

# Noisettes, Monte Christo

I saw the count of monte christo,  
threw the cape over his head.  
He gave me a penny for my thoughts but wouldn't get no change.  
Just old age rythms, they were singing in his brain for,  
a mechanical crusade  
tried to shoot down his everything.

But I see (I see) you see (you see),  
ain't no more honey from this bee.  
I see (I see), you see (you see),  
I'm stung you've got a hold on me.  
I see, you see,  
ain't no more honey from this bee.  
I see, you see,  
I'm stung you've got a hold...

You-u-u.

I wanna make you feel so special,  
it's time to break the ice.  
Bless you and your wicked ways,  
I guess that these are strange days,  
But the tact must change for the dutchess to reveal her face,  
I'd give you all my pennies for your gallentery at tomorrow's gate.

When I see (I see) you see (you see),  
ain't no more honey from this bee.  
I see (I see), you see (you see),  
I'm stung you've got a hold on me.  
I see(I see), you see(you see),  
ain't no more honey from this bee.  
I see, you see,  
I'm stung you've got a hold...

I-I-I see what you see.  
There ain't no more honey from this bee.  
I see (I see), you see (you see),  
I'm stung you've got a hold on me.  
Yeah, you see, and you see,  
There's no more honey from this bee.  
I see what you see.  
I'm stung you've got a hold...

Saw the count of monte christo,  
threw the cape over his head.  
He gave me a penny for my thoughts but wouldn't get no change.  
Just old age rythms, they were singing in his brain for,  
a mechanical crusade  
tried to shoot down his everything.