

# Screeching Weasel, Too Worked Up

each night i see her there. the window shows her  
there. but she said it's all-right if i watch her every  
night as she lays down and goes to work while  
i hope for a glimpse of what she will not let me  
have between her thighs. puts on a show for me;  
a movie just for me. she says &quot;look but don't touch&quot;;  
but she's asking too much. if she'd just let me walk  
across the street i'd finally get more than a peek at  
what's there in between her thighs. she's moving  
faster now; i'm moving faster now. thoughts about  
my face inside her thighs' embrace are dancing in  
my brain. i get worked up, i get too worked up  
wanting, needing what's there between her thighs.