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Cibo Matto "Le Pain Perdu"

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The sunshine, too light
The ocean, too wide
I'm sick of your clich'br> The sky is kind
Love is blind
You can't let go of the lost pain

You're in the maze Spending every day I'm in the haze I want the getaway

You're in the maze Spending every day I'm in the haze I want the getaway

Can you take my silver wheat? Mix it up with butter and treat I feel a chill go down my feet Your maple is so sweet

Can you take my silver wheat? Mix it up with butter and treat I feel a chill go down my feet Your maple is so sweet So sweet

We've got to get out
To get out the hell out
We've got to get out
To get out the hell out
We've got to get out
To get out the hell out
Got to get me out of here
Before it goes stale

We've got to get out To get out the hell out We've got to get out

To get out the hell out We've got to get out To get out the hell out Got to get me out of here Before it goes stale

Can you take my silver wheat? Mix it up with butter and treat I feel a chill go down my feet Your maple is so sweet

Can you take my silver wheat? Mix it up with butter and treat I feel a chill go down my feet Your maple is so sweet So sweet

But it's too mushy Too mushy I can't take it, baby!

We've got to get out
To get out the hell out
We've got to get out
To get out the hell out
We've got to get out
To get out the hell out
Got to get me out of here
Before it goes stale

We've got to get out
To get out the hell out
We've got to get out
To get out the hell out
We've got to get out
To get out the hell out
Got to get me out of here
Before it goes stale

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