

A Barrel Tapped At Both Ends

The Morning Of

New Jersey

I think I'm hooked.
I think you're blessed
With your coastline calling out
Like diamonds in the eyes of a criminal....
Your subliminal message.
I'd give a life to get washed up
On that piece of cold atlanticism
And the enthusiasm your inhabitants reside...
Oh they makes me want to dance.
It's like I'm sharing secrets
With my bathroom mirror
Behind this locked door.
This valley's starting to feel unkind

There must be something in the water
Here so baby let's dance.
Damn we got the moves
And damn do we have style.
My hands fit your hips like a puzzle piece
And the poise your spread to me is like
A new disease so your majesty, please infect me.

Like a midnight menagerie or something sweet
When it's needed the most.
I'm pretty sure you're as perfectly
Timed as one can get.
Now I'm hiding in your closet
And while this fear is measured in its darkness,
Our love is measured in anticipation.
I'm thirsty for it.
Are you craving it too?
(Are you craving it too?)

But there's always a catch.
It's so high but in view.
I knew you knew it too

Please infect me. (3x)