

Karate "Baby Teeth"

Visit "[Baby Teeth](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Make yourself ready and it will come, like baby teeth or police at the sound of the drums. To me that sound is like spreading hope, and we are seeking relief till we get home. Lost patience, vacations. Still it comes like a storm, or sometimes slow like the teeth of a newborn. Don't make it to heady or overdone. The Tarot change and the nonsense, those are the ones to send to lovers and friends on the run, and don't forget your letters to me, because I need some. I see your face from where I sit. Put a pair of lips on a heart, I think I've got it. Soon 2, 3, 4 on this kit I subsist, together with knowing I am missed. You are missed. Now I will tell you what-don't want to shake things up, but we're good to go one day, next day, who knows, we're fucked. But that's no reason to be tame. Love takes new shapes like flames. And still it comes, warm, sometimes slow like the teeth of a newborn.

Visit [Karate](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.