

The Sweetest Thing

Camera Obscura

I'm going on a date tonight
To try to fall out of love with you
I know, I know this is a crime
But I don't know what else to do
My love, you're in a magazine
My love, you're doing fine, you're on TV
You pull my heart out and then you run away
From Chicago to Cleveland you leave me pain
You leave me pain
When you're lucid you're the sweetest thing
I would trade my mother to hear you sing
When you're lucid you're the sweetest thing
I would trade my mother
On the bus radio, "Fifty ways to leave your lover alone"
I laughed at the irony
But life is stupid, the irony all lost on me
It got lost on me
When you're lucid you're the sweetest thing
I would trade my mother to hear you sing

When you're lucid you're the sweetest thing
I would trade my mother
You challenged me to write a love song
Here it is, I think I got it wrong
I focused on the negative
The pain was too much to write and sing
Oh, it was not a nice incentive
When you're lucid you're the sweetest thing
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When you're lucid you're the sweetest thing
I would trade my mother to hear you sing
When you're lucid you're the sweetest thing
I would trade my mother
But she don't know just how far I'd go
Would I walk for a hundred miles
For an instant northern smile

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