

Jerk

Daan

If my eyes are not mistaken, and if my eyes are not untrue comes
a time when you'll be aching for more than what is good for you
u

I'll taste the rhyming words you're baking, I'll heat the oven
of your youth

The corrosion of your naked but mobile need for perfect truth

If my eyes don't tell me lies, cut me down to my own size

I've been called a jerk before

I got a stock of names in store, and maybe more

Ain't nothing new, you can call me your jerk now

As if my eyes could be mistaken, as if my eyes could be untrue

Nor my vision slowly fading and readily admit it's true

I'll wait a while till you'll be aching, I'll write a wail while
waiting too

Spread the news about the making of a u-turn point of view

No, your eyes ain't sort of wet, ain't no corners turning red

Always prime time on your mind but only time will help you find

Ain't nobody new, so fire the crew

I'll be glad to be your jerk

If you need a finer slice, an every side, a six-point dice

I'll stick my finger in my eyes, I got a gift to fantasize

And I don't need more than only you

Why can't I be your jerk now?