

Commander Venus, Peppermints

And your purse is full of peppermints and promises.
And you're knee-deep in sentiment and butterscotch.
And you use my arm to dot your "I"...
Don't say, don't say, don't say anything to me...
Don't say, don't say, don't say anything at all.
And your mouth is full of angry words and cinnamon.
And your lips are stained with Catholic guilt and grenadine.
And you use my arm to dot your "I"...
(But it doesn't matter, you never bothered.)
Don't say, don't say, don't say anything to me...
Don't say, don't say, don't say, 'cos you don't know anything to me.
Don't say, don't say, don't say anything at all.