

Oh I'll bet I know what you like  
at least think I know what you might  
I'm not the most cocksure guy  
but I get more bold with every smile

so please, show me your teeth, I'll show mine  
I sure hope our P's and Q's don't mind  
cause I've been alone quite some time  
and I've got to scratch this itch of mine  
and I think I know what you know  
I'm not that smooth but I'm not blind

the hours pass us by as gin slips slowly  
past our tingling spines, cheeks warm and glowing  
I'm a social mess but not yet slurring  
the words that come to rest upon my luring tongue

oh I'll bet I know what you like  
at least think I know what you might  
I'm not the most cocksure guy  
but I still survive the good hard fight  
try as I may, try I might  
I'll ever scratch this itch of mine  
we've all got our vices, this one's mine  
so I might not smoke but I get high

underneath this fleshy robe lies a beast with no control  
I fed it once look how it's grown  
oh my god, bring me peace from this wolf covered in fleece  
I can't shake loose from its teeth  
oh my god, set me free  
for I have no ability to cut my leash and walk away

with every passing night my conscience lessens  
and seems to pacify these guilt filled sessions  
now I'm a social pest but not yet willing  
to put my wiles to rest till I'm done filling these holes

I'll bet I know what you like  
at least think I know what you might  
and I'm not the most cocksure man  
I take what I get and get what I can