

Sleepless

Eleanor McEvoy

I wasn't the kind to ask questions
I wasn't the kind had the time,
I wasn't the kind with a suspicious mind
Now I'm kind of sorry, oh how I'm sorry
It's not what you did has me sleepless
It's not what you did has me aching so much,
It's not what you did that is hurting the most
It's the lies that you told, covering up

Please, please don't say how much you think of me
Please, please don't say how much you cared
Please, don't say that you'd never lie to me
Spare me those lies you've prepared.

I'm not above feeling foolish
I'm not above being betrayed
I'm not above, singing stories of love,
But God how my stories have changed
It's not what you did has me sleepless
It's not what you did has me aching so much
It's not what you did that is hurting the most
It's lies that you told me, those lies that you told me.

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