

Unbunny

"Ginger Tussle"

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When you were young and you held in your favor
A pretty mouth and a pension for stealing
Away the things that were not nailed down
You had no course but to weed out the fakers
They came in scores but you turned them away

I quit my job as a struggling doctor
Staying home just to practice on you
You were so fine, it's the least I could do
I sang your syllables and I swung from your trees
Climbed all your branches and I hid in your leaves

Turn all your lights on 'cause I'm coming over
I'm coming in like a moth through a porch door
I love your face when your poetry is clumsy
I'm no mathematic but your numbers are fussy

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