

Lovage

"Book Of The Month"

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You and me are a disease and the germs are
spreading
Use me like Listerine, keeping your breath fresher
Feel the stroke of your paintbrush, my blank sheet of
paper
I'm your book of the month, read the fine print later

We'll invent new four letter words
You are the bitter, I am the sweet
Run through the fields, sing with the birds
You are the griddle, I am the meat

I'll turn you on like the electric company
You are the bitter, I am the sweet
Flick on the switch and light your pilot light
You are the griddle, I am the meat

You and me are a disease and the germs are
spreading
Use me like Listerine, keeping your breath fresher
Feel the stroke of your paintbrush, my blank sheet of
paper
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We'll laugh away our golden years
You are the bitter, I am the sweet
We'll line the clouds with silver tears
You are the griddle, I am the meat

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spreading
Use me like Listerine, keeping your breath fresher
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You are the bitter, I am the sweet
You are the griddle, I am the meat
You are the trick, I am the treat
You are the circus, I am the freak

You are the bitter, I am the sweet
You are the griddle, I am the meat
You are the trick, I am the treat
You are the circus, I am the freak

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