

## Their Notions

Say Anything

The blown out Belgian sky  
Is weeping on you and I  
We're soaked down to the tit  
We'll make our bed in it  
Jerusalem at dawn  
Your pink hair turns them on  
They holler from windows  
But I'm just proud to know

That we spit on their notions  
That our love parts the oceans  
That our love fuels their motion  
Yeah, we spit on their notions

At Prague in sausage stalls  
But still we hit the mall  
In search of a Starbucks  
Americans like us

Yeah, we spit on their notions  
Our love parts the oceans  
Our love fuels their motion  
And we spit on their notions

And we spit on their notions  
Our love parts the oceans  
Our love fuels their motion  
And we spit on their notions