

Charlotte Martin, Keep Me In Your Pocket

Sharp move.
It's funny how the intuition stabs you
I'm headfirst 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.
Crossing over Jordan with the
Lights off.
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, it is an understatement-natural.
Please babeee, keep 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 but
Keep my words

I want wanna be your cigarette
I want wanna be your black jack best
I want wanna be that sweater
It won't make this seem much better

Sink your
Teeth into the taste of me and
Squeeze hard
Till we can feel me splitting and you
Want more
And I want more 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 that sweater