

What say you we talk this over?
Well honey you are in fine shape but out of practice
These simple acts are carried out with circumspect and I am perplexed

Indulge my need of delicate elocution
With some deluded affection
I'm sharp, you're trivial at best
Exploiting your edge

So talk yourself down to the gutter
Because this is the answer
The profane ain't profound my dear
The truth is I'm prior to engagement

It's recognition (on the record, off the QT and lush)
It's the same beat in different songs

Tackled to the ground
Drowning in comfort
Suffocating smothered
You say you can see through me but you're not even there