

## Whimper

## Microwave

I caught you coming home from work  
In your faded little-collared shirt  
And now I'm itching to remove it  
Ignore the whimpers of your roommate's dog  
I'm keeping with it until your shirt comes off  
And we'll be those crude humans

With all those bruises  
And half of our clothes still on  
To keep us uncomfortable  
And we'll sleep  
When we're tired of moving  
Our arms and our legs entwined  
Pretending that you are all mine

You caught me at a record low and got under my weak skin  
I wonder if he really knows  
The kind of shit you get to screaming  
I wonder if he's really clean  
I wonder what he'd think of me if he knew what we're doing

With all those bruises  
And half of our clothes still on  
To keep us uncomfortable  
Could see us sleep  
When we're tired of moving  
Our arms and our legs entwined  
Pretending that you are all mine

Cause, I'm not yours  
No, that's not right  
I'm just a novelty you're toying with to complicate your life  
We're not even friends  
I'm just the means to an end  
Still, I'd give all my self-respect up to be with you again