

## Pas Encore

Pomplamoose

Oh you make this song flow  
You make it run like my fingers down your spine.  
You make it drool like the decadent wine  
Qui coule de tes levres.

Oh we met not long ago  
But our steps intertwined  
And our souls spoke their minds  
As the intimate poems unwind  
Et coulent de tes levres.

So let's not let a stereotype  
Define our love  
Oh don't let me wipe these tears from my eyes  
Don't let me despise you yet.

Pas encore pas encore  
S'il te plaît, pas encore.

Oh you make this song flow  
Like the tea you designed  
Trickling slowly down my throat  
Like the billows of smoke  
qui coulent de tes levres.

So let's not let a stereotype  
Define our love  
Oh don't let me wipe these tears from my eyes  
Don't let me despise you yet.

Pas encore pas encore  
S'il te plaît, pas encore.  
No merci, pas encore.