

Now She's Gone

Space

I woke this morning
I went downstairs to find a note
It said she's leaving
I felt all my dreams had come at once

She took my clothes, my passport and my papers
And then she told my darkest secrets to the neighbours

Cos when she left, she wasn't alone
Somebody else had taken my throne
Another man, or could I be wrong?
It was a woman who looked just like James Bond

And when I find them
I'll wish them both the best of luck
Before I do that, I'll put the cyanide in their lunch

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