

Don't have

~~Don't have~~ a soul left to give you

Don't have a spec apart

Can't really love you or live you

~~Can't give you my body or my heart~~
Can't give you my body or ^{give you} my heart

But as some gifts come streamin

in on the U.S. Mail

and whatever else happens to ^{come} through

Even though I reap it & promise not to

^{keep it}
I'll gift wrap it Baby and send
it on to you

Peter stole my automobile

It wasn't very hard

Charlie stole my master charge card
In the Golden Eagle Bar