

## Appetite

Marvelous 3

Don't make a fuss, don't make a sound  
I don't want this song to get shot to the ground  
You're on the phone, I'm all alone  
And my heart feels about 70 pounds

Tell the waiter that you're done  
And you'd like it in a box to go  
I don't think that there's a box  
Big enough to put it in

And when you come home late at night  
And your conscience carries an appetite  
Take a fork and tear it apart  
Come on, baby, eat my heart

Stepping on pedals, breaking the strings  
These are all a few of my favorite things  
But you don't approve, so I think I'm gonna move  
And I'll have my ass out of the house by the spring

Tell your mama that I tried  
But I cannot carry both of the loads  
I don't think that there is a box  
Big enough to put them in

When you come home late at night  
And your conscience carries an appetite  
My whole world is falling apart  
Wipe your hands before you start  
Come on, baby, eat my heart  
Come on, baby, eat my heart

What can I do? First I think, then I lose  
Did your parents ever tell you  
That you were no good at all?  
What's a guy to do?  
Scrape this mud off of my shoes

My whole world is falling apart  
Wash your hands before you start  
Take a fork and tear it apart  
Come on, baby, eat my heart

Tear it apart  
(Come on, baby, eat my heart)  
Tear it apart  
(Come on, baby, eat my heart)  
Tear it apart  
(Come on, baby, eat my heart)