

The World's Best Kisser

Darwin Deez

The world's best kisser is girl who believes
In nothing
She wears a lot of black
And isn't very trusting

And the world's best kisser is a girl I know
And since I've met her, I'm a metronome

I clack away and wait until we're all alone

If I could disappear into her failures for a time
I'd grease the creaky hinges in her mind
Repaint the flaky walls with my belief
Then I could turn my girl into a leaf

Happy blowing by on summer wind
For now she throws her arms around me like an evil twin

And puts her crooked fingers in my mouth
And writes me lines of code without a mouse
While I make angels in the snow outside her house

Girl, what turns you on?
The pages of a book on the elliptical?
Girl, what turns you on?
Say before your lips become predictable

If gravity can make a star combust
Then maybe it's what makes me full of longing
Full of lust

I'm orbiting your waist throughout the day
So maybe love is orbital decay

My heart's a flame with atmospheric drag
As I'm an astronaut about to plant my flag

So tell me, girl, what turns you on?
The pages of a book on the elliptical?
Girl, what turns you on?
Say before your lips become predictable

Magic isn't magic if it lasts
Let the record show you turn me from a solid to a liquid to a gas
Exhibit A, your honor, run it back
And how do you have everything I lack?

Well, baby girl, what turns you on?
The pages of a book on the elliptical?
Girl, what turns you on?
Say before your lips become predictable

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