

Rory "Your Will Or Whatever"

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Proper isn't what you call this
Infatuation, let it ring
Oh, the walls are singing as she bites her lip and smiles
up at me
Body turns so she twists the bed sheets
A writing code, she wants me to know
That she's ready
And I'm ready to go

Sitting on the hot seat
Crown me sexy
Rely on the senses
That don't have a face
I belong to you
I belong to you

You're sitting on the hot seat
I'll crown you sexy
Kiss me your majesty
At your will or whatever
I belong to you
I belong to you

Decent isn't what you call this
Bodies craving
Bodies hot and shimmering
Oh, I love your singing
I feel as if I should be the one to
Entwined here in shape and rhythm
I read the stories your body tells
Like the things you need
And the things you'll give me

Baby you're beautiful
But you're dangerous when you know it
And you know it
Because it's written on my mouth
And you taste it

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