

# What New York Couples Fight About

Morcheeba

Once a label is on something, it becomes an it  
Like it's no longer alive  
It's like a loss of vision or some dark impression  
Or a black spot on your eye

If it's up to you, my little sweet baboo  
Through the shouting and the fever  
Think of life as queer, think of it my dear  
And some knobs or a fancy tone

From here there is no reason, baby's got it made  
But it's not what the life's about  
What is imagination may become a fact  
If we think of it that way

If you want to know, I can tell you now  
Oh if you make it through somehow  
Or is it best to keep or fall to sleep  
It isn't looking very good to me from here, hey

He's distressed and I forget  
I don't wanna know 'cause I forget  
He's distressed and I forget  
I don't wanna know 'cause I forget

He's distressed and I forget  
I don't wanna know 'cause I forget  
He's distressed and I forget  
I don't wanna know, I don't wanna know

What do, New York couples fight about?  
But this gonna work it out

Baby's got the bed sheet that was under you  
When your time and life expires  
Keeps it in the closet, keeps it to herself  
She should throw the damn thing out  
Why should you continue to shake it off?  
Would you write things on the wall?

You could make it hard to be  
In the shouting you will see  
Or is it best to change the world you're keeping  
Down again? Hey

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Such is the sound of sorry without the shy report  
Or the grips that could hold you down

Just when things were looking up  
You act just like a horse's butt

Everything was simple but the body's worn  
Got the life spread on the ground  
Powder pink and general  
The kitchen sink, a funeral

Every loving other, don't you fade on me  
Like a bomb that's about to blow  
Often we will overlook  
The things that make it undercooked

We can make it hard or we can take the world apart  
Or you'd never be that sure  
Of the simple things that makes you want  
To cry again, hey

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