

## **Fad Gadget** **"Fireside Favorite"**

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Come here, baby, in front of the fire  
I'd like to look into your eyes  
Loosen your clothes, get out of that seat  
Come and feel my body heat  
Because when I get back home  
And see you sitting by the fire grate  
I hold you in my arms  
Switch on to that real-log fire effect  
Saliva's sweetness, we perspire  
All things are one in front of the fire  
Melting flesh on the front room floor  
That's what my fireside favourite's for  
And now that I'm back home  
Toasting crumpets by the fire grate  
Oh you feel so warm  
Turn on to that thrill of fire effect  
Hey now, honey, open your eyes  
There's a mushroom cloud up in the sky  
Your hair is falling out and your teeth have gone  
Your legs are still together but it won't be long  
Your head was on my shoulder  
Now I'm kissing the skull  
My heart is melting slowly as my senses dull  
Now we're just a scab on a piece of wire  
All things are done in front of the fire  
You're my fireside favourite  
You're my fireside favourite  
You're my fireside favourite  
You're my fireside favourite

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