

Five Letters

Lady Lamb

I've got your name stuck in my teeth
I try to speak of anything else, but I can't
And I've got the stamps here, I'm ready to
Send these five letters off to someone else
Somewhere far away from here

And I'm to blame for the black paint
Spilled on your masterpiece
I didn't mean to darken the mood
But I've still got your song, darlin'
On the roof of my mouth
And I've been waiting it out
Hoping to swallow it down
But I can't breathe yet
So I've got these matches here
And I'm ready now
To burn it to the ground
To burn it to the ground

I said I'm ready now, said I'm, I'm ready now
Let's burn this to the ground!
Are you ready now?
Let's burn this down! (To the ground)
To the ground... ah!

Honey this isn't working out
Put that yell back in lower case letters
Before you send it my way
For argument's sake let's
Let's do this in whispers
Come on closer, sugar
I can hardly hear you
Come put your lips to my ear
And speak clearly
Put your mouth on my mouth and
We'll say what we have to say