

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?