

Incubus, Medium

Medium, medium.

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Waking up I smell the scent of coffee on the brew,
and I think about the amount of the sweet,
I'd like to have in my cup today.

One for the two lump, three lump, four.

No half of one, no less no more.

Just give me a chance, let me make it mine.

I'd like a medium blend of that piece of pie.

Not too bitter, not too sweet...Medium.

Just enough to start my beat...Medium.

Not too bitter, not too sweet...Medium.

Just enough to start my beat...Medium.

Dinner time just rolls around,
and I think I crave a steak but,
I'm not too partial to the meat,
when it's cooked too long and I'm made to wait.

Not too much of the parsley,

and just enough of the spice.

I think I'd enjoy a medium-rare dish with a side of fries.

Not too tender, not too tough...Medium.

Not too little, just enough...Medium.

Not too tender, not too tough...Medium.

Not too little, just enough...Medium.

Medium. Medium. Medium. Medium. Just a medium. Medium.

Thursday morning I smell the pits but, hell it ain't that bad.

I could've sworn I bathed last week and scrubbed like a good lad.

I like to stink just a little bit,
just to keep you on your toes yes.

The more I stink the more I think,
that you smell like a rose.

Not too pleasant, not too bad...Medium.

Just enough to hurt my dad...Medium.

Not too pleasant, not too bad...Medium.

Just enough to hurt my dad...Medium.

Medium. Medium. Medium. Medium. Medium. Medium.