

# Sleater Kinney, Milkshake N' Honey

14 Rue de Savoy  
is where the flat was let  
We shacked up in Paris two days  
after we had met

Eighteen bars of the sonata  
and you were mine  
This music gig doesn't pay that good  
but the fans are alright

Darling come home  
I can't take the apartment alone  
You left your beret behind  
and your croissant is getting cold

Visa, Mastercard, Discovered  
that I was spent  
Took my heart, my best jeans, and left me  
with paying the rent  
A user, abuser, a loser  
but I didn't care  
I've always been a guy with a sweet tooth  
and that girl was just like a king-sized candy bar

Pick up the phone  
Meet me at the Sorbonne  
Keep turning me on  
With those French words I can't pronounce

Milkshake n' honey yeah  
Milkshake n' honey yeah

Ma petite, comment ca va?