

Oh decry,  
With these two fingers I can show you why,  
That I'm restricted,  
When you kiss me so promiscuously,  
I'll be screaming go-tilly-go,  
Oh delay,  
Without these shackles,  
I can show the way,  
To make you obfuscate,  
And push aside utensils,  
I'll be screaming go-tilly-go,

When all this commotion,  
Dies down she'll deliver,  
A subtle soliloquy,  
Straight to his pillow,  
Which frowns as she strikes it,  
With fists that insist,  
The light of their fridge door,  
Was always a metaphor,

I'm bewildered,  
So please explain to me,  
Right now Mathilda,  
How all the friction in your diction,  
Leaves me staring at you,  
I'm still screaming go-tilly-go,  
I'll decide,  
With these two fingers,  
I can show you why,  
Despite my lethargy,  
And mispronunciation,  
I'll be screaming go-tilly-go,

When all this commotion  
Dies down, she'll deliver,  
A pointed soliloquy,  
So full of agony,  
He'll be embarrassed,  
And walk on the terrace,  
Whose slate floor he always found,  
Seemed like a metaphor,

Aaiiii...

P-r-o-m-i-s-e-s,  
The promises,  
P-r-o-m-i-s-e-s,