

# Refrigerator

Stroke 9

She has a great figure and i'm just trying to figure into her picture  
She thinks there's something very wrong with me  
She may be right there's nothing left  
Nothing but emptiness in my refrigerator  
She gets very quiet as i say that i'm getting flustered and that i may need out  
She knows there's something very wrong with us  
As i walk out and slam the door, slam the door to the back of her car

When she's not around i feel so very down, up, and all around  
And ever since i lost her i've been found

She still has a great figure and i'm still trying to figure into her picture  
She thinks there's something very wrong with me  
But is it right to throw it all away, throw it all away, in the trash compactor

She thinks i said i believe in her  
She thinks i said i believe in her  
She thinks i said i believe,  
But i really said i'll be leaving her

Now it's the morning of my departure and i'm sad,  
She's sad  
Now we're both sad  
Isn't that sad  
She fulfills my greatest fears, i push a tear as she squeezes one,  
She squeezes one last goodbye from the juicer

When she's not around i feel so very down, up, and all around  
And ever since i lost her  
Ever since i've lost her  
Ever since i've lost her  
Ever since i've lost her i've been found