

100 Other Lovers

DeVotchKa

I will admit I am embarrassed by your grace
And the complete look of boredom upon your face
You want to be a million miles from this place
You want to get on with my untimely disgrace.

I am alone I am in love with an idea
Sophisticated Neurological appeals
I want to negotiate some kind of a deal
I want to tear it open show you that it's real

Oh the things I will believe
Ignore the hundred lovers
You got hidden up your sleeve.
The words come easily
And they sound so lovely
I guess it's just as easy if you lie to me.

Everybody they got all kinds of advice
They want to tell you just how you should live your life.
But who exactly am I supposed to believe?
Am I supposed to let you walk away from me?

I know it's coming
I can feel it in my bones
This is information you already know
Even if it's only temporarily
Give the illusion tonight you belong to me

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You got hidden up your sleeve.
The words come easily
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