

Sleater-Kinney, Milkshake N' Honey

14 Rue de Savoy
that's where the flat was let
We shacked up in Paris two days
after we had met

Eighteen bars of the sonata
and you were mine
This music gig doesn't pay that well
but the fans are alright

Darling come home
I can't take the apartment alone
You left your beret behind
and your croissant is getting cold

Visa, Mastercard, discovered
that I was spent
Took my heart, my best jeans, and left me
with paying the rent
A user, abuser, a loser
but I didn't care
I've always been a guy with a sweet tooth
and that girl was just like a king-sized candy bar

Pick up the phone
Meet me at the Sorbonne
You keep turning me on
With those French words I can't pronounce

Milkshake n' honey yeah
Milkshake n' honey yeah
Milkshake n' honey yeah
Milkshake n' honey yeah
Milkshake n' honey yeah
Milkshake n' honey yeah
Milkshake n' honey yeah
Milkshake n' honey yeah

Ma petite, comment ca va?