

Recipe for Disaster

Morcheeba

Wanna know why there's a dead guy
In my dining room?
Hit a dead end with my best friend
Met his end too soon
Cold blooded killer in the mirror
I don't recognize
Caught and convicted, TV depicted
Right before your eyes

But it's over I'm telling you now
Oh no, no more

Oh, I never felt my heart beat faster
Uh oh, it's a recipe for disaster

Early evening, wine was breathing
Things were going well
Took a good look
At the cookbook
Found the perfect spell
My preparation, anticipation
I'd suffered in suspense
Intoxicated, he turned up wasted
And I took offense

But it's over I'm telling you now
Oh no, no more

Oh, I never felt my heart beat faster
Uh oh, it's a recipe for disaster

Oh, now I simmer in the final chapter
Uh oh, it's a recipe for disaster