I'd like to know you better And maybe take you home I'd like to meet your father But really not tonight We'll be stopping off at Dayvilles For pistachio and beer It's the flavour of the month but You're my flavour of the year I could eat Sandwiches of you You could eat Sandwiches of me Oh my papa He will not approve He won't like your car Or the way that you conduct yourself In public Your move. Shame, shame on you I want to keep this friendship platonic I respect the fact that you're waiting For Mister Right Am I wrong? Let's pull over Please let's pull over And discuss the ramifications Of a lasting and complex relationship Like mature and responsible people do Am I getting through? I could eat Sandwiches of you You could eat Sandwiches of me I could eat Sandwiches of you You could eat Sandwiches of me