Peculiarly You

Cousteau

The way you arch your back and comb your hair
The way you only come when no-one else is there
The way you look like you might know a secret
There's not a lot I can do, it's peculiarly youLike the patron saint of some great cause
Clothes heaped in battles around the bedroom floor
And I ain't come to find and I ain't tryin' to save you
There's not a lot I can do, it's peculiarly youHow well I know
How well I know
Oh, leaving well enough alone
Leaving well enough aloneThe way you're sacrificing, light for heat
Worlds collide when others rarely meet
The way you look like you might tell a secret
There's not a lot I can do, it's peculiarly you

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