

The Faint, Desperate Guys

Was it more than attraction
And a physical lust?
Or loins, my imagination
That first inconceivable touch
That I was planning
I mean wishing
How embarrassed I'd have been
If you knew what I was thinking

And, whoa, when it started
My first thought was love
And not just lust
Because when I heard you speak
I felt warm
In the evening I saw you
You were warming the bass up
Your hair covered your face up
I was acting indifferent at the merch booth
Putting on makeup

We met up at a party
In a swamp, on a yacht
I spun the helm but we were docked
I crossed my fingers
But I didn't beg
Because I knew you knew
Because I knew you knew I liked you

I knew you knew I liked you
I knew you knew it
But I figured desperate guys
Never had a chance with you
I figured desperate guys
Never had a chance with you

Close to you, wishing
We're conjoined at the tongue
Can you hear me thinking?
I should stop
I crossed my fingers
But I didn't beg
Because I knew you knew
Because I knew you knew I liked you

I knew you knew I liked you
I knew you knew it
But I figured desperate guys
Never had a chance
I knew you knew I liked you
I knew you knew it
Because I figured desperate guys
Never had a chance with you
I figured desperate guys
Never had a chance with you
I knew that desperate guys
Would never have a chance with you