

Italian Dry Ice

Josh Rouse

I had a dream you were a mother last night
Feeding your babies by the ocean side
When I woke up I was alone in my room

Baby, please come home
'Cause it's just a smidgen of time
Before my love runs dry

Shady days and stormy, stormy nights
One gives another a quarter for a dime
All that she left with was a suitcase and some shoes

Baby, please come home
'Cause it's just a smidgen of time
Before my love runs dry

Baby, please come home
'Cause I miss your sweet, sweet smile
And the texture of your arms

Sissy had told me that you moved to Rome
Fucking those Italians with expensive clothes
I need you back baby, I miss my rolling stone

Baby, please come home
'Cause it's just a smidgen of time
Before my love runs dry

Baby, please come home
'Cause I miss your sweet, sweet smile
And the texture of your arms

Baby, please come home
'Cause it's just a smidgen of time
Before my love runs dry