

# You, Me, And Everyone We Know, Because I Spit

The sweat soaks his shirt  
and he's feeling his blood thin out  
and this pulse we've built outside this epidermis keeps his charm en route  
pedals to the floor  
like my hips press to yours  
there's a whisper from your lips "lets go"  
you don't stand a chance  
i'm as stealthy as a slow gas leak  
by the time that you know you'll have succumb to me  
i've never seen such a battle to open one door  
you're batting eyes  
as he's taking his time  
as we're playing out the last notes to your culling song  
pedals to the floor  
like my hips press to yours  
there's a whisper from your lips "lets go"  
you don't stand a chance  
I'm a rush much like passing notes  
cos i'm keeping the secrets you'd all die to know  
but have no shame  
these boundaries called waistlines are bound to be broken sometime