

Breakfast At Tiffany's

Kal Lavelle

You sit on her couch,
That's half made from a bath,
You said you seen one like it,
In Breakfast At Tiffany's,
And she hasn't named her cat,
And you think she's cute like that,
And it reminds you of that scene,
In Breakfast At Tiffany's
And is she Holly Golightly,
Or is she Lula Mae,
Yeh, You don't really know,
And she can't really say,
Yeh she's a nineteen fifties girl,
But you're a wannabe fifties boy,
And I'm sorry to say to you,
You're just a, a toy to her. Cause ya can't cage a wild thing
No ya can't cage a wild thing,
No,
And the moment ya let her go,
Is the moment you'll really know,
That you can't cage a wild thing.
No. And you could write a novella about that girl,
But it won't be worth your while,
Give her fifty for the powder room,
And all you'll get is a smile,
So let's go to Joe Bell's bar,
And drink a bottle of whiskey,
And forget about that girl,
And her pretty misery,
Cause I've read Capote's book,
And it ain't got a happy ending,
So can we stop pretending,
That this is the movie,
Cause you will end up like that cat,
Left in Spanish Harlem,
waiting for the love of his life to come running back, Cause ya can't cage a wild thing
No ya can't cage a wild thing,
No,
And the moment ya let her go,

Is the moment you'll really know,

That you can't cage a wild thing.

No. We're all waiting for the love of our lives to come running back,

Yeh, We're all waiting for the love of our lives to come running back

Yeh We're all waiting for the love of our lives to come running back

Yeh, We're all waiting for the love of our lives to come running back Yeh, We're all waiting for the love of our
lives to come running back

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{ Starts to slowly fade out }

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Yeh, We're all waiting for the love of our lives to come running back

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