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## Field Trip "Sleeve Of The Skin"

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Her giggles were make-believe,

And her kindness built to decieve,

She's cloaked in innocence

You can dismantle me all you want,

If I had a naive soul

She's dazzling of white champagne,

It puts excitement in these bones

It's a habit that I cannot fight,

You snatch the radar from my mind,

The scent of your deception

Come befuddle my disposition,

You can have anything you want,

Blows me a kiss now I can't see,

This incantation that' s upon me

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