

# Minuet

Idina Menzel

If we move in together  
Will i still be a slob  
Will things get ordinary  
Will i piss you off  
'cause I don't cook  
Throw my clothes on the floor  
And i mix the darks and whites  
Oh baby your kisses are pure  
And the sex lasts for hours  
You want me the less I shower  
I'm a sight for sore eyes  
In your old tighy whities  
But you love me anyway  
I thank god for seeing the light  
And not going out with some lawyer type  
'cause your a poet  
A renaissance man  
A little boy with  
Really strong hands  
So many things going through my mind  
Sometimes it gets scary  
But when you're on my side  
The world may be chaotic  
The skies may explode  
But we'll be okay  
Baby-this much I know  
And the minuet between the heart and  
The breath  
Is my lullby  
And the minuet between the heart and  
The breath  
Rocks me every time  
And the minuet between the heart and  
The breath  
Saves my life  
As I lay upon your chest  
I'm satisfied  
I'd like to have babies with you  
Like to have maybe two join a carpool and  
Sing the kids to bed they can  
Have your coloring and  
My movie rental addiction  
They can be antisocial just like us  
And they can choose their very  
Own religion they can climb into  
Bed in the middle of the night and  
Sleep in your arms, hypnotized  
So many things going through my mind  
Sometimes it gets scary  
But when you're on my side  
The world may be chaotic  
The skies may explode  
But we'll be okay  
Baby-this much I know  
And the minuet between the heart and  
The breath  
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And the minuet between the heart and  
The breath  
Rocks me every time  
And the minuet between the heart and  
The breath  
Saves my life  
As I lay upon your chest  
I'm satisfied  
Alright-everything's gonna be  
Alright  
Alright-everything's gonna be alright  
So if all the things we want  
Are just out of reach  
We move to the midwest  
And you start to teach  
I'm a woulda, coulda, shoulda  
A one hit wonder  
I'm pretty sure we'd be okay  
'cause if the skin on your chest  
Still feels that way  
From the sandalwood oil  
That you dab in the middle  
I think maybe, maybe  
Baby...  
We'd miss it-a little