

## Cut Short

### The Honorary Title

When I said you looked good baby  
I was thinking possibly or maybe  
We could head back to your crib  
Not where I live you see  
My situations quite sad  
I'm still living with my mom and my dad  
But really I'm going places  
Even though I'm seeing three of your faces  
Please, God, let's not resort to mini-mall parking spaces

Encounters with police, with my hands in the air  
Encounters with police  
Why ask if you don't care

I just had no idea that this would be lasting for just one single moment

I just have to say, you look so goddamn good  
I give you crazy mad props, because I know I should  
OK, I'm a bit intoxicated, but really I just graduated  
And from where my hands are situated  
Obviously, I'm growing more and more infatuated  
Just wait, please wait

We could be like onions and peppers  
In a sleeping bag fajita  
We could be anything you want  
The way you're busting out of that wife-beater  
And I know it's a bit uncomfortable here in this 2-door seater  
But you're just the right size,  
And I will always feed you and feed you and feed you

If you were driving next to me  
Say, on the LIE  
My eyes would become so engaged  
I'd float unconsciously  
Into the HOV  
Kill myself, the guy in front of me  
His inflatable passengers of one, two, or three