

Ed Harcourt, Metaphorically Yours

oh baby, can't you see
when you get mad at me
your eyes light up your face

oh baby, just admit
if both my wrists were slit
you'd bandage them with style and grace

and it's not over
and I don't think it will be

and we are joined at the hip like siamese twins
and that's a metaphor for the feelings that I store

I confess I love you so
I confess I love you so
I confess I love you so,
But you know

with you I'm never bored
yes ma'am, you strike a chord
that makes me shiver and mumble

I'm chomping at the bit
I need my daily fix
or my whole world will crumble

and it's not over
I don't think it will be

and we are joined at the hip like siamese twins
and that's a metaphor for the feelings that I store

I confess I love you so
I confess I love you so
I confess I love you so,
but you know

come wrap your arms around
the man who is back in town
and loves to watch you smile

don't know if I should laugh or cry
with you sleeping by my side
I hear the silence for miles

and it's not over
I don't think it will be

and we are joined at the hip like siamese twins
and that's a metaphor for the feelings that I store

I confess I love you so
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