

# Spaghetti Strapped

## Atmosphere

Hey Girl  
What you lookin' like?  
I have seen you get up, and go to that bathroom  
Like five or six times in the last twenty minutes  
What the hell's going on?

Under the great wide gray sky  
Still the same guy watching the paint dry  
With bloodshot snake eyes  
My lady still hates me like you know she should  
Because the simple things in life don't get overlooked  
But now I'm here with a glass full of beer  
Positioned in my chair to watch your ass from a mirror  
Hungover and horny, dirty old man  
Weed junky drunk leaving tips for the dope man  
I'll impress her with my jukebox selections  
Spit a couple words in exchange for affection  
And if those legs work as good as they look girl  
You can walk up and down the page in my book  
Can you spell secret?  
Come get your feet wet  
Let me make up pet names for all your little regrets  
(Here let me buy you a drink as a token of my erection)  
Hoping that you'll open up and put down your weapons

Up, up, girl let your strap down, put your strap down  
Up, up, girl put your strap down

Spaghetti strapped, another lap around the track  
I had to suffer punching onto somebody's back  
What's up with that?  
Where's the independence?  
Find the dotted line between acquainted with and friendship  
But damn got head rushed, can't stop  
What's the big fuss it was just a little hand job  
So what if her friend took off her bra and socks and drawers  
It was like a massage-a-trois  
Why the witnesses always positioned up in your business  
Like they're invested in your best interests  
Who I be with, and who I leave with  
Affects this vicarious life that the weak live  
Guess now the pressure's on me to charm you  
Relieve you of your weapon, disarm you  
See if I can get you off this barstool  
We all wanna know if I can get you out your clothes girl

From the star-fuckers to the hard lovers  
Passing judgment on none  
Everyone's got scars mother  
Some of them will never heal  
Sometimes you gotta step aside; you wanna see how the weather feels  
You can't avoid them or fill a void with 'em  
If you're nuts you'll enjoy trying to make him your boyfriend

I'm like a pile of paper and ribbons the day after Christmas  
(Naw, naw for real I will take my clothes off right here girl)  
Who wants to help me, I'm looking for a muse  
This time around I'm trying to cook up the blues  
Let's make a little love, a little hate  
A little give and take and give it to the kids that can relate  
And we don't even have a choice  
It's the balance, the bits between your ears and my voice  
So praise God that the rain ain't stopped  
Let's head to my spot and take that wet tank-top off now