

# Owen, Playing Possum For A Peed

I'm made up of instincts  
None of which are too keen  
But I get by with these high cheek bones  
Little faith in people for a higher being  
I'm a man with desires  
And if I told you any different, I'd be a liar  
As hard as I've tried  
I've found I cant deny myself of those things that I want  
As last night turns into this morning  
Buried in your blankets, left for dead  
My heart beating in my head  
Lie still, pretending I'm asleep  
I watch you put your clothes on for me  
Local pharmacist and his wife  
And I'm convinced, after your performance  
That this world is too big for us  
And our stupid instincts, and our stupid desires