

Sara Hickman

"Too Fast"

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He checks his wrist
And chuckles to himself, "Half-past a freckle"
She meets him in line, just in time
For the half-past a freckle show

Lips press her flesh
With a wet sticky kiss
The smell on his breath
Makes her turn her face
As she starts to get a little sick

He hails a cab
She gasps for breath during the drive
She dives into his pants
And he looks as if he's shocked
As if she should have knocked

He says, "You're too fast for me
You're too, too fast for me
You're too, too fast for me"
She says, "Maybe you're too slow"

Back at the motel
He mentions his job is going well
She unbraids her hair
And for the ten-thousandth time
Asks him again

"What is it you do there?"
He says, "I work at the Popsicle plant
I pour the dye in the number five machine
I am responsible for turning Popsicles green"

"But you're too fast for me
You're too, too fast for me
You're too, too fast for me"
She says, "Maybe you're too slow"

She, she shimmies 'round the room
Ha-ha-has while he explains
She caresses a lamp
Just to see his face full of longing and pain

He says, "Let's do it on the floor"
She says, "Tickle me instead"
Well, he rolls his eyes so she slaps his thigh
He says, "What did you do that for?"

She says, "You're too fast for me!
You're too, too fast for me
You're too, too fast for me"
He says, "Maybe you're too slow"

You're too, too, too fast for me
Oh, you're too, too, too fast for me
You're too, too, too fast for me

She says, "Maybe you're too"
He says, "Maybe you're too"
She says, "Maybe you're too slow"

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