

# Saliva

## Mew

And I'm sorry about you and me  
And I'm sorry about us  
You try to give it your best  
But to what end? Saliva You may no think so at first  
But I'm your designated driver  
But this roadside is not your's or mine  
And it's about time that I stop She is the grey weather at the end of my tether  
I didn't quite make it, I had to forsake it  
And as I sit on the train  
I can taste her in my saliva But I still depend on my Thursday friend, Saliva  
And there's no book about you and me  
Only snippets remain I get a light, I get a light from everyone  
That's right, so undetermined  
All I do now is just horrible and mean  
I used to think that she and me could only be just fine And to begin with nothing seems wrong  
But it's not a happy song  
And I'm sorry about you and me  
And I'm sorry about us I'm finding out that you can't mess around with saliva  
And I drive a lot, 'cause I can't stop thinking about her  
(I'm in your hands)  
I'll be yours, you'll be mine It'll be fine, intertwined  
Wet your dried out lips with saliva  
What's more strange than this? Your saliva  
If I did not miss your saliva  
If my lips could kiss your saliva still

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