

# Stroke 9, Wahin' And Wonderin'

This just in... where to begin  
Grin and bear it, it's bare and grim  
Adoration, titillation, I'm the victim now  
Because she's figured me out  
She lights my candle, she has a handle on me  
It's going well but I'm scared as hell  
That she'll figure me out  
She thinks it's sacred to be naked  
But I don't care, cause she's had me there  
You see she's figured me out  
And I wanna shout at the top of my lungs now  
But oh my god, if she hears me she'll come running in...  
These are my hands, these are my faults  
These are my plans  
there are my nasty little thoughts  
I wrote 'em down for you to contemplate  
at a later date

Well the word is out, what's it all about  
Doubtless shady, no shadow of doubt

In moderation, this sensation would be fabulous  
But she's figured me out  
She's in my shower for an hour  
She's just washin' and wonderin'  
And trying to figure me out...

And I wanna shout at the top of my lungs now  
But oh my god, if she hears me she'll come running in...  
These are my hands, these are my faults  
These are my plans and these are my nasty little thoughts  
I wrote 'em down for you to contemplate...

It's a little bit of something that I feel...  
Oh man, I just can't deal...  
And other than this distance that has covered me  
Can't you see that you have smothered me

Well, you're out there, just stay out there  
Just when I was on to something else  
That's when she figures me out