

Fingers

Chester French

In my room
When no one's home
I want you here
Marissa Rome

You're so fresh
You're fresh to death
But you've turned your tricks
Made such a mess

And the fingers of your mind
Have wrapped around my spine
And made me feel so blind

In my sleep
You're by my side
And I'm seeing pink
But my tongue is tied

So pick me up
And let's get around
Marissa, dear
Don't let me down

And no matter what you do
Just please don't say we're through
Cuz I'm holding out for you