

## It's OK

Tinie Tempah

Girl I've been unfaithful  
Baby don't you say, it's okay  
Did some things behind you  
Baby don't you say, it's okay  
Why don't you cry now?  
Why don't you cry now?  
Cause then I know you still feel something for me  
But I truly know it's over when I hear you say, it's okay

You told me you was down for whatever  
I thought you'd be around me forever  
You were my New York girl with some LA ambition and a really good christian  
You knocked me down like a featherweight  
Tryin' to fuck around with a heavyweight  
How the hell could you say in the middle of the night that we should call it  
a day?  
I'd rather fucking do a bit of prison time  
You had the key to every single thing of mine  
My house, my car, my motherfucking heart  
I guess we didn't agree to the same deal  
I guess that she was tired of the same spiel  
And now I'm in the meat packing dialling 911  
Tryin' to tell 'em how this pain feels

So runaway, run along, thought we were fate, but we were wrong  
We were wrong, cause where men lie their women cry but she won't  
I can't breathe I won't cope, I need a drink, I want a smoke  
Cause I'm the cigarette butt of my own jokes  
Hands held high because my back against the ropes  
Blood is thicker than water, we were thicker than blood  
Now I'm feeling for something I can't touch  
Feelin' guilty while you be up in the club  
I been caught so who am I to judge?  
Tryna regain my composure  
I guess this is the end of the road huh?  
And after 25 times of hearing  
"Please leave a message after the tone"  
I know

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You put the nail in the coffin  
Had a finger on the trigger  
Said she ever going down she taking everything with her  
Took something so good and made it redder than the colour on the bottom of her slippers  
And not a word from your mother  
Even though I make you suffer like a suffragette  
Fucking busy, I was busy fucking around with another woman  
Undercover like a Bryan Ferry album

So runaway, run along, from the people of the places where you belong  
Just imagine the gossip in the salon  
Made me feel dumb for foolin' around with them blondes  
But love kills all things gradually  
This is something like a Shakespeare tragedy  
And even though we ain't happily ever after  
I just hope that you're after happily

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