

# Saliva

Mew

And I'm sorry about you and me  
And I'm sorry about us  
You tried to give it your best  
But to what end, Saliva  
You may not think so at first  
But I'm your designated driver  
But this roadside is not yours or mine  
And it's about time that I stop  
She is the grey weather  
At end of my tether  
I didn't quite make it  
I had to forsake it

And as I sit on the train  
I can taste her in my saliva  
But I still depend  
On my Thursday friend, Saliva  
And there's no book about you and me  
All the snippets remain

I get a light, I get a light from everyone  
That's right so undetermined  
All I do now is just horrible and mean  
I used to think that she and me could only be  
Just fine, and to begin with  
Nothing seems wrong  
But it's not a happy song

And I'm sorry about you and me  
And I'm sorry about us

She is the grey weather  
At end of my tether  
I didn't quite make it  
I had to forsake it

I'm finding out  
That you can't mess around with Saliva  
And I drive a lot  
Cause I can't stop thinking about her  
(I'm in your hands)

I'll be yours, you'll be mine  
It'll be fine, intertwined

Wet your dried out lips with saliva  
What's more strange than this? Your saliva  
If I did not miss your saliva  
If my lips could kiss your saliva still