

Eve 6, Saturday Night

Saturday night burns a redness on my face.
I tasted you, you tasted me you were never my taste.
Now left alone with precious thoughts Of half assed half an hour stops,
And talk so small I can't remember ever saying a word.

Laced with thick naivete; Firm delusions can't be swayed.
Tell yourself you're happy,
We both know the truth.
It's false behind the dirty talk the dirty sheets the sexy walk,
Your eyes are closed your heart is open wide and that's no good.

There is something up my sleeve.
There is nothing in-between,
You and me that you can't see.
So beg my pardon.

Honesty's a virtue that can hurt you let it be.
The thought that counts is counting down the minutes 'till I leave,
And when I do you'll be looking for security in words,
Though you know that you won't get it for the better for the worse.

There is something up my sleeve.
There is nothing in-between,
You and me that you can't see.
So beg my pardon.

I apologize for me.
Then I'm back in a couple of weeks.
I'm too weak to help it.
Don't know how to end it.
Yeah, I apologize for me.
Yeah, yeah, yeah.

There is something up my sleeve.
There is nothing in-between,
You and me that you can't see.
So beg my pardon.

There is something up my sleeve.
There is nothing in-between,
And you and me that you can't see.
So beg my pardon.