

# Fingers

Chester French

In my room  
When no one's home  
I want you here  
Marissa Rome

You're so fresh  
You're fresh to death  
But you've turned your tricks  
Made such a mess

And the fingers of your mind  
Have wrapped around my spine  
And made me feel so blind

In my sleep  
You're by my side  
And I'm seeing pink  
But my tongue is tied

So pick me up  
And let's get around  
Marissa, dear  
Don't let me down

And no matter what you do  
Just please don't say we're through  
Cuz I'm holding out for you