

I wonder how that bike trip's going
I wonder if the government knows he's hiding
It'd probably take a few more months
Florida's a long way from Rhode Island

I watch her rest her hands inside her lap
I try to focus hard cause her eyes don't make the frame
I try to work up the courage to kiss the bottom half of
her face
And Mora cut her hair in Baltimore right before I left
I watch her sitting by herself, talking to herself,
Breathing calmly, then try to catch her breath.

Casanova just can't turn the charm on
Or find any of the right vibrations
I know these women if he don't wanna do it
Then they are probably just gonna make him
You can never tell when they're fucking around

Everything you're feeling is common
Even though you never felt so alone
I could probably catch a ride to your house
And borrow a bike to get back home

She says you gotta promise not to break
No matter how far you are bent
She says I gotta shift my position and try to get
comfortable again
We both choose the same tone,
mine was an alarm clock ringing from a cell phone
Mouth the words to me so we can keep things quiet
And I'll still know exactly what you mean.

And it is probably just my friends fucking around.
Yeah, it is probably just my friends fucking around.
They never cut me any slack.
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