

Sacha Sacket "Cruel Attempt"

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Leave you to your desert in my old dusty pickup
Think of your blond hair and tanned skin and all that
good stuff
Remember how you let me goose you under that table
Gave me a few naughty glances but that's about all

Now I am splitting my side, I guess I get the joke
You wax on so serious, wash off an unpolished flirt
Told me how hard your youth was 'cause your father's
a cop
But I'm sure that you'd be delighted to get me locked
up

And this is
A Cruel Attempt at
My lonely heart and
I'm loving it
But don't think
For a minute
That I'm falling

I am a man that gets lost in a blush and a sigh
You're nothing rare, I get snagged and thrown back all
the time
But I'll give you this much, I can't slip your crooked
smile
It's always the one's you can't taste that you'll never
deny

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