

# Pepper, 7 Weeks

You rip my guts with every sharp word,  
When you use that monster  
Hiding underneath your tongue,  
My words don't, they don't work on you,  
No, they don't work like they used to.

'Cause it's been seven weeks, seven weeks,  
Oh, oh, oh, seven weeks, since I called you,  
When I try now; I just can't get through.  
So far, the drinks have been so strong,  
No writing on the post cards,  
No memories to hang on.

Sleeping in my six o' clock shadow,  
People judging people so shallow,  
I call you up to see what you're doing,  
To see if you won't...

Send me your love, right through the ceiling,  
I need your love, darlin' this evening!  
Oh, moma, moma, moma, what can I do?

There's a jukebox baby,  
And you can play our favorite song all night,  
Until your money's gone,  
'Cause if I'm right about you darlin',  
Then you're probably laying in bed,  
And your temperature is boiling,  
'Cause your making things up in your head.

It's been seven weeks, seven weeks,  
Oh, oh, oh seven weeks, since I called you,  
When I try now; just can't get through,  
So far, the days have been so long,  
But, now I got my fade on,  
Screaming at you at the top of my lungs!

Fog is lifting from the old man,  
I had so much fun in the trash can,  
I wave my flag, but you still send your troops in,  
To the war in your soul.

Send me your love, right through the ceiling  
I need your love, darlin' this evening!  
Oh, moma, moma, moma, what can I do?

Backstage pass through these time zones,  
Want you everyday, but I'm not home,  
Can't really touch you through the cell phone,  
There's so many things that you just don't know..

It's been seven weeks, seven weeks,  
Oh, oh, oh, seven weeks, since I called you,  
When I try now; just can't get through.  
So far, the drinks have been so strong,  
Now there's writing on the post cards,

Baby, seven weeks is just too long!