

Salad, Come Back Tomorrow

Come on baby - I want your milt

Come back tomorrow, I won't be getting home till then
Come back tomorrow, we'll trip the light fantastic in my bed

Don't you know that it's true, my hair was an igloo
Built from varnish and glue
All the love in the world could never heal it

Come round tomorrow, Take my advice and bring a silver comb
If you still love me, we'll sit a while between the shows

And they said that it's true, Brighton pier holds a message for you
All the seagulls that fly there whisper it softly
Well you got to wear it out, one false move will let it fall out
Yeah you gotta let it out, don't leave it hanging all about

And if your heartbeats are round you'll know that you are breathing
All these thoughts are profound, They take us up to touch the ceiling

Come back tomorrow, we'll trip the light fantastic in my bed