

Britta Phillips & Dean Wareham

"Knives From Bavaria"

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I dreamed you were riding a train to Astoria
I dreamed that you swallowed a pill called Euphoria
Lips are for lying, your eyes are to kill
Spoons come from Denmark, the knives from Bavaria

A plateful of promise, a spoonful of fun
A thimble of drowsy, a face full of charm
Send me a rainbow, send me the word
The spoons come from Denmark, the knives from
Bavaria

Lalalalaa lala lalalala
Lala-lalalaa lala lalalala
Lalalalaa lala lalalala
Lala-lalalalaa lala lalalala

Comb me and brush me, divide me in two
Drink me and drown me, I like you I do
I'm orange, I'm orange; I'm orange, I'm blue
I love him, I love him; I love him I do

Lalalalaa

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