

## **Blow, The "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

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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