

Early Christmas Present

Kate Nash

How could you let her touch you
In a place you didn't want touched
How could you let her get so close to you
That she could kiss your neck
And kiss it gently
And kiss it gently
And kiss it gently

How could you take her number from her
When you met her in that bar
How could you offer her a drink
And then the front seat of your car
And kiss her gently
And kiss her gently
And kiss her hard

How could you lie to me right to my face?
How could your best friend's ex-girlfriend's
Younger sister's mate, know before I did?
Before I did
Before I did

How could you string me along for so long
For just over eleven months
How could I be so stupid and so blind
You know I think I had a hunch
About this anyway
About this whole thing
About this girl

I thought that it was just a phase
You were so distant and so cold
I thought that it was just your age
And the fear of getting old
You acted different
You were so different
You were impatient

And you lied to me right to my face
And your best friend's ex-girlfriend's
Younger sister's mate, knew before I did
Before I did
Before I did

'Cause if you run into the eye of the storm
To get round the back
You better hit the floor
'Cause screaming
No, I can't take it
I can't take it
I can't take it anymore
'Til your eyes and your mouth is sore
Doesn't help anyone
Doesn't do any good
But you'd do something else
If you only could

And I wish I could grow up
Wish I could be well behaved
But every time I look him in the eye
I send him to the grave
And that pretty, pretty girl
With her nice neat lips
With your eyes on her chest
And your hands on her hips

This itch, this burn
This pain, this strain
Dealing, turned out
That we don't need to
Help it go away
So that's what
Leaving me
The gift you gave him

I can't take it
I can't take it
I can't take it anymore (8x)