

Eric Martin

"Milkshake And Honey"

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14 Rue de Savoy

That's where the flat was let
Shacked up in Paris
Two days after we had met
18 bars of the sonata and you were mine
This music gig doesn't pay that well
But the fans are alright

Darling come home
I can't take the apartment alone
You left your beret behind
And your croissant is getting cold

Visa, mastercard, discovered that i was spent
Took my heart, my best jeans
And left me with paying the rent
User, abuser, a loser but i didn't care
I've always been a guy with a sweet tooth
And that girl was just like a king-sized candy bar

Pick up the phone
Meet me at the Sorbonne
You keep on turning me on
With those french words that i can't pronounce

Milkshake and honey, yeah...
Milkshake and honey, yeah...
(ma petit comment ca va)
Milkshake and honey, yeah...

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