

Strawberry AndrÃ©

Dance Gavin Dance

Dressed in time to sip the wine
and cover your head
Nice of you to stay a few
and bleed on my bed
People flake, they wake and bake
Forget what you said
Obviously, not possibly
You didn't take your meds

And here we go climb
(I got a house with a pool and dog with a three car garage)
And now come home for all these ways to ways to go
(All the way down)

Cut out the signs come inside
where we lined up all these fashions
I'll take your wine, just take this side
Into the light arms are wide only when you know

I fear I can't believe its you (Nice tie, meet me concubine)
I fear I can't believe its you (She's not drunk its enthusiasm)
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I fear (She's not drunk its enthusiasm)
I fear I can't believe its you (Nice tie, meet me concubine)
I fear I can't believe its you (She's not drunk its enthusiasm)
I fear I can't believe its you (Lipstick, wet painted faces)
I fear (Of people with no regrets)

Slit her throat on the frying pan
You caught cold and forgot the plan
Turn the dial on the oven...
Until the skin has got that even tan
Slit her throat on the frying pan
You caught cold and forgot the plan
Turn the dial on the oven man
Until the skin has got that even tan

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Lyrics submitted by darlene.

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