

# 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