

Gee Whiz

Buck 65

Tell me what is it is, Gee Whiz, I don't think I know.

Well, believe me I've tried but there's no explaining,
Eyes piled up you look like a painting,
Saintly and sexy, the soft-spoken wind blows,
Uncertain curtains cover broken windows,
In desperate need of a safe haven and inflamed,
I walk around Paris, unshaven and ashamed,
20 odd years since last time I slow danced,
Teenage crisis and the end of romance,

I see myself in the form of a wolf,
Furry, down on all fours and worried,
Uneven colours and the echoes of fly tones
Connections I've lost in a collection of jawbones
Apples and oranges, you decide which,
I'm writing graffiti on suicide bridge
I once knew a woman who was clever and tough
Who said too much make up is never enough
Her eyelids were heavy with words and desire
She lives underwater with the birds and the fire
And it just so happens I'm selling my psyche
If you like love you'll love this, most likely

You and me are meant to be, that's right I love you,
Can't you see, whatever partner you do choose, you have the ability to marry
,
6, 7, 8, I'll never hurt you, you know.
Husbands love their wives,
Yeah, love the woman,
Part of me is here with you,
One life, where my heart beats for you,
Well, here we are again,
Here's a couple, treacherous
I'm impatient in relationships in and love
When will you see quand allez-vous me voir

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Bird girl, sorry I'm too sleepy to make
But the sounds of my dreams always keep me awake
Don't wanna scare the birds away so I speak soft
Memories like the shows of Vanessa Beecroft
Her bedroom philosophies are so perplexing
But I think these two wooden legs are so sexy
Cries of sadness, spectacular
You be Rossy de Palma and I'll be your Dracula
Fist is of agony decorate the last room
Shoes by the door, on the floor is your costume
Open the trunk with the car key, the odd way
Love songs, call me the marquee de shad
Lord of the files, you lost me I wonder how
Midnight, meet me at the entrance for the underground
So many questions, but I'm afraid to ask
So I whisper them to apollinaire by Picasso
I touch all the flowers and break the chain
I wish I could fly, but I'd rather take the train

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If you like love you'll love this

You wouldn't tell me what it was because
I don't think you know