

# Marvelous 3, Talk

(butch walker & chrystina llore)

I met you where the walls were velvet.  
Slingin' chili in a corset.  
Makin' love to every face that walked into the room.  
It was never my intention to put your service on suspension.  
But I wanted what was flaunted by no matter whom.

Oooh, oh no.  
Here I go again I'm crazy.  
Oooh, oh no.

Let's not talk about religion or about no evolution.  
Let's not talk about the big bang.  
Or about no air pollution.  
I don't care about your habbits,

If all that I've heard is true.  
I don't wanna talk until we're through.

You're kinda like a cartoon mirror.  
Talking to me makes me shiver.  
Water beadin' down your side onto the hardwood floor  
I have to scold my dog because he licks it off the floor,  
Before I even get a chance to taste a little for myself.

My head's spinnin' from the liquor,  
That you bought from the bartender.  
So excuse me if my center focus is just a little warped.  
But you've got my full attention,  
And I've got the best intentions.  
If you'll only keep the deep stuff lyin' on the floor.