

Lickpenny Loafer

"Pistachio"

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Bright lights, these are big city candles,
And your eyes remain sparkingly silent,
On the west side sirens whir,
On my side you stir,
Once we finish up this champagne,
We'll call it a night.

I'm drunk in my dream of you...

This ain't just another lovesong,
It's been the real thing all along,
We don't look like the rest of those,
You're my pistachio,

Slow down and fall into my rhythm,
I'm not the looker that I once was,
But I'll make you quiver,
Ahh, but I am not a fancy man,
I will stick with simple plans,
So once we finish up this champagne,
We'll call it a night.

I'm drunk in my dream of you...

This ain't just another lovesong,
It's been the real thing all along,
We don't look like the rest of those,
You're my pistachio,
And this ain't just another metaphor,
I'm so tired of keeping score
And hiding from what the world ceases to believe

I fought you so hard,
But you won me with a left hook
To my cheek!

This ain't just another lovesong,
It's been the real thing all along,
We don't look like the rest of those,
You're my pistachio,
And this ain't just another metaphor,

I'm so tired of keeping score
And hiding from what the world ceases to believe,
Is it a dream?
We're gonna make it on our own,
So lucky- we're gonna make it,
Pistachio.

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