

# Cibo Matto, Le Pain Perdu

The sunshine, too light  
The ocean, too wide  
I'm sick of your cliché; The sky is kind  
Love is blind  
You can't let go of the lost pain  
You're in the maze  
Spending every day  
I'm in the haze  
I want the getaway  
You're in the maze  
Spending every day  
I'm in the haze  
I want the getaway  
Can you take my silver wheat?  
Mix it up with butter and treat  
I feel a chill go down my feet  
Your maple is so sweet  
Can you take my silver wheat?  
Mix it up with butter and treat  
I feel a chill go down my feet  
Your maple is so sweet  
So sweet  
We've got to get out  
To get out the hell out  
We've got to get out  
To get out the hell out  
We've got to get out  
To get out the hell out  
Got to get me out of here  
Before it goes stale  
We've got to get out  
To get out the hell out  
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Your maple is so sweet  
Can you take my silver wheat?  
Mix it up with butter and treat  
I feel a chill go down my feet  
Your maple is so sweet  
So sweet  
But it's too mushy  
Too mushy  
I can't take it, baby!  
We've got to get out  
To get out the hell out  
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To get out the hell out  
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Got to get me out of here  
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