

Peppermints

Commander Venus

And your purse is full of peppermints and promises.
And you're knee-deep in sentiment and butterscotch.
And you use my heart to dot your "I"...
Don't say, don't say, don't say anything to me...
Don't say, don't say, don't say anything at all.
And your mouth is full of angry words and cinnamon.
And your lips are stained with Catholic guilt and
grenadine.
And you use my heart to dot your "I"...
(But it doesn't matter, you never bothered.)
Don't say, don't say, don't say anything to me...
Don't say, don't say, don't say, 'cos you don't know
anything to me.
Don't say, don't say, don't say anything at all.