

## Make Out Party

Incubus

Girl I wanna kiss you, but not just on your lips no  
The tips of your fingers and every intersection, start again do  
wn at your pinkie toe  
Can you tell I miss you from my cadence and tempo?  
Lips are a trigger and maybe this connection is a point we shou  
ld be aiming for

Could we make up  
Could we make out

I get high every time I get the taste of you on my tongue  
And I know you're one to hold onto  
Deep sigh every time I get a hint of you in my mind  
Cause I know you won't be held onto

Babe I've got a weakness for the backs of your knees your honey  
spilt over  
And now I am an army of ants and we're all thinking the same th  
ought  
Let me introduce you to my slippery fingers  
Glistening and dangerous - I'll use them all in ways  
that would make you giggle at my funeral

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