

# Le Pain Perdu

Cibo Matto

The sunshine, too light  
The ocean, too wide  
I'm sick of your cliché  
The sky is kind  
Love is blind  
You can't let go of the lost pain

You're in the maze  
Spending every day  
I'm in the haze  
I want the getaway

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Can you take my silver wheat?  
Mix it up with butter and treat  
I feel a chill go down my feet  
Your maple is so sweet

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So sweet

We've got to get out  
To get out the hell out  
We've got to get out  
To get out the hell out  
We've got to get out  
To get out the hell out  
Got to get me out of here  
Before it goes stale

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But it's too mushy  
Too mushy  
I can't take it, baby!

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