

Too Worked Up

Screeching Weasel

each night i see her there.
the window shows her there.
but she said it's all-right if i watch her every night as she l
ays down and goes to work while i hope for a glimpse of what sh
e will not let me have between her thighs. puts on a show for m
e; a movie just for me. she says "look but don't touch" but she
's asking too much. if she'd just let me walk across the street
i'd finally get more than a peek at what's there in between he
r thighs. she's moving faster now; i'm moving faster now. thoug
hts about my face inside her thighs' embrace are dancing in my
brain. i get worked up, i get too worked up wanting, needing wh
at's there between her thighs.