

Prefab Sprout, Blueberry Pies

Lying is killing the good things in me
Ask me what the time is baby, ask me honey
My eyes shift and slide
Sure there are reasons for acting like this
But reasons are kill kill killing the everything we do
Who said we'd be happy the more that we knew ?
Oh don't come a calling with "answer me" eyes
All you'll get my baby are blueberry pies
INSTRUMENTAL
But your being lovely,
And your being good
Only depresses me, knowing how oddly I'm behaving
Hello stranger - (The) stranger I've become - I'm an air raid
Leaving both us orphans and four fifths afraid
So if I come begging with take me back eyes
All you have to tell me
All you have to tell me are blueberry, blueberry pies.