

Make Out Party

Incubus

Girl I wanna kiss you, but not just on your lips no
The tips of your fingers and every intersection, start again do
wn at your pinkie toe
Can you tell I miss you from my cadence and tempo?
Lips are a trigger and maybe this connection is a point we shou
ld be aiming for

Could we make up
Could we make out

I get high every time I get the taste of you on my tongue
And I know you're one to hold onto
Deep sigh every time I get a hint of you in my mind
Cause I know you won't be held onto

Babe I've got a weakness for the backs of your knees your honey
spilt over
And now I am an army of ants and we're all thinking the same th
ought
Let me introduce you to my slippery fingers
Glistening and dangerous - I'll use them all in ways
that would make you giggle at my funeral

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