

## Dangers "Check Please"

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"You clean up nice,"  
She says to me with this  
Smug ass grin that means  
She knows just how much  
Porn that it takes to get me off nowadays.  
As the chance of a kiss disappears from her brain,  
We bite and chew this night away.  
"I like your new haircut,"  
I say but what I mean is,  
"Eat shit."  
This ain't what they mean by love  
And I don't seem the type that likes himself enough  
To be loved.

Mademoiselle, sil vous plait, please excuse all the flesh  
I once ate.  
But, avec moi, c'est la vie, my humble new diet ain't  
Changing a thing.  
What's compassion? What's a rouse? Cause I still ain't  
Stuck in a bed with you.  
I'd rather dine alone.  
If meat is murder, what is love?  
"Let's do this again sometime."  
"Your place or mine?"  
If meat is murder, what the fuck is love?

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