

Breakfast In Bed

Loudon Wainwright III

Well I wake up in the morning
And I can't get out of bed
You're lying in there with me
We stay put instead
I grind the beans, squeeze the juice
And butter up the toast
That takes about an hour
Ninety minutes at the most

I like my breakfast in my bed
I could use a bite
Just pick up where you left off
On my shoulder late last night
I mean to say I'm hungry
But it's not for food
When I'm on your empty stomach
It must mean I'm in the mood

Just a couple of consumers
Every morning me and you
We keep consummating
What else is there to do?
We hardly go out any more
Mostly we stay in
All I do these days is you
Baby that's no sin

I go down for a newspaper

And to see if there's some post
I always wear my dressing gown
I don't want to boast
But I give you some good news
Every morning without fail
Then I drop that dressing gown
I give you your mail

The ruckus that we're making
It's amazing I'm afraid
We're making out all of the time
The bed never gets made
The phone rings, we don't answer it
Callers become enraged
The message on the machine
Says we're practically engaged

In bed like John and Yoko
We're giving peace a chance
All that we are saying is 'where's my underpants?'
After breakfast we get antsy
Then we start to slouch
We head for the loving room
Let's do lunch on the couch
Do lunch on the couch