

# 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