

The Morning Of, A Barrel Tapped At Both Ends

New Jersey

I think I'm hooked.

I think you're blessed

With your coastline calling out

Like diamonds in the eyes of a criminal....

Your subliminal message.

I'd give a life to get washed up

On that piece of cold atlanticism

And the enthusiasm your inhabitants reside...

Oh they makes me want to dance.

It's like I'm sharing secrets

With my bathroom mirror

Behind this locked door.

This valley's starting to feel unkind

There must be something in the water

Here so baby let's dance.

Damn we got the moves

And damn do we have style.

My hands fit your hips like a puzzle piece

And the poise your spread to me is like

A new disease so your majesty, please infect me.

Like a midnight menagerie or something sweet

When it's needed the most.

I'm pretty sure you're as perfectly

Timed as one can get.

Now I'm hiding in your closet

And while this fear is measured in its darkness,

Our love is measured in anticipation.

I'm thirsty for it.

Are you craving it too?

(Are you craving it too?)

But there's always a catch.

It's so high but in view.

I knew you knew it too

Please infect me. [x3]