

You Can't Do This to Me Anymore

Roxette

(You can't do this to me anymore!)

You stepped out of a silver van
Driven by rainbow man
You said your name was Mary-Ann
The coolest plan you had at hand
Arouse them on the garbage cans
Looking grand and slightly tan
Your hair was dancing to the jam
By February, March and fun

You can't do this to me anymore,
You can't do this to me anymore!

Looking for that saving grace,
I find you tricky to erase
Don't know what I see in space
It might well be a hide in place
Can't stay in, I won't get out
Every emotion seems to shout
I'm going blind into the chase
No chance that I will forget your face

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