

## The Morning Of "A Barrel Tapped At Both Ends"

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New Jersey

I think I'm hooked. I think you're blessed with your coastline calling out like diamonds in the eyes of a criminal....your subliminal message. I'd give a life to get washed up on that piece of cold atlanticism and the enthusiasm your inhabitants reside...oh they makes me want to dance. It's like I'm sharing secrets with my bathroom mirron behind this locked door. This valley's starting to feel unkind

There must be something in the water here so baby let's dance. Damn we got the moves and damn do we have style. My hands fit your hips like a puzzle piece and the poise your spread to me is like a new disease so your majesty, please infect me.

Like a midnight managerie or something sweet when it's needed the most. I'm pretty sure you're as perfectly timed as one can get. Now I'm hiding in your closet and while this fear is measured in its darkness, our love is measured in anticipation. I'm thirsty for it. Are you craving it too? (Are you craving it too?)

But there's always a catch. It's so high but in view. I knew you knew it too

Please infect me. x3

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