

## **Herman Düne**

# **"Martin Donovan In Trust"**

Visit "[Martin Donovan In Trust](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](https://MotoLyrics.com)

May I take a picture of you  
Right now, without further to do  
While you raise your foot up out of your little black skirt  
And you slap your tongue like Parler Posey in Flirt

This is not what I'm here for  
There's got to be a lot more

The taste of the sweet coffee when it's raining outside  
The surprise of the sunrise when you just went out for a ride  
Afternoons in the library, peeping about  
All those poems that I've saved but never printed out  
That lonely morning on the top of the hill by the lake  
I sat and heard nothing but the sound lakes make  
That evening I spent in Brooklyn with some arty upper crust  
Smoking drinking and swearing like Martin Donovan in trust

This is not what I'm here for  
There's got to be a lot more

May I not help you untie and unzip  
And just lie, feeling your hair on my hip  
Your breasts hang so neatly as you bend over  
And they brush so gently against each other

But this is not what I'm here for  
There's got to be a lot more

Visit [Herman Düne](#) page on [MotoLyrics.com](https://MotoLyrics.com), to get more lyrics and videos.