

## Wah Wah Wah

Wah Wah Wah, Cry Cry Cry  
Pick you up and rock you in my strong arms

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Wait a minute, those sounds you're making  
they could be music, they're good enough, I'll take em.

My instruments-are across the room  
your in between us making yelps and coos

If I can't get to it, I'll have to use you  
cause you take up all my time, and somehow I have to get to it.

If you can't beat em, join em. x2

If I can't get to a pen- what do I do?  
All this music in my head and somehow I got to unscrew it.

Unfinished thoughts. Half written words  
crawl away from my drums and no one gets hurt.

Smoke signals in the plumes of laundry  
I've spelled out S.O.S. with mashed up peas.

But when I saw you needing me-I needed you, you were in reach  
there is no shame to my approach-you make such beautiful notes

Tap on your belly, raspberry your thighs  
you make high notes when you laugh, low notes when you sigh.

And when you sleep it's like a rest  
and when you dream upon my chest

You breath my songs, breath my songs  
alive-----breath my songs alive

If you can't beat em, join em