

# Made For Me

## Artist vs. Poet

Little miss American girl  
Given everything in the world  
But a heartbreak  
(but a heartbreak)

And she would throw a drink in my face  
If she knew what I was trying to say  
Here comes heartbreak  
(here comes heartbreak)

And you hate me favourite records  
And that's okay  
Because I never really liked your friends anyway  
So throw a fit when I'm out too late  
Cause there's a million little things that I've been dying to say

But I can sum it up now  
And then I'll get the hell out  
It ain't breaking news  
Lets face the truth  
That I was made for me  
And you were made for you

You were a ten before I figured you out  
the only reason I was stickin' around  
But you're crazy  
(but you're crazy)

And girl you can't win em' all  
If you could then god help us all  
Cause you're crazy  
Oh so crazy

And you hate me favourite records  
And that's okay  
Because I never really liked your friends anyway  
So throw a fit when I'm out too late  
Cause there's a million little things that I've been dying to say

But I can sum it up now  
And then I'll get the hell out  
It ain't breaking news  
Lets face the truth  
That I was made for me  
And you were made for you

And when you finally calm down  
Maybe I'll see you around  
And we can fake a few hellos to prove  
That I was made for me  
And you were made for you

Oh oh oh you  
Oh oh oh you  
Oh oh oh you  
Oh oh oh you  
Oh oh oh you

Oh oh oh you  
Oh oh oh you  
Oh oh

But I can sum it up now  
(but I can sum it up now)  
And then I get the hell out  
It ain't breakin news  
Let's face the truth  
That I was made for me  
And you were made for you

And when you finally calm down  
Maybe I'll see you around  
And we can fake a few hellos to prove  
That I was made for me  
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