Sheryl Crow, Live With Me

(by Rolling Stones)

I've got nasty habits, I take tea at three
Yes and the meat I eat for dinner must be hung up for a week
My best friend he shoots water rats and feeds them to his geese
Dontcha think there's a place for you in between the sheets
Come on now honey, we can build a home for three
Come on now honey, don't you want to live with me

And there's a score of hare-brained children, they are a-locked in the nursery
They got earphone heads, they got dirty necks, they're so twentieth century
Well they queue up for the bathroom round about seven thirty-five
But dontcha think we need a woman's touch to make it come alive
You'd look good pram pushing down the High Street
Come on now honey, don't you want to live with me

Oh the servants they're so helpful dear, the cook she is a whore
Yes the butler has a place for her behind the pantry door
The maid she's French, she's got no sense, she's from the Crazy Horse
And when she strips, the chauffeur flips, the footman's eyes get crossed
Dontcha think there's a place for us right across the street
Dontcha think there's a place for you in between the sheets