

Innocence Mission

"Wallflower"

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[C.A.L.I.B.E.R.]

I was feeling under the weather
Spot sunshine, sundress with a shot glass, one lime
I'm usually confident
Beautiful made me kinda' timid so I raised up
My blood alcohol percentage and I represented
Hesitant to grab her arm
Looking like a vagabond Caliber kills her with the
charm
As compensation for the cash flow
I approached the honey mad slow
Hoping in a moment we could dance slow
But before I could advance yo she said no
Mumbling something about the club scene and
assholes
[I] stayed humble, extended my hand
[She was] so receptive to the fact when I approached
her I was such a gentleman
[I] told her that's just how I am
Would you consider this dance?
[She] said, "My skirt's too short, maybe if I wore pants
Plus the heels, make it harder to move."
Told her, "Disregard the feeling, only part required is
your waist to groove."
[She] grinned slightly. Feeling she begins to like me
I converse politely hoping she'd invite me but
Instead, I got a hole in my head
Something bout' getting out of bed and dreading work
because
Her boss makes her fed
Dead the conversation
Had to see if she was with it, then within an instance
I began to feel resistance
Didn't budge, I got bored
Lunging for the dance floor
She's indulged in conversation, that's not what I'm here
for
Therefore
I said, "I'm about to slide, I get the picture."
She said, "I don't wanna' dance but it's nice talking with
ya."

Look, clubs are for dancing
Coffee shops are for discussion
And if we party now maybe tomorrow we could
luncheon
Involuntarily I move when I hear the percussion
Man! Stand still, paying twenty bills for nothing
Out of the question
Irregardless of your beauty you're making me regret
that I said pardon of
excuse me
(Truly) your beauty's dazzling but I'm about to peel
Too elegant to sweat is something
Caliber could never feel

[Chorus: repeat 2X]

Dressed to kill, low cut chest revealed
Classy still you've got a lot of sex appeal
But you're such a Wallflower you could dance in heels
You're trying to chill, I'm trying to see your dancing
skills

[Quartermaine]

Listen sugar peeped your style a mile away
Gracious I might say exotic like a wild bouquet
I only need your time of day and maybe a
Few seconds to display the game (huh)
Not in the mood?
In the cut you claim you want to lay, but
I don't play this game to lose
Q don't run away (NAW)
I move with a straight approach, laced in [po]lo
B-boy arrogant pose
Trying to get the last drag off the hash in the roach
My wardrobe, it shows that I ain't trying to boast
But hopefully you and me we get to whine real close
Most of the time I play it cool
Don't even sweat these shorties cause
Sometimes you wave hi they think you're getting
naughty
But you Miss, you're unlike all these little girls that bore
me
I'm trying to get you off the wall and get on the floor
see
It's curiosity that's got this cat frisky
Hot under the collar feeling tipsy off the whisky
Maximum return on my interest cause my business
never risky
[I'm] spitting in tongues until you get me
Why don't you let me gently hold your hand sexy
And spin it out [of] control like a 430SC?
I think I see a spot in the corner

Where we can work it out sweat dripping like sauna
I wanna' push your body to the limit
Repetitionsâ€¦ infinite
We gonna' dance or not?
Let's rock before the song finish

[Chorus]

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