

An Attept To Think About You

Lemuria

Modestly silencing the treasure beneath the elastic palisade
Your body recites a suspicious confidence
That pushes me away
We're making love like it's a sport
And you're winning
Well, the thing is that for me
It's the foreplay that makes me tick
Because standing at the top of a mountain
Leaves me nothing to look forward to
I just have to retrace my steps,
And at the bottom of the hill you've already left
Now i'm reaching for anyone
Because I miss being in love