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

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