

Saliva

Mew

And I'm sorry about you and me
And I'm sorry about us
You try to give it your best
But to what end? Saliva You may no think so at first
But I'm your designated driver
But this roadside is not your's or mine
And it's about time that I stop She is the grey weather at the end of my tether
I didn't quite make it, I had to forsake it
And as I sit on the train
I can taste her in my saliva But I still depend on my Thursday friend, Saliva
And there's no book about you and me
Only snippets remain I get a light, I get a light from everyone
That's right, so undetermined
All I do now is just horrible and mean
I used to think that she and me could only be just fine And to begin with nothing seems wrong
But it's not a happy song
And I'm sorry about you and me
And I'm sorry about us I'm finding out that you can't mess around with saliva
And I drive a lot, 'cause I can't stop thinking about her
(I'm in your hands)
I'll be yours, you'll be mine It'll be fine, intertwined
Wet your dried out lips with saliva
What's more strange than this? Your saliva
If I did not miss your saliva
If my lips could kiss your saliva still

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