

You Make Me Wanna Smile

You

You make me wanna smile

I'll lay here

While you pick me out a style.

I remember frozen pizza burnt our mouths,

Our gross, new freedom,

And it makes me wanna smile.

In the nude, he runs a bloody nose.

You blew him and it, and then struck a slutty pose.

If I could answer every question

I have about this with more than just suggestions,

Well, I mean, it would make me wanna smile.

One, two

The mood is hanging by a hair

“God, for the love of—

Dude, what makes you think I care?”

Well is it my God, your God, how we're meshing, an Orwellian inkblot?

Make me cum from guessing:

What makes you wanna smile?