

Moccasin

Laika

A night of apologies
Just more said-I'm-sorrys
Beckoning come-to-mes
Thoughts whispered sweetly
You girls make no mistake
He's cold as a snake
He'll put you in your place
Barefoot and lonely

Don't get caught in the grass
Don't get
Don't get caught in the grass
Don't get
Don't get caught in the grass
Don't get caught

His kiss'll pull your teeth
To see what's underneath
Balanced on fingertips
He'll still take you
I'm only flesh and bones
No match for sticks and stones
Look under every home
He might be waiting