

# 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's 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