

Eightball % MJG F/ Suave Circle

"Hopeless"

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I played connect the dots with your beauty marks
And I ended up with picture perfect sheet music
I read your musical notes with a composer's eyes
And heard out song for the first time
My spine is still tingling, mental images of your fine
tune
is what I've been nodding my head to lately
Every now and then you can catch me humming
your nudity under my heavy breath
I heavily suggest you resurrect
your ancient neglected dust collector
If you distrust the distance in my seldom plucked heart
strings
Sit stripped before your full length
Perform your reflection backwards
Maybe then you will understand the rhythm in my
movement
Listen when the news is sent
Extend when the rules are bent
I'll be waiting to take your leave
Make me a victim of your two step
Make me an apprentice of your body parts
Teach me to dance to your beauty marks
I'm stepping on toes here and I don't care
It's hopeless, it's hopeless
It's hopelessness holding this openness to blow a kiss
So close your lips but don't get pissed
and throw a fist at this vocalist
I'm not emotionless, in fact I broke my wrist
when I wrote the list of all those I miss
This is my poker face, Mister Feel Nothing

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