

Lips

The Bear Quartet

You got away with words
But I'd forgotten about your lips
Until you spoke to me
I was coming home
From you know where
And I wanted to impress you
With my new teeth
We stopped for gas
Since you drove far to pick me up

And now this, and now this
Story about your lips
But I don't bite no more
Just fill it up and go, go on

A shortcut through the woods
Your car broke down at last
I thought this is it
And reached out for you
But timing worked against me as usual
I only wanted to tell you
That I'm better now
So stop shaking, stop shaking

And now this, and now this
Story about your lips
But I don't bite no more
We'll just fix the car and go, go

If there was a desert island
And you had to pick a person
To be stranded with
Would you honour me?
Not that I would ask
Anything like that
But if you read me now
Please consider it