

Jewel, Need A Piece Of Your Love Machine

It's been seven hours and sixteen days
Since pollination has come my way
I sit around like dirty cups 'n the spoons
Stacking up around your room
Are you gonna come and pick me up
Stick your finger in my buttercup
What's wrong with me?
Just need a piece of your love machine
The yellow sun is just like chicken soup
Both are wasted if they don't get used
I'm like a petal that needs to be plucked
Come on daddy, let's duck
All resistance like vietnam
You be my trader
I'll be your viet cong
What's wrong with me
Just need a piece of your love machine
You were my romeo

I was your juliet
Hiding in the trash can
We both got wet
You fed me chicken chow-mein
Our love was spicy, yet plain
You built a giant ship and you sailed with it
But now you're gone
Gone
Gone
What's a rose if it won't be smelled
What's a texture if it won't be felt
You wear a plaid like there' no tomorrow
It spills out of the closet
I think that I'll borrow
Some pants or some underwear
There's a trace of you under there
What's wrong with me
Just need a piece of your love machine