

The Sweetest Thing

Camera Obscura

I'm going on a date tonight
To try to fall out of love with you
I know, I know, this is a crime
But I don't know what else to do

My love, you're in a magazine
My love, you're doing fine, you're on TV
You wore my heart out then you ran away
From Chicago to Cleveland you made me pay
You made me pay

When you're lucid, you're the sweetest thing
I would trade my mother to hear you sing
When you're lucid, you're the sweetest thing
I would trade my mother

On the bus radio
"50 ways to leave your lover", oh no
I laughed at the irony
But like a stupid, the irony got lost on me
It got lost on me

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I would trade my mother to hear you sing
When you're lucid, you're the sweetest thing
I would trade my mother

You challenged me to write a love song
Here it is I think I got it wrong
I focused on the negative
The pain was too much of an incentive
Always my incentive

When you're lucid, you're the sweetest thing
I would trade my mother to hear you sing
When you're lucid, you're the sweetest thing
I would trade my mother to hear you song
When you're lucid, you're the sweetest thing
I would trade my mother to hear you sing
When you're lucid, you're the sweetest thing
I would trade my mother
But she don't know just how far I'd go
Would I walk for a hundred miles for a glimpse of your northern
smile?