

You're my slime
My partner in crime
We just blew a day but you're still on my mind
Let's go to Paris sometime

Let's shoot the shit, sip wine, la la la
Fell for the good guy, he don't trip, we take trips
It's tight, la la la
Tailor fit, it's light (tailor fit, it's light)

Gorilla grip, it's tight
Got him sweating bricks, tongue-tied
I went and got a new boyfriend
'Cause the old one got tired
Let's roll a spliff, get fried
Get your fork and knife
I knew he had an appetite
When he said, "This pussy all mine"

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Everyone leave me alone
Everyone's so disappointing but you
I would rather be with no one
You make me wanna be with someone

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We just blew a day but you're still on my mind
Let's go to Paris sometime

Still on my mind
Let's go to Paris sometime
Still on my mind, oh
Let's go to Paris sometime

Let's shoot the shit, sip wine, la la la
Fell for the good guy, la la la

When I look into your bewildering, beauteous, bounteous, meaning eyes
I'm literally lonesomely lost
In a deary [?] delightful dream
In which your fantasy [?] near me
Like a [?] comprehensive consolation
I propose—I'm proposing, no
Will you be my sweet, smiling, soulful satisfy [?]