

John, 2,14

Shivaree

It's so romantic
The neighborhood's littered with white gloves
The flowers were hand picked
They're taping up paper doves And it's hard to think
When everything's red and pink
It's hard to eat
When everything's sweet I guess it's just the perfect time to send some roses
And touch their noses and buy them things
Because it's such a tender time for all the ladies
With all those babies wearing their wings Could you be mine
And hot-stuff and maybe and foxy and fine?
Swallow your red-hots and order the fancy wine And if you please
Just bring me some honey, I'll send for the bees
You throw your rice, it feeds the mice I guess it's just the perfect time to send some roses
And touch their noses and buy them things
Because it's such a tender time for all the ladies
With all those babies wearing their wings And you've gotta run
They hate it when you're too quiet
And it's always fun
To close up until they buy it I guess it's just the perfect time to send some roses
And touch their noses and buy them things
Because it's such a tender time for all the ladies
With all those babies wearing their wings

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