

The Bloomfields

"Some Chocolates"

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I brought you back some chocolates
But they weren't made of chocolates.
They were made of the shapes of my mouth when I'm
talking to you, ooh.
All things I'd like to talk to you about.

Oh. oh. oh.
And on the way home they all melted, so
I brought you back some chocolates
But they weren't made of chocolates.
They were made of cream skinned off my dreams of
you
And other things while I was gone.

All things I like to talk to you about
Oh. oh. oh. and on the way home they all melted, so.
Oh home. oh home. oh home. oh home.
And they were made of cream skinned off my dreams
of you.

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