

Katy Rose, Kisses In A Box

I left kisses on your front stoop
So you could find them on your way home
And wear them at a party where I'd be your guest
With your soul spinning languidly in the warmth
of your chest
You try to remember the sparkle in my eyes
I try to forget the shit and the lies
So here's your December
My kisses in a box
Eat them for dinner
and put them in your sauce
I told secrets to your bedspread
So it could wrap you in its sonnet
And whisper my longings to the back of your hair
And tell you my story as if I was still there
You try to remember the sparkles in my eyes
I try to forget the shit and the lies
So here's your December
My kisses in a box
Eat them for dinner
and put them in your sauce
[guitar solo]
OO So here's your December
My kisses in a box
Eat them for dinner
and put them in your sauce...