

Bush Kate

"Coffee Homeground"

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Down in the cellar,
You're getting into making poison,
You slipped some on the side,
Into my glass of wine,
And I don't want any coffee - homeground.

Offer me a chocolate,
No thank you, spoil diet, know your game!
But tell me just how come
The smell of bitter almonds?
It's a no-no to your coffee homeground.

Chorus Picture of Crippin, lipstick-smeared,
Torn wallpaper, have the walls got ears
here?

Well, you won't get me with your
Belladonna - in the coffee.
And you won't get with your arsenic,
- in the pot of tea.
And you won't get me in a hole to rot.
(put me in a six foot plot).
With your hemlock on the rocks.

Where are the plumbers, Who went a-missing
here on Monday?
There was a tall man,
With his companion,
And I bet you gave them coffee - homeground.
Well, maybe you are lonely,
And only want a little company,
But keep your recipes for the rats to eat
And may they rest in peace with coffee -
homeground.

Chorus

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