

Holly Palmer, Lickerish Man

Raining
It's pouring
The old man is scoring
It's morning
He says every nerve in his body is alive
When he's with me
He says he loves me
He says everything is separate
He says I'm beautiful
And I say, "Who, me?"
He says he loves me
He says he's happy

I feel like a dirty old man
Like a lecher
Like a polyester uncle's friend who's trying to catch a glimpse
Periwinkle polyester
Lickerish man
You make me feel like a dirty old man

Morning
Oh, he says when he looks down
And he sees and I'm shiny shining
Glistening like the dew on the leaf of a pretty, pretty flower
That someone ain't stepped on yet
My baby says that he's happy
He says everything is separate
He says he loves me
And every nerve is alive

But I feel like a dirty old man
Like a lecher
Like a polyester uncle's friend who's trying to catch a glimpse
Periwinkle polyester
Lickerish man
You make me feel like . . .
Like a dirty old man
Like a lecher
Like a polyester uncle's friend with horn rims
Polyester periwinkle
Lickerish man
You make me feel like a dirty old man
Scoring