

# Mouth (Definitive Mix)

[Rochelle](#)

I feel like I've been blown apart. There are pieces here  
I don't know where they go, I don't know where they go  
Kiss me on my salty lips  
I bet you feel a little crazy but for me  
We'll be famous on T.V. Would it be my fault if I could turn you on?  
Would I be so bad if I could turn you on?  
When I kiss your mouth I want to taste it  
Turn you upside down, don't want to waste it I jump on you, you jump on me  
You push me out and even though you know  
I love you I'd be inclined to slap you in the mouth  
When I kiss your salty lips  
You will feel a little crazy, but for me  
I'll be famous on TV  
Now, will it be my fault if  
I take your love and throw it wide?  
You might restrain me but could you really blame me?  
And you will feel you're blown apart  
All the pieces there will fit to make you whole  
And I know where they go

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