

Max Tundra

"Labial"

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With astounding grace
I'll forget your face
Accidental she, hasn't noticed me
We will never be

I'd like to be as articulate as Mr. L
Writing songs about Barbara of Seville
Such a wonderful way with a pen
When he's feeling unwell

I only sing about things that happen to me
I never learnt how to fill my songs with allegory
While my peers paid attention in English, I thought
about how
I could undress the girl who appeared in my life with a
pow
Never mind that she slipped from my hand because
look at me now

Stir that dish with a spoon I found on the street
Every boy needs a meal that's protein replete
Sometimes I would faint in the days when I didn't eat
meat

We soon lost count of the meals we had at your place
I stand and wash but the food won't come off my face
A pan of plain soup and a piece of stale bread in the
bowl
A rusty meringue and a slice of a pig on a roll
Oh, the things we could eat if a casserole dish had a
soul

He fled this town for a quiet house by the sea
A lesser risk of a chance encounter with me
Does he realize that I relocated in January?

A curving glance from a man on Charing Cross Road
A signal that I will have to write my own code
Long ago, when I used to be friends with a boy I
betrayed
I was evil, how dare I end up with the one that he
craved

But it turned out alright 'cause she's been by my side
for an age

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