

Morning Of, the "A Barrel Tapped at Both Ends"

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New Jersey.

I think I'm hooked, I think I'm blessed,
with your coastline calling out like diamonds,
in the eyes of a criminal, your subliminal message
I'd give a life to get washed up
on that piece of cold atlanticism,
and the enthusiasm your inhabitants reside with, oh
they make me want to dance
It's like im sharing secrets with my bathroom mirror
behind this locked door
This valley's starting to feel unkind

There must be something in the water here, so baby
let's dance
Damn we've got the moves. Damn do we have style
My hands fit your hips like a puzzle piece and your
poise is spread to me
Like a new disease so your majesty, please infect me

Like a midnight menagerie or something sweet when
its needed the most,
I'm pretty sure your as perfectly timed as one can get.
Now I'm hiding in your closet and while this fear is
measured in it's darkness,
our love is measured in anticipation
I'm thirsty for it, are you craving it too?

But there's always a catch it's so high put in view, I
knew you knew that too

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let's dance
Damn we've got the moves. Damn do we have style
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