

## **Mother Hips "Take Us Out"**

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Rosy-colored baby won't you help me find my tone.  
Make it so you get to know me like you've never done  
anyone else before.  
Mostly now I'm thinking of the times when we're alone.  
I know I'm one thousand miles out but that doesn't  
mean you have to shout.  
You've said too much and now your voice is blown.  
Take us out and cross me in that light that you once  
found.  
Take us out and cross me in that light that you found.  
Sleeping like a baby crocodile when I get home.  
Come on sweetheart, it's just a nickname, now your  
eyes don't need to turn to stone.  
Mostly now I'm liking all this mention of my tone.  
You may think I'm where it's at but I'm putting on my  
preacher's hat and I'm coming in late but at least I'm  
coming home

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