

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, you
r shot, your shot.
At least I got away with your money, and all you got was my hea
rt.
I'm never telling you that I'm sorry, cause it's your fault, yo
ur fault, your fault.

But now that you're gone everything is all right. In fact I'm b
etter 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 wr
ong.
At least I got away with your money, and all you got was my hea
rt.
I'm never telling you that I'm sorry, cause it's your fault, yo
ur fault, your fault.

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

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

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

Murder.

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

Goodbye, goodbye Valentine:

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