

Supergarage, Sugar

Every sunday morning, everytime we feast
Everything we order, she only smiles for me
Extra on the sweetness, extra on the please
Give an extra tip to pay her bachelor degree

Sweet marie, sweet marie, you don't have to pour more cream
Sweet marie, sweet marie, you just need to pour more sugar

Just before I leave, just before I ask
Better make my decision, better make it fast
Starting with your eyes, start to fantasize

Visions of a cleopatra all domesticized

This is genuine, I'm not a valentine,
You stop to tell me that this is not the place and time
But I got future plans, can you tell me when,
What where why how, will I get to see you again

I'm not a criminal, not even physical
I'm so passive, aggressive, and pitiful
But for you I build a home, I never leave you alone,
Don't got a job, but I find a way to bring the bacon home