

Vanilla Curls

Teddy Hyde

I could drown myself in metaphor
I could crown your head and catch the floor
Lookin' up at a yellow girl
She won't cut me free of her Vanilla Curls

I'm tied up in her shy and fair-haired fairy prison
I thought that I was high, but I had barely risen
Equipped with private eyes, her stare declared me missing
Tried to talk myself out of it, but I never listen

Two pairs of bare feet sneak out bearing secret care
Scared to make a scene, but can't bare to let it be
One stairwell love affair pairs well with twenty beers
Can you carry my care dear?

What will it take?
Was this a Mistake?
I'm paying the price
For those velvet eyes

In a minute she already put my feelings in their place
I hate vegetables, but I'd put that stringbean on my plate

She caught me by the ear and left me lying here in writhing fear
If I get any deeper, I might need diving gear

Instant kindred inhibition, a kiss then distance
It isn't over, let's call it:
An infinite intermission

Two pairs of bare feet sneak out bearing secret care
Scared to make a scene, but can't bare to let it be
If I'm a bitter cold, then you're the remedy
Can you carry my care dear?

What will it take?
Was this a Mistake?
I'm paying the price
For those velvet eyes