

Marcus Very Ordinary "Freak Out"

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I want your body... taste your body, touch your body.
Got to be somebody, but that somebody's never me. I
wanna kiss you, resist you, insist upon you - hurts how
much I miss you and I'm not even a thought in your life.
I want a wife. I wanna share my pillow every night with
only you. I wanna make up until we fight.

I want emotion... devotion, horizontal motion. I want the
notion that your smile is an extension of me. Some
nights we'll fuck, some nights we'll make love, some
nights we'll cuddle... but most nights we're gonna do all
three, go berserk. I wanna call into work just to stay in
bed all day and exchange vows of love with our eyes.

They say it's no phase, she's not changing her ways...
get over it, she doesn't love you like that.

They say let her go, she's no good for your soul... get
over it, she doesn't love you like that. She doesn't love
you like that.

I wanna bury my face in your nesting place, grace third
base till your nails break my skin. Give you my hand on
command. Always understand that it's your sacred
land, I'm just a visitor looking to buy. I wanna cry when
you cry... grow old and die together. I want your face to
be the last thing I see.

I want propensity... density... intensity. Wanna be witty,
make you laugh till it hurts. Know every freckle and
scar, know every birthmark by heart. Then start again
memorizing every hair on your
Head. I'll lead, and each month when you bleed, I'll
cramp in sympathy. I need your body... why can't it be
me?

Stay cold, or freak out. Flag me in... call me out. Either
way, I'm gonna love you like that.

Despise all I do. Put me up for review. Either way, I'm
gonna love you like that. I'm gonna love you like that.

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