

# Hey Lover

Blake Mills

Someone plays a solo on a saxophone  
Oh, you've never seen somebody throw their head so slow  
And I see her cringe your lips and drop an ear that way  
Scratch a dog behind its ear and it might do the same  
Hey Lover, hey Lover  
Hey Lover, hey Lover  
Blue and white racing stripe pick-up truck  
And when did I decide to grow this beard and gut?  
Well, I may be white but I don't like my people much  
But I want to raise with you and watch our younglings hatch,  
Fucking make the first letters of their first names match  
Hey Lover, hey Lover  
Hey Lover, hey Lover

Well I'm back into the boring life that I once led  
Stuffing white spread asshole on a sofa bed  
Sometimes I hate myself for trying to be so bold  
But nothing ever seems to get this story told  
Hey Lover, hey Lover  
Hey Lover, hey Lover  
I never tell her when she plays a song I never heard  
Because I always learn the music and forget the words  
But I want to ride with her and I wish I sung that well  
Just copy, paste, Google search, and send it to myself  
Hey Lover, hey Lover  
Hey Lover, hey Lover

Lyrics provided by  
<https://damnlyrics.com/>