

Roadblock

Hooverphonic

She ain't real
She acts like a stranger
When she walks by

Thinking she plays her own game
She makes me smile

Whenever she's around
Lemons seem sweet to you
But in the end you're just a fool in her mixed-up stew

That roadblock between your ears
Disconnects common and sense
You are not a part of her jet black heart
I'm no longer there for you

Wake up

You're acting like a stranger
When you walk by

Think you
Control your own game
You make me sigh

Lemons seem so sweet when I look at you
But in my hand there is no place for another fool

You can't decide who to choose
So bright orange is turning blue
Was the grass greener on the other side