

Tragic Comic

Extreme

Flowers, I sent,
were found dead on their arrival
The words, I said,
inserted foot in my mouthful
So when, we dance,
My lead it ain't so graceful
(Isn't so, not ain't so)

I'M A HAPLESS ROMANTIC
ST-T-TUTTERING P-POET
JUST CALL ME A TRAGIC COMIC
CAUSE I'M, IN, IN LOVE WITH YOU

And when, we dine,
I forget to push in your seat
I wear, the wine,
spilling hearts all over my sleeve
A stitch, in time,
proposing down on my knees
(Splitting between the seams)

I'M A HAPLESS ROMANTIC
ST-T-TUTTERING P-POET
JUST CALL ME A TRAGIC COMIC
CAUSE I'M, IN, IN LOVE WITH YOU

Nobody, can know the,
trouble I've, seen
Nobody, can know the,
trouble I, get into,
when I'm with you