

Latte

Graham Coxon

Stretched into a form that would hurt your eyes to see
She made coffee latte and smiled at me
But then again she smiled at everybody When I leave that place I'm always speeding
So much coffee in my brain a 'bleeding
A quickened step and a stomach reeling
From thoughts of her lips I wish mine were feeling

Songwriters

COXON, GRAHAM Published by

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