Appetite

Marvelous 3

Don't make a fuss, don't make a sound
I don't want this song to get shot to the ground
You're on the phone, I'm all alone
And my heart feels about 70 poundsTell the waiter that you're done
And you'd like it in a box to go
I don't think that there's a box
Big enough to put it inAnd when you come home late at night
And your conscience carries an appetite
Take a fork and tear it apart
Come on, baby, eat my heartStepping on pedals, breaking the strings
These are all a few of my favorite things
But you don't approve, so I think I'm gonna move
And I'll have my ass out of the house by the springTell your mama that I tried
But I cannot carry both of the loads
I don't think that there is a box
Big enough to put them inWhen you come home late at night
And your conscience carries an appetite
My whole world is falling apart
Wipe your hands before you start
Come on, baby, eat my heart
Come on, baby, eat my heartWhat can I do? First I think, then I lose
Did your parents ever tell you
That you were no good at all?
What's a guy to do?
Scrape this mud off of my shoesMy whole world is falling apart
Wash your hands before you start
Take a fork and tear it apart
Come on, baby, eat my heartTear it apart
(Come on, baby, eat my heart)
Tear it apart
(Come on, baby, eat my heart)
Tear it apart
(Come on, baby, eat my heart)

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