

## Flesh Tight

Triggerfinger

You watch, you listen and you feel, you feel  
Halfway between the invented and the real  
Lollygagging around the streets  
The light-bulb-twilight skipping in between your feet

You go with the flow, it's in the clickin' of the heels  
Thank god for the weather, thank god for the weather  
There's no escape, you let the motherfucker squeal  
Packed into capri-pants-leather

Trying to get these flesh tight, flesh tight  
Human feelings right, or out of sight  
Flesh tight feelings right or out of sight

You ride the golden alligator of glamorous display  
You get a little more manic, hurray! hurray!  
You're still looking to find, you let the motherfucker spin  
She'll sneak you out, she'll tuck you in