

# Gomez, Love Is Better Than A Warm Trombone

Love is better than a warm trombone when blown  
Softer by a two tone brother  
Down on luck by chance  
Caress the head to find the boogaloo trance

With his hands in his pocket he could not lie  
With his hands in his pocket he began to cry  
With his hands in his pocket he lowered his eyes  
He said, "Miss, I ought to apologise"  
"I've been falling, I've fallen down"

The river of your love floors souls  
Getting deeper than the deepest dishwashing bowl  
Now brother, get the dirt off your hands  
Getting darker than a sunchaser's suntan

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