

Sheet Of Analog Paper

You're smart, so smart, and tall.
Also so cute, uh!
As cute as a cunt bite. Wow! All that copper! you're so brassy...
As for me, I'm so diffident...
But then if I power myself through your mouth you'll get a taste of me.
A taste in C major!

Wow! What a way to go, Baby!
What a beautiful way to pass the time; what a way to go by.
Drinking straight my black coffee.

All the gal you've got were muffled by you.
No, I'm no toy for your instrument!

I still think you're nice. And gentle—as gentle as the wind.
A spring one. But...

Wow! All that copper! You've got some nerve...
You're smart—so smart—and tall.
That's classy!
And also so... so cute too, right?

You smothered every gal you've ever been with.
Every one... except me.
What do you think?
That I'm a "yoga girl," a toy for your amusement?

My love, you almost had me.
And then, you fell into a deep sleep after slipping away from me.
Once again, dead drunk, muttering words.
And steeped in my scent.

So, I've to wake you up with my black coffee.
Grab me, here you go, all drunk.

Breakfast at Tiffany's.
That's my name—remember?
Do you...
You were so drunk and funny.
At first, I thought your brain was melting down.
But no, It didn't! Did it?
When you rang my doorbell, I was having dinner.
What the heck!

What do you think?
That I'm a "yoga girl," a toy for your instrument?

Ooh, smell my black perfume. It's me.
Your gal.
My black coffee too, with a little cream on it.
Grab me, *Love*, here you go.
My thick, heavy, dark, and heady perfume.
Right there, in my ears.

Breakfast at my place.
You had forgotten the time—do you remember?
Do you...
When you rang my doorbell, I was having dinner.
What the hell!
At first, I thought your brain was melting down.
But no, It didn't! Did it?
Melting down with a little cream on it. *Yours!*

Love, you almost got me.
And then again, you slept good, after you slip away off me.
So drunk.
Despite my strong coffee, my black coffee.
Melting down...

Oh no, not again!
But I'm going to rip you with a smile.
Cause you're smart, so smart, and tall.
Also so cute, *uh!*
So, you're going to give it a go.
So close...
You *almost* had me.

My love, you almost...
And then, you slept soundly after slipping away from me.
Again, *so drunk!*
And so full of my perfume. Full of my perfume.
Right there, in my ears.

So drunk of you own sweet words. Brass, words. "Drunk, brain." Trumpet. C major...
Once again, *dead drunk*.

Wow! All that copper! You've got some nerve...
As cute as a pussy's bite.

You're smart, so smart, and tall.
Also so cute, uh!
As for me, I am so reserved...

But then, I'll assert myself through your mouth, and perhaps you'll acquire a taste for me.
A taste in C major!
But do you really understand my keys?

But *darling*, darling... tell me.
What do you think:
Am I a Yoga girl, a toy for your fun? And you...
A tone for your muted trumpet!

If so, put it hard on your ass:
I'm not sugar for your coffee, and I'm no toy for your instrument!

You smothered all the gals you had.
All of them... but me.
"I'm not a sheet of analog paper!"