

Owen, Playing Possum For A Peek

I'm made up of instincts
None of which are too keen
But I get by with these high cheek bones
Little faith in people for a higher being
I'm a man with desires
And if I told you any different, I'd be a liar
As hard as I've tried
I've found I can't deny myself of those things that I want
As last night turns into this morning
Buried in your blankets, left for dead
My heart beating in my head
Lie still, pretending I'm asleep
I watch you put your clothes on for me
Local pharmacist and his wife
And I'm convinced, after your performance
That this world is too big for us
And our stupid instincts, and our stupid desires