

## 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