

Two Star

Everything But the Girl

Well it's not for me to say,
but I can't see what you see in him anyway
But such righteousness in me
is not a nice thing to display,
and who am I for christsakes anyway
to judge a life this way when my own's in disarray?

I watch Saturday kid's TV with the sound turned down
I leave food on the eiderdown
All my thoughts pushed underground
Maybe you're happy - everyone says you are
You drive around on Two Star,
you leave your life ajar, and God knows
you deserve it.
Bad luck follows everyone.

So go on, and stop listening to me
Stop listening to me.
And don't ask me how I feel
don't ask me how I feel

So it's not for me to say
because I change my life from day to day,
and when I look at you
I only see bits of myself anyway

So go on, and stop listening to me
Stop listening to me
And don't ask me what to say, or to judge a life this way
When my own's in disarray.