

Mother Hips

"Mona Lisa And The Last Supper"

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When a person has too much she can forget what she
really needs
When you pull the spike from the flesh it is then that the
wound will bleed
The drawer that I was keeping your letters in
It is filling up with hate
And then I found you arousing my counterpart
It's a most unusual state
When a man needs a mate...

Be my Mona Lisa, baby, whose smile doesn't
bother me at all
Be my Mona Lisa, baby, and hang on my wall
till I get home

So I offered up my bedroomness like unreliable advice
This you accepted reluctantly, this you accepted twice
And remember those platform shoes that you made so
you could look me in the eye?
By the time you climbed up into them it was
all you could do not to cry
and still say good-bye...

Be my The Last Supper, baby, note that just one man
faces the other
Be my The Last Supper, baby, raising a toast to the
host who has suffered the most

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