

# Keep Me In Your Pocket

Charlotte Martin

Sharp move.  
It's funny how the intuition stabs you  
I'm headfirst diving off the plank  
Good Morning.  
I'm green and mean and have a thousand eyes.

One small  
Thin line is easy to erase all.  
Crossing over Jordan with the  
Lights off.  
Better lock the door and not think twice.

Push me deep into your English Channel.  
Your palm sweat- it isn't all that I can handle.  
I love you, it is an understatement-natural.  
Please babeee, keep keep me in your pocket.

All bets off  
You kept your bitches in my  
Sweet spot  
And I got dibs and stitches  
So I feel hot  
You burn those hallmark cards but  
Keep my words

I want wanna be your cigarette  
I want wanna be your black jack best  
I want wanna be that sweater  
It won't make this seem much better

Sink your  
Teeth into the taste of me and  
Squeeze hard  
Till we can feel me splitting and you  
Want more  
And I want more you know I want it more.

Push me deep into your English channel  
Your palm sweat-it isn't all that I can handle  
I love you. We have an understanding-natural.  
Please baby keep me in your pocket

I want wanna be your cigarette  
I want wanna be your blackjack best  
I want wanna be that sweater