

# Waking Hour

Watsky

[Verse 1: Watsky]

You were on the bed in that pretty little thong  
With a ribbon on it, when I said to pick a song  
You had a feeling for some healing with that Marvin Gaye  
Begins with "let's," ends with "get it on"  
I get it. you're ready to fuck  
And it's time for me to let it erupt  
But. I got a confession to make  
When I get nervous  
I can never get it up  
I gotta get it together, I better meditate  
I want to set it straight  
I gotta separate the passion I had  
From the fear that came  
Alone I get a boner when I hear your name  
But when I'm near the game, I veer to shame  
Clearly, my dear it appears the same  
Severely lame!  
My genitals' flustered  
Make a last stand like general custer!  
I'd take a cluster fuck or a just some animal lust  
I know you're looking for a man who can thrust  
(trust) I was in the sack with a faster women than danica patrick  
When I had a panic attack  
I can never fake it, I make another mistake  
And I'm aching and so I pray to the have the pastor take  
An erection collection and pass the plate  
But no one donated, so I had to masturbate  
I know the girls want it  
I'm close, and if it grows I can put a condom on it  
Her moan is onomatopoeic  
I groan. because my bone is gone as soon as get it  
Got a risky trick, for frisky chicks  
Have a drink, then blame it on whiskey dick  
Wait a couple hours, I'll be horny good  
And can wake up with a little bit of morningwood

[Hook: Mariami]

In the waking hour I see your face  
In the waking hour I feel your (oh)  
In the waking hour feel my body race  
In the waking hour  
Baby I see that the game is unspoken so if you play with me  
I don't need nothing broken  
I've got patience you see  
And I don't mean to preach that's it's a man's world baby  
But a woman will teach you to believe

[Verse 2: Watsky]

I know that many men are waiting  
To be penetrating  
You think I'm panting  
But I'm hyperventilating  
I would get to mating but I'm so damn nervous  
I called my dick, but I can't get service  
The worst is I'm a pervert- I want you  
I'd make harness from your tan brassiere

Last night I had a fantasy  
We're banging hanging from the ceiling like a chandelier  
Slip into your chimney singing "santa's here!"  
But it's a grand veneer  
Damn, it's enough to bring a man to tears  
With a hand on my gear  
But a strand full of blanks in my bandoleer  
There are times when I wish it away  
There are nights when I wish I was gay  
It'd be quicker- I go to theater school  
Shit I figure I could stick it to pick of the litter  
Man I'm sick of it  
Want to stick a dick in it, lick a tit  
Get some cliterature, for the illiterate!  
Hit it in the middle of the night  
In the waking hour  
When I take a shower, we can strip  
Luckily I studied up on being cuddle buddy  
Would rather have sucker who fronts?  
Fucking you once, making ugly grunts?  
I'll be casanova (in a couple of months)  
I'm making you mine  
Maybe later for the sake of taking our time  
Tonight we can lie naked  
If you don't mind waiting  
Give it like five dates and I'll have your thighs shaking  
I get her in bed and then we're attending a seminar on a bit of sex ed  
I hope this song proves  
How fast my tongue moves  
Cause it's true I give the best head

[Bridge: Mariami]

I go to sleep just to wake up in your arms, babe  
And before the dawn you'll rise when the sun say  
Early mornings make me restless  
Breath on my skin, I'm already breathless (oh)  
We're all alone, help me untie my blue sarung  
I can't wait to tell my girls "Yeah, that's my man  
So good I had to write him a song."  
You're sexy under pressure, boo  
Better catch your breath so that I can let my hands perform for you baby

[Hook: Mariami]