

And I'm sorry about you and me
And I'm sorry about us
You tried to give it your best
But to what end, Saliva
You may not think so at first
But I'm your designated driver
But this roadside is not yours or mine
And it's about time that I stop
She is the grey weather
At end of my tether
I didn't quite make it
I had to forsake it

And as I sit on the train
I can taste her in my saliva
But I still depend
On my Thursday friend, Saliva
And there's no book about you and me
All the snippets remain

I get a light, I get a light from everyone
That's right so undetermined
All I do now is just horrible and mean
I used to think that she and me could only be
Just fine, and to begin with
Nothing seems wrong
But it's not a happy song

And I'm sorry about you and me
And I'm sorry about us

She is the grey weather
At end of my tether
I didn't quite make it
I had to forsake it

I'm finding out
That you can't mess around with Saliva
And I drive a lot
Cause I can't stop thinking about her
(I'm in your hands)

I'll be yours, you'll be mine
It'll be fine, intertwined

Wet your dried out lips with saliva
What's more strange than this? Your saliva
If I did not miss your saliva
If my lips could kiss your saliva still