

What It Is?

Jace Everett

Temptation doesn't tempt the tortured
My apple rotted in the old man's orchard
What the hell, that summer was a scorcher
I ain't that hard to please

No compromise that I can't fake
No indecision I can't make
I talk like a junkie but I pray like a saint
Down here on my knees

Show me what it is you got
Tell me what it is you want
Tell me what it is

Don't cramp my style

But I move a little closer
Don't look back
This thing ain't over
A roll in the hay
With a four-leafed clover
We all get lucky sometime

Fly out straight as a Tijuana arrow
Skip the bones and pass the marrow
Jimmy don't need no pink sombrero
The weather here suits me fine

Show me what it is you got
Tell me what it is you want
Tell me what it is

I'm too slow for chess

You're too square for speed
We're both too far gone
To know what that means
You got a dirty little mouth
I got a sailor's smile
A bucket of swagger
But not a drop of style