

I.C.U.

Anja Garbarek

Give me a nutra sweet talking guy
Give an insulation man
Give me a helium kind of boy
Give me anyone

Where did you go?
Where did you go?
Where did you go?
Where did you go?

Give me a nutra sweet talking guy
Who can make me feel real
Like a glucose custard cake
Served on a styrofoam plate

I'm not asking for much
I'm not asking for much, now am i?
I'm not asking for much
I'm not asking for much

Give me a helium kind of boy
Who can blow up my mind
Like a zeppelin into the sky
Like the Hindenburg

I'm not asking for much
I'm not asking for much, now am i?
I'm not asking for much
I'm not asking for much

I'm not asking for much
I'm not asking for much, now am i?
I'm not asking for much
I'm not asking for much

(Fill me up, fill me up, fill me upside down)

(I - see - you)

Give me an insulation man
Who can keep me warm
Holding me snugly in his arms
In an asbestos embrace

I'm not asking for much
I'm not asking for much, now am i?
I'm not asking for much
I'm not asking for much

I'm not asking for much
I'm not asking for much, now am i?
I'm not asking for much
I'm not asking for much

(Fill me upside down)
I'm not
I'm not asking for much

(Fill me upside down)

Where did you go

Where did you go