

Saturday Night

EVE 6

Saturday night burns a redness a redness on my face

I tasted you you tasted me you were never my taste

Now left alone with precious thoughts of half-

assed half an hour stops and talk so small

I can't remember ever saying a word

Laced with think naiveté

Firm delusions can't be swayed tell yourself you're happy we both know the truth

You spoke behind the dirty talk the dirty sheets the sexy walk

Your eyes are closed your heart is open wide and that's no good

There is something up my sleeve there is nothing in between

You admit that you can't see so beg my pardon

Honesty's a virtue that can hurt you let it be

The thought that counts is counting down the minutes till I leave,

When I do you'll be looking for security in words

Thought you know that you won't get it for the better for the worse

I apologize for me

Then I'm back in a couple of weeks

I'm too weak to help it don't know how to end it

I apologize for me