

Milkshake n' Honey

Sleater-Kinney

14 rue de savoy
Is where the flat was let
We shacked up in Paris two days
After we had met

Eighteen bars of the sonata
And you were mine
This music gig doesn't pay that well
But the fans are alright

Darling come home
I can't take the apartment alone
You left your beret behind
And your croissant is getting cold

Visa, Mastercard discovered that I was spent
Took my heart, my best jeans
And left me with paying the rent
A user, abuser, a loser but I didn't care
I've always been a guy with a sweet tooth
And that girl was just like a king-sized candy bar

Pick up the phone
Meet me at the Sorbonne
Keep turning me on
With those French words I can't pronounce

Milkshake 'n honey, yeah
Milkshake 'n honey, yeah
Milkshake 'n honey, yeah
Milkshake 'n honey, yeah

Milkshake 'n honey, yeah
Milkshake 'n honey, yeah
Milkshake 'n honey, yeah
Milkshake 'n honey, honey yeah