

This Valentine Ain't No Saint

The Juliana Theory

You got away with murder and all I got was the brunt.
You were swinging you words like punches. It was your shot, your shot, your shot.
At least I got away with your money, and all you got was my heart.
I'm never telling you that I'm sorry, cause it's your fault, your fault, your fault.

But now that you're gone everything is all right. In fact I'm better off this way.
Now that you're dead to me it's all right. I'll never throw my heart away.

You like to point your finger, but girl you know it's not that hard.
You told me that I was heartless, but that's what you got so wrong.
At least I got away with your money, and all you got was my heart.
I'm never telling you that I'm sorry, cause it's your fault, your fault, your fault.

I was minding my own business when you sought me out to shoot me down.

But now that you're gone everything is all right. In fact I'm better off this way.
Now that you're dead to me it's all right. (Shot down again, already dead).
I'll never throw my heart away.

I was minding my own business when you sought me out to shoot me down.
Where were you when I needed you? You just sought me out to shoot me down.
Come on and get it.

Murder.

But now that you're gone everything is all right. In fact I'm better off this way.
Now that you're dead to me it's all right. (Shot down again, already dead).
I never throw my heart away.

Goodbye, goodbye Valentine:

That's what you want. That's what you'll get.