

Honorary Title, The "Cut Short"

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When I said you look good baby,
I was thinking possibly or maybe,
We could head back to your crib,
Not where I live, you see,
My situation's quite sad,
I'm still living with my mom and my dad,
But really I'm going places,
Even though I'm seeing three of your faces,
Please, God, let's not resort to mini-mall parking
spaces.

Encounters with police,
With my hands in the air,
Encounters with police,
Why ask if you don't care?

I just had no idea,
That this would be lasting just for one single moment.

I just have to say,
You look so goddamn good,
I give you crazy mad props,
Because I know I should,
Okay, I'm a bit intoxicated,
But really, really, really, really I just graduated,
And from where my hands are situated,
Obviously, I'm growing more and more and more,
Infatuated, just wait, please wait.

Encounters with police,
With my hands in the air,
Encounters with police,
Why ask if you don't care?

I just had no idea,
That this would be lasting just for one single moment.

We could be like onions and peppers,
In a sleeping bag fajita,
We could be anything you want,
The way you're busting out of that wife-beater,

And I know it's a bit uncomfortable here in this two-door
seater,
But you're just the right size,
And I will always feed you and feed you and feed you.

Encounters with police,
With my hands in the air,
Encounters with police,
Why ask if you don't care?

When I said you look good baby,
I was thinking possibly or maybe,
When I said you look good baby,
I was thinking possibly or maybe,
Oh maybe.

I just had no idea,
That this would be lasting just for one single moment.

If you were driving next to you,
Say, on the L-I-E,
My eyes would become so engaged,
I'd float unconsciously,
Into the H-O-V,
Kill myself,
The guy in front of me,
His inflatable passengers of one, two or three.

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