

Daddy's Little Peach

Emery

You got me falling in love with what's next
The personality's a casualty but I'm impressed
With the way you control the verbs
I'm moving in and out with words

Slow, slow down. We don't have to rush.
How profound is the sequence perception to the touch.
Is it just me or does this routine ever get inside your head?
And tell you all the little things you wish had been said?
That you wish had been said?

When, when will I be old enough to do as I please?
These late nights are getting old.
There are better ways to your knees.
Mommy always had you buttoned up.
We were daddy's little peach.
When will I be old enough?
When will I be old enough, to do as I please?

You got me here. But you've got me wrong (You've got me wrong)
I'm not a cannibal but I cannot say I won't eat one of my own.
But with words slurred, I confess:
This smile isn't based on your subtle wit, but the cut of your dress.
It makes that ugly morning seem so far away.
And if it ever comes at all, I'll know just what to say.

When, when will I be old enough to do as I please?
These late nights are getting old.
There are better ways to your knees.
Mommy always had you buttoned up.
We were daddy's little peach.
When will I be old enough?
When will I be old enough, to do as I please?
To do as I please?
To do as I please?

So wake up. Wake up its the morning.
Another eight hours and the day's left you wanting reprieve.
Or at least religion.
But just relax, 'cause everyone's sinning.
Last night. The drinks. The words.
The kiss. The car. The apartment.
The cab fare. Fake digits.
Your hair. Your make up.
Your high heels, impeccable.
And all of it just to sit
with some wannabe's and counterfeits.
How respectable. How respectable.

Let's turn the lights on.
Let's turn the lights on.
Let's turn the lights on.
Let's turn the lights on, now.

When will I be old enough? (to do as I please)
Mommy had you buttoned up (We were daddy's little peach)
When will I be old enough? (When will I be)

When will I be?
When will I be?