

Weird Sunday Morning Recording

Give me a coffee and a flower
And I'll make a toast to what it's dead
Don't ever take these things for granted
Cause these are the only things you have

I can make my cigarette my pleasure
And smoke it while I stay in your hands
You can count on me
And baby
I feel flattered
This is my dream
And I feel free

I never said this was the answer
The truth is not floating in the air
Touch what you can
While baby
I feel flattered
This is my dream
And I feel free

My hands are taking me to velvet
As soft as a little cat can be
Feel this with me
While baby
I feel flattered
This is my dream
And I feel free