

# Incubus "Medium"

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Medium, medium  
Medium, medium  
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Medium, medium  
Medium, medium

Waking up I smell the scent of coffee on the brew  
And I think about the amount of the sweet  
I'd like to have in my cup today  
One for the two lump, three lump, four  
No half of one, no less no more  
Just give me a chance, let me make it mine  
I'd like a medium blend of that piece of pie

Not too bitter, not too sweet Medium  
Just enough to start a beat Medium  
Not too bitter, not too sweet Medium  
Just enough to start a beat Medium

Dinner time just rolls around  
And I think I crave a steak but  
I'm not too partial to the meat  
When it's cooked too long and I'm made to wait  
Not too much of the parsony  
And just enough of the spice  
I think I'd enjoy a medium-rare dish with a side of fries

Not too tender, not too tough Medium  
Not too little, just enough Medium  
Not too tender, not too tough Medium  
Not too little, just enough Medium

Come Thurs. Morn' I smell the pits  
But hey, it aint that bad  
I, could of sworn I bathed last week  
And scrubbed like a good lad  
I like to stink just a little bit  
Just to keep you on your toes  
Yes, The more I stink the more I think

That you smell like a rose

Not too pleasant, not too bad

Medium

Just enough to irk my dad

Medium

Not too bitter, not too sweet Medium

Just enough to start a beat Medium

Not too bitter, not too sweet Medium

Just enough to start a beat Medium

Medium. Medium. Medium. Medium. Medium

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