

# The Sweetest Thing

## Camera Obscura

I'm going on a date tonight  
To try to fall out of love with you  
I know, I know, this is a crime  
But I don't know what else to do  
My love, you're in a magazine  
My love, you're doing fine, you're on tv  
You work hard and then you run away  
From Chicago to Cleveland you made me pay  
You made me pay  
When you're lucid, you're the sweetest thing  
I would trade my mother to hear you sing  
When you're lucid, you're the sweetest thing  
I would trade my mother  
On the bus radio  
50 ways to leave your lover, oh no  
I laughed at the irony  
But like the stupid, the irony got lost on me  
It got lost on me  
When you're lucid, you're the sweetest thing  
I would trade my mother to hear you sing  
When you're lucid, you're the sweetest thing  
I would trade my mother  
You challenged me to write a love song  
Here it is I think I got it wrong  
I focused on the negative  
The pain was too much of an incentive  
Always my incentive  
When you're lucid, you're the sweetest thing  
I would trade my mother to hear you sing  
When you're lucid, you're the sweetest thing  
I would trade my mother to hear you sing  
When you're lucid, you're the sweetest thing  
I would trade my mother to hear you sing  
When you're lucid, you're the sweetest thing  
I would trade my mother  
But she don't know just how far I'd go  
Would I walk for a hundred miles for a glimpse of your northern smile?  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>