

# That Can Be Arranged

Tom Vek

Your carpet is blue so that it matches your shoes  
It's the way the drains smoke in New York and it's in everything you do  
You bashed your head and I found something to do  
I made up memories about me and you

It's like playing with your food, it's like playing with your food  
It's like playing with your food

That can be arranged, she said, that can be arranged  
That can be arranged, she said, that can be arranged

When I see litter on the streets, I think of you  
It's the way you talk in two's, and it's whatever I fell through  
How many radiators have you got on in your house  
Do they make you feel warm at night?

Do they tell you what to do? Do they tell you what to do?  
Do they tell you what to do?

That can be arranged, she said, that can be arranged  
That can be arranged, she said, that can be arranged

That can be arranged, that can be arranged  
That can be arranged, that can be arranged

Your carpet is red, so that it matches your hair  
It's the way the neon buzzes in Las Vegas, yeah

It's in, everything you do, it's in, everything you do  
It's in, everything you do, it's in, everything you do  
It's in, everything you do, it's in, everything you do  
It's in, everything you do, it's in, everything you do

It's in, everything you do, it's in, everything you do  
It's in, everything you do, it's in, everything you do  
It's in, everything you do, it's in, everything you do  
It's in, everything you do, it's in, everything you do  
It's in