

# Desiree

Keith Urban

It's killin' me to write the word "goodbye"  
I've wadded up and tossed a thousand tries  
We both know the reason  
There ain't nothing to explain  
But I know that my leavin'  
Will spare us both the pain

[Chorus]

Desiree I can't hold you any longer  
Desiree you love his money more than me  
And the taxi's at the gate  
I guess all that's left to say  
Is in teardrops at the bottom of the page  
"I love you Desiree"

It'd be easier to leave if I were mad  
But it's hard to lose the best you'll ever have  
And to write this note to you  
Was the hardest thing to do  
But not as hard as bein' a poor boy  
Who can't afford a girl like you

[Repeat Chorus]

God, I love you Desiree  
But I just can't take it anymore  
I won't be around for your goodbye  
I won't be around for your goodbye  
You love his money more than me  
I won't be around for your goodbye  
You love his money more than me  
I won't be around for your goodbye  
Oh you love his money, you love it more than me  
I was just a fool who couldn't see  
That you love his money, you love it more than me