

The Blow "Hock It"

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You're so slidey with your slender lines
I know you take the babies by the hand
And it's all fine until you took my time,
That's how you put your fuel into demand

Chests ablaze with just the aiming of your gaze
You can blink and watch the ladies take a fall.
I recall the soft heat of when you left me in the street
And I watched you walk on.

Hearts beat quicker when your eyes provide the liquor,
It's enough to flood the bachelorette parties
All the girls would throw, if they thought the groom
would show
But they know that he won't.
He's a punk, won't give it up.
Hot looks but he can't touch.

The excitement is the chase, to catch your gaze is like
a bird within the hand.
It began so nice, but now I'm trapped inside,
It seems this cage for me must be your plan.

Your mean tricks, like the wetness of your lips
When you say, "just put your heart here in my hand."

And though I know you might hock it,
I can't keep it in my pocket. I've tried, but I can't. Oh
man.

I can see, and all the fellas they agree,
That a boy like you is not to be trusted.
But it's just so hot, it incinerates my thoughts, and I'm
not really able to make it stop.

Your hot staring, while it seems it might be caring,
I know that it's me that you're gonna drop.
But I don't care, I'm as happy half aware.
Keep it there, hot eyes. Your tease is the best prize.

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