

# 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