

The Honorary Title, Cut Short

When I said you looked good baby
I was thinking possibly or maybe
We could head back to your crib
Not where I live you see
My situations quite sad
I'm still living with my mom and my dad
But really I'm going places
Even though I'm seeing three of your faces
Please, God, let's not resort to mini-mall parking spaces
Encounters with police, with my hands in the air
Encounters with police
Why ask if you don't care
I just had no idea that this would be lasting for just one single moment
I just have to say, you look so goddamn good
I give you crazy mad props, because I know I should
OK, I'm a bit intoxicated, but really I just graduated
And from where my hands are situated
Obviously, I'm growing more and more infatuated
Just wait, please wait
We could be like onions and peppers
In a sleeping bag fajita
We could be anything you want
The way you're busting out of that wife-beater
And I know it's a bit uncomfortable here in this 2-door seater
But you're just the right size,
And I will always feed you and feed you and feed you
If you were driving next to me
Say, on the LIE
My eyes would become so engaged
I'd float unconsciously
Into the HOV
Kill myself, the guy in front of me
His inflatable passengers of one, two, or three