

# 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 you Like 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 you How well I know  
How well I know  
Oh, leaving well enough alone  
Leaving well enough alone The 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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