

Gadjits, This Girl

More than a man
More than a lover
You pocket me like a shilling
I don't know if i'm ready
But i've no shortage of willing
Will i always be good enough
To be with her
I'm young and i'm dumb and i come like a howitzer

I'm like a kid waiting for a letter
I check the mail on sunday
Cross the street for something better in the land of someday
Now what can i say to that
When i get a thank you in the morning
After we spend the night together
How about you're welcome forever

Suicidal on friday
Better by sunday
Catastrophic on monday
Cause this girl loves me

My fortune cookie says i'm ready to die
I could shake the gates of heaven
And be the first devil to try to trade my one sin for all seven