

Butch

Saint Motel

Oh no there she goes, dressed up in Daddy's clothes, quick while he's still away.
Slip in to his shoes, zip up them denim blues, and let yourself fade away.
Walk to your front door, meet me by my old house, wait there by the side.
I think I'm into you, but what am I into, a girl or are you a guy.
And I can't see us walking down the aisle.

How does it look, through other people's eyes?
How does it feel, with someone else's thighs?
I just can't relate, cause I don't feel the same.
I am waiting, I am ready.
I can't see us walking down the aisle.

Crashing private parts, electric plastic skin.
Truth is on the tongue, come on and slip it in.
I just can't relate, cause I don't feel the same.
I am waiting, I am ready.

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