

## **The Blow**

### **"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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