

Time

"Hungry Suitcase"

Visit "[Hungry Suitcase](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

(Love stories they end in airports)

Look how hungry that suitcase is
I'm gonna pack my love and Chris
I'm a go far away, where the skies are grey
And turn 'em blue with thoughts of you
And if it rains, I'll water the weeds
Cause I believe anything can succeed
If life give me lemons I'll make meringue pie
I'm still waiting for my train to take me to the sky
Sent her a telegram and said I was gone
Said I'd explain it all in one of my songs
She had to leave me cause I had a job
But if I don't have a job then I don't have money
And with no money there's no food in the stomach
So either way your love life plummets
But that's a lie, she's with me everyday
From the grocery store to where the little kids play
She's on my paper and she's in my pen
She's my lover and my best friend
Sent her a postcard from up the street
Said I'd be gone 40 hours for 52 weeks
I love you, I'm so happy, say it to the mirror
I'm coming home, with my paycheck as a souvenir
I love you, I'm so happy, say it to the mirror
I'm coming home, with freetime as a souvenir
I love you, I'm so happy, say it to the mirror

I got one love called music
And every time she made me cry
She wrote me a song and apologized
(My suitcase has hearts in it)

I picked out the hearts from all my runts
Filled up my suitcase I'll be gone for months
She was crying ink, I wiped her face with a loose leaf
Fighting my emotions like I was Bruce Lee
Sometimes it takes a loose tooth to see
Everything truthfully
I put the U in truth with a turn
Asked if could buy a vowel as the tires burned

I jumped off the treble clef and opened the D
Double O R to see where she could B
I lifted up her skirt and put my hand on her keys
I hit a couple C notes followed by a G
I tried to put some sunshine in her blue note
But Donald Byrd flew away for new hope
I gotta work but I gotta sing
But I gotta sleep at night cause I'm a human being
(bang)
We used to share toothbrushes
Now we share the truth about other crushes
I love it, it's more real than cancer
But it's more faker than a Hollywood dancer
But if it wasn't for her then I wouldn't be alive
And I'd probably have everything stuck inside
She gives me freedom and she gives me pain
But when you mix that with love it's all the same
Every time we break up we grow back stronger
What I call single's just a song to her
I promise I'm a make it, we'll tour the world
Me and my music, you're a women not a girl

(You're a women not a girl)
(My suitcase has hearts in it)
(I'm coming home, with hearts in me)

I got one love called music
And every time she made me cry
She wrote me a song and apologized
(My suitcase has hearts in it)

(You want to know what I respect about women?
It's that they can fall asleep next to a man without
Any lust)

Visit [Time](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.