

Ben Kweller, Hospital Bed

La la la la la.

We are just a sexual making me an alcoholic relation.
Words hit much harder than the bullets from a gun,
a shovel to the skull, a stab in the spine.
Be my valentine, you don't have to say much.
This machine is so mature, it's so much your type.

(boy) "You be Betty!"
(girl) "I'll be Betty!"
(boy) "I'll play Joe!"
(girl) "You play Joe!"
We'll crawl out of my window, honey,
in the morning I'm out of my head,
I wish I was sleeping In your hospital bed.
Give me some time to get on your mind.
La la la la la.

Hey, come on down to my world.
The memories enhance the way that you feel.
I wanna get right back down but you're moving so fast,
and I wanna be everywhere twice.
This machine is so mature, it's so much your type.

(boy) "You be Betty!"
(girl) "I'll be Betty!"
(boy) "I'll play Joe!"
(girl) "You play Joe!"
We'll crawl out of my window, honey,
in the morning I'm out of my head,
I wish I was sleeping In your hospital bed.
Give me some time to get on your mind.
La la la la. La la la la.

And in the morning I'm out of my head,
I wish I was sleeping In your hospital bed
Give me some time to get on your mind.