

Cross My Heart

Everything But the Girl

Now and then
Do you wash your hands of me again?
Wish me anywhere but home
Drunk and on the end of your phone

From time to time
Do you guess what's really on my mind?
Guess that "How you keeping now?"
Means "Where are you sleeping now"

But of course it's not polite
To ask you where you spent last night
And if I did you might reply
That I have no right
And anyway I'm fine
Glad that you're no longer mine
If I should tell a lie
I'll cross my heart and hope to die

You'd be appalled
If you knew what I was doing
When you called
Yes, I can see I'm blundering
Always end up wondering

Will it ever be alright
To ask you where you spent last night
And can it be polite
The way we never write,
Of course I don't have the time,
And anyway I'm fine
If I should tell a lie
I'll cross my heart and hope to die

I hope we never die