

## VELVET GLOVE

*words & music by Sven-Erik Seaholm*

Sad Mr. Average wakes in the morning  
Throws back the comforter, stretching & yawning  
Walks to the bathroom, looks in the mirror  
Wondering why it is he can still hear her

Brushing & flossing & clipping his nose hairs  
Average puts on his average clothes  
And there's nothing that's out of the ordinary  
Nothing that you nor I can see

Oh my love, how do I love thee?  
Let me count on these digits, one at a time  
Cursing these hands as I slip them inside  
A velvet glove

Out of the frying pan, onto the freeway  
Driving to work for an average pay  
He's taking the bullshit, taking a licking  
And his heart sounds...just like ticking...

When it's all over, it's on to the night moves  
Bartender winks and says, "That's from down there."  
Brief conversations soon lead to relations  
She told him her name, but he just doesn't seem to care

Oh my love, how do I love thee?  
Let me count on these digits, one at a time  
Cursing these hands as I slip them inside  
A velvet glove

Cold metal catches light  
Falling down on one more lonely innocent life

The sirens were wailing, the red lights were flashing  
Detective Callahan emptied her gun  
Doors busted open, in came the backup  
And a velvet glove said...he's the one

Callahan headed the investigation  
Promising not to leave one stone unturned  
She talked to the family, she talked to the neighbors  
But "He's Mr. Average" was all that she learned

And so my love, how do I love you  
Well, perhaps I can show you, with all of the love  
That an average man can fit into  
A velvet glove

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