

# Marvelous 3, Appetite

Don't make a fuss, don't make a sound  
I don't want this song to get shot to the ground  
You're on the phone, I'm all alone  
And my heart feels about 70 pounds  
Tell the waiter that you're done  
And you'd like it in a box to go  
I don't think that there's a box big enough to put it in

And when you come home late at night  
And your conscience carries an appetite  
take a fork and tear it apart  
come on baby eat my heart

stepping on pedals and breaking strings  
these are all a few of my favorite things  
but you don't approve so I think I'm gonna move  
And I'll have my ass out of the house by spring  
tell your mamma that I tried  
but I cannot carry both of the loads  
I don't think that there is a a box big enough to put them in

And when you come home late at night  
And your conscience carries an appetite  
My whole world is falling apart  
Wash your hands before you start  
Come on baby eat my heart

What can I do  
1st I think, the I lose  
Did your parents ever tell you that you were no good at all  
What's a guy to do, scrape this mud off my shoe

My whole world is falling apart  
Wash your hands before you start  
Take a fork and tear it apart  
Come on baby eat my heart