

Cold Whip Cream

Pissed Jeans

Nervous and excited with all these thoughts running through your head

Lying awake in bed

Ever since a teen wondering when you'd finally catch a smell

But what if you go to hell?

So speak up and have your say

Yes you've got the pressures of being straight

For years just wondering what it's like on the other end

But you're worried she won't peg

Tried a couple times solo but you never fully went

What if she leaves a dent?

But the worst thing you could ever do

Is deceive yourself, sexually untrue

Cause you're not getting off on lies

Just tell her about that thing you wanna try

Where you twist it, stuff it, roll it to the floor

A universe waits behind that door

Dessert follows dinner but you're still not fully fed

It's not your kinda spread

Thought about that cold whip cream

And where you'd put it instead

So buttered, you might as well be bread

But the worst thing you could ever do

Is deprive yourself, pink turning to blue

Cause you're not getting off tonight

Unless you tell her about that thing you wanna try

Where you pinch it, cuff it, slap it in the nose

And if you don't know, well now you know

Now you know