

# The Book

Sheryl Crow

I read your book  
And I find it strange  
That I know that girl and I know her world  
A little too well  
And I didn't know  
By giving my hand  
That I would be written down, sliced around,  
Passed down  
Among strangers hands

Three days in Rome  
Where do we go  
I'll always remember  
Three days in Rome

Never again  
Would I see your face  
You carry a pen and a paper  
And no time and words you waste  
You're a voyeur  
The worst kind of thief  
To take what happened  
To write down everything that went on  
Between you and me

Three days in Rome  
And I stand alone  
I'll always remember  
Three days in Rome

And what do I get?  
Do I get revenge?  
While you lay it all out  
Without any doubt  
Of how this could end  
Sometimes it goes  
Sometimes we come  
To learn by mistake  
That the love you once made  
Can't be undone

Oh, but, Three days in Rome  
I laid my heart out  
I laid my soul down  
I'll always remember  
Three days in Rome