

Ain't No Cover

Regina Spektor

It ain't no cover
It ain't no style
I shouldn't bother
He's eight miles high

But I adore him
And I implore him
Saying I love none other
But this ain't no style

He sits there smoking
His breath away
He sits there choking
On what they say

But I adore him
And I implore him
Saying one of these mornings
I'm going away

The sun is setting
The day is done
Good night, my lover
Good night, my son

I shouldn't bother
He's eight miles high
But I love none other
'Til the day that I die