

M**"Appetite"**

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Don't make a fuss, don't make a sound
I don't want this song to get shot to the ground
You're on the phone, I'm all alone
And my heart feels about 70 pounds
Tell the waiter that you're done
And you'd like it in a box to go
I don't think that there's a box big enough to put it in

And when you come home late at night
And your conscience carries an appetite
take a fork and tear it apart
come on baby eat my heart

stepping on pedals and breaking strings
these are all a few of my favorite things
but you don't approve so I think I'm gonna move
And I'll have my ass out of the house by spring
tell your mamma that I tried
but I cannot carry both of the loads
I don't think that there is a a box big enough to put
them in

And when you come home late at night
And your conscience carries an appetite
My whole world is falling apart
Wash your hands before you start
Come on baby eat my heart

What can I do
1st I think, the I lose
Did your parents ever tell you that you were no good at
all
What's a guy to do, scrape this mud off my shoe

My whole world is falling apart
Wash your hands before you start
Take a fork and tear it apart
Come on baby eat my heart

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