

Refrigerator

Stroke 9

She has a great figure and i'm just trying to figure into her picture

She thinks there's something very wrong with me

She may be right there's nothing left

Nothing but emptiness in my refrigerator

She gets very quiet as i say that i'm getting flustered and that i may need out

She knows there's something very wrong with us

As i walk out and slam the door, slam the door to the back of her car

When she's not around i feel so very down, up, and all around
And ever since i lost her i've been found

She still has a great figure and i'm still trying to figure into her picture

She thinks there's something very wrong with me

But is it right to throw it all away, throw it all away, in the trash compactor

She thinks i said i believe in her

She thinks i said i believe in her

She thinks i said i believe,

But i really said i'll be leaving her

Now it's the morning of my departure and i'm sad,

She's sad

Now we're both sad

Isn't that sad

She fulfills my greatest fears, i push a tear as she squeezes one,

She squeezes one last goodbye from the juicer

When she's not around i feel so very down, up, and all around
And ever since i lost her

Ever since i've lost her

Ever since i've lost her

Ever since i've lost her i've been found