

Don't give me no hand me down love  
It don't wear the same.  
I want love that looks good on  
with a fit that screams my name,  
yet I was afraid

Of becoming a casual business man  
on matters of the heart.  
Of becoming a casual business man  
or something even worse.

Watched you get in the taxi,  
your hands on another man.  
You must be insane  
if you think I'll stand back.

Wide eyed and so discrete,  
a maintenance touch,  
makes prose from poetry  
and it don't mean much.

A maintenance touch  
and it don't mean much

Can you get enough?  
Is there enough?  
I found out your escape routes.  
Can you get enough?  
Is there ever enough?  
Are these your escape routes?

touch me sweet  
forget the rest  
your hooks feel so right  
dug in my chest