

Lost In Her Lips

Trout Fishing in America

(K. Grimwood/E. Idlet)

Lost in her lips, I'm getting lost in her lips,
And losing track of conversation.
If Lewis and Clark had just discovered these lips,
The expedition would have ended up in Mexico, no!
Lost in her lips, downtown New York in her lips,
I try to lift my eyes with no success.
I got on with a transfer, and now I missed my stop;
The bus driver is waving, pointing me out to a cop.
What am I saying? It doesn't matter;
What is she saying? Why should I care?
What could be more interesting than staring at these lips,
Failing to communicate?
Lost in her lips, I'm taking breakfast with her lips,
Scrambling my sentences and all.
Sitting at my table, there's coffee in my drink,
It's difficult to concentrate, impossible to think.
I ask them questions, to watch them answer;
Could you repeat that, so I might watch again?
What could be more interesting than staring at these lips,
Failing to communicate, failing to communicate?
Lost in her lips, I'm getting lost in her lips,
And losing track of conversation.
If Lewis and Clark had just discovered these lips,
The expedition would have ended up in Mexico, no!
Lost in her lips, taking a bath with her lips,
In a porcelain tub, reading a book,
It's two o'clock in the afternoon, and there's music in the living room,
I've got nothing left to do but stare at these lips.
I ask them questions, to watch them answer;
Could you repeat that, so I might watch again?
What could be more interesting than staring at these lips,
What could be more wonderful than staring at these lips,
Failing to communicate, failing to communicate, hey!

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