

Cousteau "Peculiarly You"

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The way you arch your back
And comb your hair
The way you only come
When no-one else is there
The way you look like you might know a secret
There's not a lot I can do
It's peculiarly you

Like the patron saint
Of some great cause
Clothes heaped in battles
Around the bedroom floor
And I ain't come to find and I ain't tryin' to save you
There's not a lot I can do
It's peculiarly you

How well I know
How well I know
Oh, leaving well enough alone...
Leaving well enough alone...

The way you're sacrificing
Light for heat
Worlds collide
When others rarely meet
The way you look like you might tell a secret
There's not a lot I can do
It's peculiarly you

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