

Salted Caramel Ice Cream

Metronomy

She's sparkling like a fresh glass of Perrier
She's happy like my birthday
My birthday, oui, tout à fait She's like a dream
Salted caramel ice cream She's bubbling like the water in my kettle
She's the sting in a nettle
The drummer in my metal band She's like a dream
Salted caramel ice cream
Oh, good, she's coming
Don't look up
I've got to do this
I've got to do it
I, I've got to do it, I She's glistening
Like a fresh minted quarter
She's the splash in my water
She's so posh, mate, I called her m'am She's like a dream
Salted caramel ice cream
Oh, good, she's coming
Don't look up
I've got to do this
I've got to do it
I, I've got to do it, I
I, I've got to do it, I
I, I've got to do it, I

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