

Envy On The Coast, Paperback

I'm cynical, they say...
Petrified, maybe.
Disgusted by his ways,
A conscious is clear and I fear it is free to betray
Premeditated crime,
He plans and drinks until it's time
A crutch to use upon his prey,
She didn't know, it's not the way to love
And I will judge a book by its cover
Because you know it's all we have
And I will judge a book by its cover
So break my binding, and tear my paper, just leave a page to sign your name.
It's evident today,
And the evidence lays awake,
Regretting her last drink,
Drank her way to the bed and she said go ahead with a wink.
Justifies his ways,
And he can't look at her face
He utters those three words
She's oblivious but tomorrow she will learn.
Don't worry I can keep a secret
Don't worry he can keep a secret
Don't worry,
Come on now doll you know you've got a secret