

TV girl, Not Allowed

Now you suck
We wanna talk about sex but we're not allowed
Well, you may not like it but you better learn how 'cause it's your turn now
You're wasting your tongue with lame excuses and lies
Now, what's on your nasty old mind?

So how should I begin this?
I guess it started when you were with him
And how he never even took you out to dance
But did he fuck with any rhythm?
But now he's playing with your head
But did he ever make you cum?
Did he ever make you cry?
Do the wires in your mind get sewn together?
Rubbed and severed by the heat
You don't know how long I could stare into your picture
And wish that it was me
I guess it's different 'cause you love him
But I've got an interactive
Sick and twisted imagination
And that's gotta count for something

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Get your face between my thighs

I dreamt of standing in your doorstep
Licking sweat off of your forehead
With your finger in my mouth
And the sound when leather jackets hit the ground
You should hear when you're not around
When it's just us horny poets
Who can't wait to write it down
And swear we were only being honest
Do you like these little sonnets?
'Cause I wrote them just for you
But how quickly they turn sour
So be careful who you screw
And never call
And I'm starting to suspect
You don't intend to do anything you say at all

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[illegible]

