

Jake Epstein

"Matchmaker's Stew"

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You're perfect.
Let's put you together whether I want to make you into
my roast.
I want to dip you in onion, mix you all together whether
you feel the need to shout out most.
Woah! Let's add some gravy to make you spicy and
make you sweet.
I'll put you in the oven until you wake up then figure out
the reason for all the heat.
Oh! That's right.

Barbeque my Matchmaker's Stew.
I'll make some for two until I'm without you.

Don't think you can escape that quickly simply because
you're not complete.
You're missin' some flavour, some secret chocolate.
Within you that will make you just so perfect to eat.
Woah! Take a seat on my magic spoon and I'll teach all
the hidden lessons of my life.
I told you before you never open the door.
If you keep talkin' you'll be marinated on my knife.
That's right.

Barbeque my Matchmaker's Stew.
I'll make some for two until I'm without you.
Barbeque my Matchmaker's Stew.
I'll make some for two until I'm without you. Yeah.

God save the queen!
Sitting in an English garden waiting for my stew.
Quite simply, indeed.
I see a little silhouetto of a stew.
Of a stew? Of a stew! Of a stew!
A Mad Matchmaker's Stew!

Barbeque my Matchmaker's Stew.
I'll make some for two until I'm, until I'm... Until I'm
without you.
Barbeque my Matchmaker's Stew.
I'll make some for two until I'm without you.

Barbeque my Matchmaker's Stew.
I'll make some for two until I'm without. Till I'm without
you. Without you

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