

Stroke 9, Washin' 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
These 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 not there, just stay out there
Just when I was on to something else
That's when she figures me out