

This Is My Suitcase "LOVE"

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My foot fell asleep.
My ankle followed her lead
to my leg bone's connected to my hip
connected to her hip...well, practically.

My heart goes...for you.

You've got a box full of quarters and a spoon full of
sugar so we're ready for our misadventures. You pack
your tambourine and we'll live off the royalties of
lullabies we write and sell to underprivileged nurseries.

My heart goes...for you.
And we'll keep singing...

Im seeing stars and cartoon birds circling my head
like an anvil wrinkled me...so this is love?
All I've got up my sleeve is love and I know
that's good enough for you, for us

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