

# Lullaby

## The Cat Empire

I cannot say 'oh sweetness'  
like he could  
and I cannot play a lullaby  
like it should

I'll give you all night movie marathon  
and a triple espresso so you can stay awake  
it might be late - but  
it's never too late for that lovin'  
my sexy babe

I used to cry but now I have to laugh  
because she's got that torment  
to a fine art  
smart like a foxy  
and craf-ty-as-a-cat  
i'm looking up  
as i'm lying on my back  
bite the beast  
if i want a big piece of the pie  
but she's taken the feast  
in the blink of an eye  
I can-not-jus-ti-fy

what's going on  
- it feels so right  
when it seems so wrong  
like a plot hatched  
in the sweet spot of that trap  
- ask what she's schemes  
she say 'oh this and that'  
then she snaps like a camera  
in black with a flash  
puts the drum in the drama  
the hand in the clap  
she's a map with no bearings  
attached - no  
safety-in-this-match  
fire you can't catch  
then zap I was struck by that  
bolt before dawn  
then by breakfast honey  
we was signed and sworn

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something always telling me  
'save prayers before dawn'  
cos what happens when I'm with you  
makes me shake my head then smile and yawn  
I'm worn out but I'm beaming  
and it seems that we are dreamy  
as we head out through that strange old morning door

This game is no game  
but it's played all the same  
and I love it even  
if it makes me deranged  
it's like tears in the rain  
burning spears in my brain  
cause me pain sometimes  
make me drained  
but I cannot complain  
- mad the ugly good and bad  
had some happy with my sad  
and some tricks in my bag  
when it's up run a muck  
like a bull that just bucked  
when it's down it's a drag

and you fight with no partner to tag  
- at times I would dive in the sea  
to escape from the rising  
and crashing malea  
drink tea with a fat fish  
and find a golden key  
then rise to the surface  
and open my baby  
and maybe she'd say 'we are crazy'  
the two of us together like melbourne weather  
be like balls in a maze see  
we rolling along in obscurity  
but when we meet in the middle  
say mmm it's a treat

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I used to laugh  
but now I have to cry  
because today my baby tell me  
that it's time to say goodbye  
ask her 'why what did I do?  
You and me we were so sly'  
then she sigh 'that's true  
we were slinky through and through  
but it's sad and it's set  
I get high then I get depressed  
and I guess when we're together  
it's that happy kind of stress'  
touching left right down  
kiss my finger I reply  
'I can't deny you were the best  
and by the best I mean the mess you made

I must confess I never  
met-a-more sexy maid  
that smell like me  
so bless your wayward ways  
and loving craze and crazy days  
and things you'de say  
and looks you made  
you're not the queen of hearts  
you're the queen of spades  
and you'de take my breath away  
any day that way  
so anyway is this the end?  
Is this the fifth act of the play?  
I kissed her then I turned  
and was about to walk away  
when I sense a little tingle  
that begin down from below  
then I hear her with a whisper  
'you're the most gullible man I know'