

Titles: Right There on Your Mark

I found in your face
What most find free
But when I wanna die
I know you got me.
Look out at your world
With a wild surmise.
Fondle those curls;
You owe a surprise

Take your corny little dues
And make it out in footfalls
Morning vapor residues
While you make out in footfalls
And if I ever dare to see you again,
I'll probably double down, and bring a friend, oh

Just when I wanna be free
You'll probably sucker me
And make me do it all over
And over again
And over again

Right there on your mark, you're pecking at the door.
You beckon me for more. I said, "the check is on the dresser."
You said "that's not why I'm here" I asked you "more?" and you said "Yes, sir."
Then I thought of why I'm here; I looked at you and at the dresser.

And if I ever dare to see you again,
I'll probably double down, and bring a friend, oh
Just when I wanna be free
You'll probably sucker me
And make me do it all over
And over again
And over again