

The first hint of morning, someone's snoring  
The cat upstairs is yawning and calling her name  
She's in a playful way and a venomous mood  
When she bites my ear, it's just for fun  
And I believe her when she says, "I'm glad we never wed"  
Better off with the butter than the bread  
Then quick, before she breathes, so gently I'm seized  
My ear to her belly, whoa, nelly  
It's just like she said  
Better off with the butter than the bread  
Now take it as a warning, the first hint of morning  
There's good times ahead  
Open the dawning, cars are crawling  
Their rides outside are snoring, and it's pouring with rain  
And in the strangest way the night behaves  
In patterns and shapes that suggest that I escaped  
And I believe her when she says, "I'm glad you never left"  
Better off with a lover than a friend  
Than quick before she speaks  
So quickly I ease my lips to her cheek and thank Jesus  
It's just like she said  
Better off with the butter than the bread  
Now take it as a warning, the first hint of morning  
Oh, there's good times ahead  
(Just like she said)  
Oh, there's good times ahead  
(Just like she said)  
There's good times ahead  
(Just like she said, good times ahead)  
There's good times ahead  
Yeah, there's good times ahead