

Ninety Pound Wuss "Solo Contendre"

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eyes looking through me.
some curvature.
i don't know.
dining the black mine.
a night could only rectify doubt.
the newest form, like cherry red.
black eyes.
soft wool, tied in knots, pointing compliments.
unaware of any expectations.
horizontal dreams are the only thing.
this was made for you and me.
always a doubt lingering with a new song.
a moment collapsed like tension of bats disturbed by
daylight.
oh, they're so disturbed.
oh to dance and sing a sweet, sweet melody.
now i'll never forget your face.
now i'll never forget this place.
i won't be here too long.
i won't be here too long.
nolo contendre.
there's no control.
you cradle me, caress me.
it's never quite there
and all my insecurities race to the surface, longwinded.
your eyes look through me.
this curvature i know well.
there's no contest, you're the one.

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