# 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

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