

# LIZ PHAIR, It's Sweet

Down on the lower east side  
In the dirtiest apartment you could find  
You took me up to your place  
But the elevator threw me into space

And I really didn't even ask  
What time it was  
I could tell 'er we'd draw the curtain back

It's sweet  
How you believe  
You're in love with me  
You're in love with me

You come 'round, open the gate  
To a million empty bottles on the sink  
You can over think any thing you want  
But it really doesn't matter

'Cause it's sweet  
To believe  
You're in love with me  
You're in love with me

In the early night  
I catch you starin'  
And you make a joke about it

It's sweet  
How you believe  
You're in love with me  
You're in love with me

It's sweet  
How you believe  
You're in love with me  
You're in love with me