

Last Martyrs Of A Lost Cause

"Butter Me Up"

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Let's lie out in the hammock and pretend to
contemplate the stars,
If they shine bright tonight.
And if it's overcast then we'll find the shapes,
That the moon, and the clouds, and the shadows make.
Baby lets do this right.

And I'll fall for you, you fall for me,
We'll feed each other lines that we've only heard on the
silver screen.
Or in fairy tales of make-believe and incandescent
poetry,
Where they live happily ever after.
But we were only nineteen and I was learning all the
ways to make you scream.

[Chorus:]

Butter me up, well honey tell me it's love, 'cause I'm a
hopeless romantic la de da.
I'll fly you to the moon where there's a table for two
looking out at the best view,
And on certain nights you can hear the angels too.

But you're so cute when your hair's a mess,
And you laugh out loud while you're slipping out of your
dress and into something more comfortable well
sometimes that's nothing at all.

The night was young and so were we,
I placed my hand between your knees and watched you
try to catch your breath.
And while your heart rate increased rapidly,
All the things you'd like to do to me ran wild all through
your mind.
But we were only nineteen.

[Chorus:]

Butter me up, well honey tell me it's love, 'cause I'm a
hopeless romantic la de da.
I'll fly you to the moon where there's a table for two
looking out at the best view

And on certain nights you can hear the angels...

[Bridge:]

I'll make you scream... but I'm still learning all the ways
to make you...

[Chorus:]

Butter me up, well honey tell me it's love, 'cause I'm a
hopeless romantic la de da.

I'll fly you to the moon where there's a table for two and
you can hear the angels, oh you can hear the angels
too.

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