

# Sponge Cola, To The Sly And Cunning

Draw the line  
Slightly submissive  
She faints in time  
Opens her mouth in reflex

Something comes soon  
We all make room  
Numbs the senses

Take me up and down again  
'Cause I know you're the one for me

99  
Rapid movements  
She paints the night  
Releases rabid kisses

Something comes on  
We all get some  
What's my sentence?

Hand to thigh  
Neck to sky  
Up above  
Had I been there?