

Shivaree, Bossa Nova

Well I think I hate you
Isn't this fun your gonna shoot and I darling loaded the gun
Well I think I'm done
What train did you step off of anyway
I really don't care I'm the luckiest girl
Gonna lie with you baby
Cause there's nowhere else
I can lay

I'm never talking to you again
I'll go join the marines
And then I will peacefully sail away with some safe magazines
Did you hear what I say
You can't fall down the stairs two times the same way
And I really don't care
I'm the luckiest girl
Gonna tell you I love you
More than anything else
I can see

If people were cars I'd be covered with scars
I'll hold on to my dignity
I bought this old dress to cover the mess
Please don't take it off I don't want you
I don't want you to see

So stop singing that song
I'll stand hard like a tree
Yeah you make me sick you red razor nick get your hot hands off me
Baby you're from the moon
Sensibility tells me that this is too soon
And I really don't care
I'm the luckiest girl
Yeah and I want you baby
More than anything else
More than anything else
In
The
Room