

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
I would trade my mother to hear you sing
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 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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