

She says It helps with the lights out  
Her rabid glow is like braille to the night.  
She swears I'm a slave to the details  
But if your life is such a big joke, why should I care?

The clock is set for nine but you know you're gonna make it eight.  
So that you two can take some time, teach each other to reciprocate.

She feels that my sentimental side should be held with kid gloves  
But she doesn't know that I left my urge in the icebox  
She swears I'm just prey to the female,  
Well then hook me up and throw me, baby cakes, cuz I like to get hooked.

The clock is set for nine but you know you're gonna make it eight.  
All the people that you've loved they're all bound to leave some keepsakes.  
I've been swinging all the time, think it's time to learn your way.  
I picture you and me together in the jungle it will be ok.

I'll bring you when my lifeboat sails through the night  
That is supposing you don't sleep tonight

It's like learning a new language  
Helps me catch up on my mime  
If you don't bring up those lonely parts  
This could be a good time  
It's like learning a new language  
So you come here to me.  
We'll collect those lonely parts and set them down  
You come here to me...

She says brief things, her love's a pony  
My love's subliminal