

She said it's not about you

It's not about you, it's.....

And sometimes it's.....

Sometimes it's.....

But living with well it's driving me mad

But living with is, well it's becoming a drag

She's a smile, she's a gleam in your eye

Dresses like a princess, playing games in your mind

Falling out of her top, runs a through her hair

Playing so to get, cause she knows that you care

I don't know how to love more, my friend

I guess..... got nothing to say

But living with you is, well it's making..... sad

So is this how it ends? Well nobody knows

She'll be gone for a and we'll see how it goes

Moving out of your flat, slipping through your hands

She's a girl and your a sillier man