

Cibo Matto, Lint Of Love

I can't say I'm good at cleaning it, baby
The lint of love, it's made of "dust of confusion"
You see, the president is in trouble
Every cent you make is floating in a bubble
My heart's content. I can't find it in the Bible.
Doesn't say how to take away the lint of love
I can't help myself, I can't help myself
Human beings always hard to believe
What you think is not quite alright at the other side of the nation
Got two eyes, but we only got one mouth
We could live, we could jive, we could live, we could jive
Without the lint of love
I can't help myself, I can't help myself
We can't avoid the lint of love,
And you've got to know how to take it away