

Taste

Conor Maynard

Oh, I leave quite an impression
Five feet to be exact
You're wonderin' why half his clothes went missin'
My body's where they're at

Now I'm gone, but you're still layin'
Next to me, one degree of separation

I heard you're back together and if that's true
You'll just have to taste me when he's kissin' you
If you want forever, and I bet you do
Just know you'll taste me too

Uh-huh

He pins you down on the carpet
Makes paintings with his tongue
He's funny now, all his jokes hit different
Guess who he learned that from?

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