

The Food of Love?

(I Don't Want to Miss a Thing – Aerosmith)

I just close my eyes to make sure I'm not seeing
The way that you are steaming
Those greens 'til they're mushed and seeping
To your menu I will never surrender
Even if I stay this hungry forever
Every mouthful is torture not pleasure

I don't wanna eat your pies
Don't wanna eat your fries
'Cos I'd heave up babe
And I don't wanna eat a thing
Everything on your menu
Just makes me want to puke
Your cooking will never do
And I don't wanna eat a thing

I just hold my nose so that I'm not breathing
All the fumes that are now creeping
From the soup that you're reheating
Despite your cooking we're still together
And I wonder if you wouldn't consider
Giving up cooking forever and ever

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Don't wanna eat your fries
'Cos I'd heave up babe
And I don't wanna eat a thing
Everything on your menu
Just makes me want to puke

Your cooking will never do
And I don't wanna eat a thing

Don't wanna take one bite
Don't wanna take one sip
If your food is always
Gonna to taste like this
Don't wanna eat your bread
Don't wanna touch your puds
Wanna take-away instead
Don't wanna spill my guts
No no no no

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