

# Invitations

Shakatak

With a fleeting smile below the lazy eyes  
And the face that's not attempting to disguise  
It's an open invitation showing all the signs  
Sample my supply

And her fingers touch the hand below the lace  
She suggests a later time, another place  
He accepts her invitation, "wanna spend some time?"  
Written on her face

Her stiletto heels go clicking through his head  
With the glossy invitation he misread  
And you'd think he couldn't fail to read between the lines  
Plays the fool instead

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