

Stroke 9 "Refrigerator"

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she has a great figure and i'm just trying to figure into
her picture
she thinks there's something very wrong with me
she may be right there's nothing left
nothing but emptiness in my refrigerator
she gets very quiet as i say that i'm getting flustered
and that i may need out
she knows there's something very wrong with us
as i walk out and slam the door, slam the door to the
back of her car

when she's not around i feel so very down, up, and all
around
and ever since i lost her i've been found

she still has a great figure and i'm still trying to figure
into her picture
she thinks there's something very wrong with me
but is it right to throw it all away, throw it all away, in the
trash compactor

she thinks i said i believe in her
she thinks i said i believe in her
she thinks i said i beileve,
but i really said i'll be leaving her

now its the morning of my departure and i'm sad,
she's sad
now we're both sad
isn't that sad
she fulfills my greatest fears, i push a tear as she
squeezes one,
she squeezes one last goodbye from the juicer

when she's not around i feel so very down, up, and all
around
and ever since i lost her
ever since i've lost her
ever since i've lost her
ever since i've lost her i've been found

