

This Time Last Week

Roe Kapara

You're wet from all the crying
I feel like I've been dying
Your lips, they feel like home
You smell like broken records
Can't glue them back together
I left my charger on your phone

This time last week
Naked on my couch
And kids our age
We can't seem to slow down

You put my T-shirt in your mouth
You wrap your legs around me
You said you can feel my heartbeat
I put my head between your thighs
This bedroom's taste is so sweet
You scream to God, "Just hold me!"

This time last week
Naked on my couch
And kids our age
We can't seem to slow down

You put my T-shirt in your mouth
You wrap your legs around me
You said you can feel my heartbeat
I put my head between your thighs
This bedroom's taste is so sweet
You scream to God, "Just hold me!"

You put your fingers in my mouth (she can't get over me)
You wrap your legs around me (she can't get over me)
You said you can feel my heartbeat (she can't get over me)
I put my head between your thighs (she said get over me)
This bedroom's taste is so sweet (she said get over me)
You scream to God, "Just hold me!" (she said get over me)