

This Is My Suitcase

"L-O-V-E"

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My foot fell asleep
Ankle followed her lead
To my leg bones connected to
My hip connected to
Her hip well practically

My heart goes bum da dum bum dum da
For you

You've got a box full of curlers
And a spoon full of sugar
So were ready for our misadventures
You pack your tambourine
And well live off the royalties
Of lullabies we write and sell
To underprivileged nurseries

My heart goes bum da dum bum dum da
For you

And well keep singing
La da da da
Da da da da da
La da da da da da

La da da da
Da da da da da
La da da da da da

La da da da
Da da da da da
La da da da da da

La da da da
Da da da da da
La da da da da da

Oh seeing stars in cartoons
The best circling my head
Like liver winkle me
So this is love

All I've got up y sleeve is love
And I know that's good enough for you (for you for you,
for you for you)
For us (for us)

All I've got up y sleeve is love
And I know that's good enough for you (for you for you,
for you for you)
For us (for us)

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