

Don't give me no hand me down love
It don't wear the same.
I want love that looks good on
with a fit that screams my name,
yet I was afraid

Of becoming a casual business man
on matters of the heart.
Of becoming a casual business man
or something even worse.

Watched you get in the taxi,
your hands on another man.
You must be insane
if you think I'll stand back.

Wide eyed and so discrete,
a maintenance touch,
makes prose from poetry
and it don't mean much.

A maintenance touch
and it don't mean much

Can you get enough?
Is there enough?
I found out your escape routes.
Can you get enough?
Is there ever enough?
Are these your escape routes?

touch me sweet
forget the rest
your hooks feel so right
dug in my chest