

Jude Law and a Semester Abroad

Brand New

Whatever poison's in this bottle will leave me broken sore and stiff.

But it's the genie at the bottom who I'm sucking at. He owes me one last wish.

So here's a present to let you know I still exist.

I hope the next boy that you kiss has something terribly contagious on his lips.

But I got a plan (I got a plan)

Drink (drift) for forty days and forty nights.

A sip for every second-hand tick.

And for every time you fed me the line, "you mean so much to me ...".

I'm without you.

So tell all the English boys you meet, about the American boy back in the states.

The American boy you used to date.

Who would do anything you say.

(And even if her plane)

And even if her plane crashes tonight she'll find some way to disappoint me,

by not burning in the wreckage, or drowning at the bottom of the sea.

"Jess, I still taste you, thus reserve my right to hate you."

And all this empty space that you create does nothing for my flawless sense of style.

It's 8:45 (it's 8:45). The weather is getting better by the hour.

(Rains all the time) I hope it rains there all the time.

And if you ever said you miss me then don't say you never lied.

I'm without you.

So tell all the English boys you meet, about the American boy back in the states.

The American boy you used to date.

Who would do anything you say.

Who would do anything you say

Never gonna get it right, you're never gonna get it (7x)

No more songs about you

After this one, I am done

You are, you are, you're gone

So tell all the English boys you meet, about the American boy back in the states.

The American boy you used to date.

Who would do anything you say.