

What say you we talk this over?  
Well honey you are in fine shape but out of practice  
These simple acts are carried out with circumspect and I am perplexed

Indulge my need of delicate elocution  
With some deluded affection  
I'm sharp, you're trivial at best  
Exploiting your edge

So talk yourself down to the gutter  
Because this is the answer  
The profane ain't profound my dear  
The truth is I'm prior to engagement

It's recognition (on the record, off the QT and lush)  
It's the same beat in different songs

Tackled to the ground  
Drowning in comfort  
Suffocating smothered  
You say you can see through me but you're not even there