

Field Trip "Sleeve Of The Skin"

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Her giggles were make-believe,
And her kindness built to deceive,
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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