

Don't Call It Love

Eliza Doolittle

I got a pocket but it won't be full in a long time.
I got a locket but the photo's missing,
Cause nobody's listening at all.
I get my hopes up,
Full of what I think is love,
And when it blows up,
I jump on the band wagon,
With all the pretenders,
Wait a second

You can call it aches and pains and games,
The fire and the rain,
You can't explain,
So you can call it anything,
Call it what you like,
But don't call it love when it's really life

I'm not saying I don't believe in fairies,
I've seen them fly around a couple times,
But I don't like to label things like jars of jam,
Cause when I get to taste these things it's never what I planned,
And I won't be a pretender,
Wait a second

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I don't wanna be rude to myself,
Stop leading me on,
Rude to myself,
If I don't try to be right can't be wrong,
I just wanna be true to myself,
And take the day as it comes,
True to myself,
I know I'm not the only one,
I know I'm no the only one

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