as one can get.  
Now I'm hiding in your closet  
And while this fear is measured in its darkness,  
Our love is measured in anticipation.  
I'm thirsty for it.  
Are you craving it too?  
(Are you craving it too?)  
But there's always a catch.  
It's so high but in view.  
I knew you knew it too  
Please infect me. [x3]