

What New York Couples Fight About

Morcheeba

Once a label is on something, it becomes an it
Like it's no longer alive
It's like a loss of vision or some dark impression
Or a black spot on your eye

If it's up to you, my little sweet baboo
Through the shouting and the fever
Think of life as queer, think of it my dear
And some knobs or a fancy tone

From here there is no reason, baby's got it made
But it's not what the life's about
What is imagination may become a fact
If we think of it that way

If you want to know, I can tell you now
Oh if you make it through somehow
Or is it best to keep or fall to sleep
It isn't looking very good to me from here, hey

He's distressed and I forget
I don't wanna know 'cause I forget
He's distressed and I forget
I don't wanna know 'cause I forget

He's distressed and I forget
I don't wanna know 'cause I forget
He's distressed and I forget
I don't wanna know, I don't wanna know

What do, New York couples fight about?
But this gonna work it out

Baby's got the bed sheet that was under you
When your time and life expires
Keeps it in the closet, keeps it to herself
She should throw the damn thing out
Why should you continue to shake it off?
Would you write things on the wall?

You could make it hard to be
In the shouting you will see
Or is it best to change the world you're keeping
Down again? Hey

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Such is the sound of sorry without the shy report
Or the grips that could hold you down

Just when things were looking up
You act just like a horse's butt

Everything was simple but the body's worn
Got the life spread on the ground
Powder pink and general
The kitchen sink, a funeral

Every loving other, don't you fade on me
Like a bomb that's about to blow
Often we will overlook
The things that make it undercooked

We can make it hard or we can take the world apart
Or you'd never be that sure
Of the simple things that makes you want
To cry again, hey

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