you and me are the disease and the germs are spreading use me like listerine, keeping your breath fresher feel the stroke of your paintbrush, my blank sheet of paper i'm your book of the month, read the fine print later

we'll invent new four letter words you are the bitter, i am the sweet run through the fields, sing with the birds you are the griddle, i am the meat

i'll turn you on like the electric company you are the bitter, i am the sweet flick on the switch and light your pilot light you are the griddle, i am the meat

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we'll laugh away our golden years
you are the bitter, i am the sweet
we'll line the clouds with silver tears
you are the griddle, i am the meat

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you are the bitter, i am the sweet you are the griddle, i am the meat you are the trick, i am the treat you are the circus, i am the freak

you are the bitter, i am the sweet you are the griddle, i am the meat you are the trick, i am the treat you are the circus, i am the freak