

Electric Pink

The Promise Ring

I live on a small street,
With very small shoes but in a big house,
With a big wardrobe.
I've got the whole world in my hands;
It's a small world after all.
And there's not much to say on five bucks a day,
And there's no other way,
So we're just hanging around.
For the weekend to come we're all hungry
And dumb for Friday.
Please don't press that we dress,
High heels and loud shoes are a mess step out with quiet feet.
I'm pleased to meet;
Meeting is so hard to do when you're dead.
Between a wink and an earthquake there are conversations
And complications go on, on, and on I pretend that I understand
my hands
And the rest are only a test.
To be paid to be pressed when we end we will be softly kissed.

Yeah, I feel electric
Pink in the cheeks
We look like animals
Seven days a week
I'm too polite
You're too brief