

I'm Thinking Of A Number (between 1 & 2)

Lambchop

And I will find you
It's crowded in the club tonight
Wrapped in your coat and sweater
Stand beneath the broken light

And I'm gonna find you
Find you like some beautiful poem
And you're gonna like it
Just wait till we get home

But will you miss me
When I have no where else to go
I'm standing on the outside
Smoking on the patio

But I want to say this
Say it so it won't go away
Set like stains on my jacket
Gravy from Christmas day

But I won't tell you
That love is a variable thing
Like this shape on your ass that
I noticed when you walked away from me

Meet me near the toilet
Meet up later on the street
Your back against the stage door
My head below your feet

And please don't you tire of me
I know that you've waited so long
We can hold one another
Till the other is gone

And I'm gonna find you
Find you like some beautiful poem
And you're gonna like it
Just wait till we get home