

Birds and the Bees

[Kim Taylor](#)

You know better than to leave me straddled and lame
Is that romance, your way of making different same
Oh the leaves are dry, leaves are tumbling down
Hell itâ€™s not July, maybe I should stick around
Goodbye reason, goodbye the one thing I needed to say
Iâ€™m giving it all to this east-side lover
Hoping I, hoping he bombs away
Oh the leaves are dry
leaves are tumbling down
Hell, Iâ€™m not that shy
Maybe I should settle down
Oh oh oh oh oh take it easy . . .
You were up all night, Had a fight
Swallowing up fears in your wine, girl
You gave a last rite, a cold night
Wasnâ€™t there a thing I could do?
Oh and you could be the devil
(At least his god child)
Câ€™mon hit me, save me, feed me to the birds and the bees
Oh . . . take it easy
You get it on, you get it on, you get it on child
Is that right now . . . is that right
(A week of that and youâ€™ll be fine)

Lyrics submitted by Isabella.

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