

The Lemonheads, Stove

The gas man came, took out our electric stove.
I helped him carry her.
He told me he had been a prize fighter once.
Shuffled her through and out the door.

We walked back in talked 'bout his boy at U.V.M.
and we began to put the new stove in.
But I miss my stove. She's all alone.
Call it love. She's been replaced.

I miss my stove. She's all alone.
She's right out front and looks a mess.
Unwanted guest. We lied to her.
I miss my stove. Feel sad I guess.

I know I shouldn't think about it anymore.
"What's the point?" you say.
But I'm reminded each time I walk out my door.
My stove is gone to stay.

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