

Mew, Saliva

And I'm sorry about you and me.
And I'm sorry about us.
You try to give it your best,
but to what end? Saliva.
You may no think so at first,
but I'm your designated driver.
But this roadside is not yours or mine.
And it's about time that I stop.
She is the grey weather at the end of my tether.
I didn't quite make it, I had to forsake it.
And as I sit on the train,
I can taste her in my sliva.
But i still depend on my Thursday friend, Saliva.
And there's no book about you and me.
Only snippets remain.
I get a light! I get a light from everyone.
That's right! So undetermined,
all I do now is just horrible and mean.
I used to think that she and me could only be just fine,
and to begin with nothing seems wrong.
But it's not a happy song.
And I'm sorry about you and me.
And I'm sorry about us.
I'm finfing out that you can't mess around with saliva.
And I drive a lot, 'cause I can't stop thinking about her.
(I'm in your hands).
I'll be yours, you'll be mine.
It'll be fine. Intertwined.
Wet your dried out lips with saliva.
What's more strange than this? Your saliva.
If I did not miss your saliva,
if my lips could kiss your saliva still.