

The Scene: Your Bedroom

Sparks The Rescue

The thought seems to be too much, I shrink at the incline of your touch
Your fingertips are needles to my skin. They sink straight down to the core
Revealing the things we can't ignore... said sweetheart. Your tearing through my veins

The fires burn - I'm in your bedroom
The tables turn - Well do you miss this?
You make it all the same.
The mirror stares - The Scene: Your bedroom
Reflection glares - We're flirting kisses
You wouldn't have this any other way.

And maybe next time when you reach to grab my hand, I'll pull away.

I've seen your intent, and it's not much to be proud of...
So why don't you just stay the hell over there with your prim and proper friends?
The wannabes and maybe next time I'll let you stay with me.

(Was I just the last chance to be the rise in your mattress?)

It's not worth it. Just stay with me