

Make Out King

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I can't be seen
Kissing the make-out king
I know that they'll all be saying
She's gone crazy
Arms so long
His heart is strong
And I'm never sleeping again
The make-out king
Is in my bed
And I'm so tired
I think I'm a junkie
His hair is curly
He drinks like nobody knows where he's going
And nobody cares what he's saying
Dancing like he might tip over
He's always a joker
Looking for love around every corner
I'm sure I know better, beware
The make-out king is starting to care

I can't be seen kissing the make-out king
It's certain the girls are talking
She'll be forgotten
Legs so long
His heart may soften
I'm never sleeping again
The make-out king
Is in my bed
And I'm so tired
I think I'm a junkie
Calls when he's drunk
And drinks like nobody knows where he's going
And nobody cares what he's saying