

Daan "Jerk"

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If my eyes are not mistaken, and if my eyes are not
untrue comes a time when you'll be aching for more
than what is good for you
I'll taste the rhyming words you're baking, I'll heat the
oven of your youth
The corrosion of your naked but mobile need for
perfect truth

If my eyes don't tell me lies, cut me down to my own
size
I've been called a jerk before
I got a stock of names in store, and maybe more
Ain't nothing new, you can call me your jerk now

As if my eyes could be mistaken, as if my eyes could
be untrue
Nor my vision slowly fading and readily admit it's true
I'll wait a while till you'll be aching, I'll write a wail while
waiting too
Spread the news about the making of a u-turn point of
view

No, your eyes ain't sort of wet, ain't no corners turning
red
Always prime time on your mind but only time will help
you find
Ain't nobody new, so fire the crew
I'll be glad to be your jerk

If you need a finer slice, an every side, a six-point dice
I'll stick my finger in my eyes, I got a gift to fantasize
And I don't need more than only you
Why can't I be your jerk now?

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