

An Ex Is An Ex For A Reason

The Courteeners

If I'm talking to you at the back of the club
Why does he walk past me?
And why does he rub his shoulder past mine
Is it to let me know that he's here
Whisper in his ear, from me I don't care

I can't believe that that is what he thinks of you
That I would click my fingers tell you to jump
And that's what you do I think he needed to trust you
A little bit more
But I will walk over there and make his head sore

Is he really threatened by the presence of me
He won't let you walk or talk
He won't let you see what I've got in my pocket for you
And think that you'd love to