

# The Kitchen Song

Dean Brody

Waking up with you to the morning sun  
Coffee maker dripping birds singing their song  
August breeze tugging at the drapes  
Sprinkler going round on a back yard swing

It's been too long  
Since we both had a lazy Saturday off  
So we'll be out  
Baking naked in the kitchen to old van Morrison songs  
And I'll kiss your neck  
Rub your pretty toes  
Cook you blueberry pancakes girl  
And dust flour on your nose  
We'll be baking in the kitchen

Chase you round the island catch you in my arms  
I hope the neighbors sleep in with us carrying on  
I love it when your hair is a tangled mess  
And how your company puts me at rest

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