

Hey
Cellphone Off
Friendships Off
Staring at the ceiling fan, so ensconced
As a blue television screen illuminates my loft
At my new home... I never felt so lost
I'm Listenin' to the ocean on CD
She used to take a shower, with a glass of Riesling
Now all the little things, and even smaller little things about her
Are coming back, just to sting. I started this album in a delusional state
Days before I packed my things up and moved from her place
Told her she can plead with me until she's blue in the face
But I'm never coming back... We're through
At first I felt discerned, self efficacious and absurd
Near abusive tryna taunt her with my graces and my words
That my heart, hit the ground, Like a glass pipe
And I'm tryna scrape out, one last bowl, of residue...
... Cause I know how you think, You still got my toothbrush
Sitting by your sink, every five minutes flip the shades open
Maybe even peek, hoping that I, have come home to sleep...
... Cause I know how you think, I know how you think...
I know how you think...
Check, Hey, See I know what you're thinking
You're hoping I'm coming home to soak in potions with you
Like in our living room, the ocean is blue
And this ain't carpet, no, it's warm sand
This is paradise, where we never scream and never make a door slam
And I've been raptured, I've been rinsed
No longer a Cockle, You're a captor, I'm a prince
With a glimpse every caviar's mine, I sip a fine, aged apricot wine
And tippy toe over your maginal line, And I imagine, I imagine
I imagine all I need's a glass of water and an aspirin
And I could rub the knots up out your shoulders, till your body unfastens
And strip you naked till your nucleus is glowing with passion, And I imagine
That everything is wonderful, I will just succumb to you, no pressure
This is comfortable, of course I wanna marry you I'll never even blink
It's everything its everything you think...
Cause I know how you think, You still got my toothbrush, sitting by your sink
Every 20 minutes look out the window shades, maybe even peek
Hoping that I, have come home to sleep
Cause I know how you think, you still got the last time I shaved stubble
Sitting in your sink, You're HOPING That I'm gonna come home, and just
Lay under the sheets, hold you and sleep, hold you for WEEKS
Cause I know how you think, You still got my toothbrush, sitting by your sink
Every 5 minutes, open up the door, look outside, take a peek, is he there?
Am I there? will I sleep? Will I what? Will we speak? or will I lay down, massage your feet
Or will I lay down, and all the heat will...
Put me to the ground... A bottle of your thoughts...
I love you...

[?]