

Spoon

Can

Carrying my own in the afternoon,
Hiding a spoon she will be soon.
Waiting fork brings a knife,
Speeds me her joke, she slips me a line.

Carrying my own in the afternoon,
Hiding a spoon she will be soon.
Waiting fork brings a knife,
Speeds me her joke, she slips me a line.

Oh, sitting on my chair where nobody want to care,
Oh, sitting on my chair where nobody want to care.

Carrying my own in the afternoon,
Hiding a spoon she will be soon.
Waiting fork brings a knife,
Speeds me her joke, she slips me a line.

Oh, sitting on my chair where nobody want to care,
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