

It Ain't Funny How We Don't Talk Anymore

You Am I

It aint funny how we don't talk anymore
I'm custom built to be spilt but fun 'til i hit the floor
Why be the powdery apple in the bunch
The sweetness aint so delish without the crunch
Yeah, Yeah, Yeah, Yeah
Sharp dressed for convicts (high maintenance)
The blood is our stitch (old licks for sense)
But lets get it together (Let's Roll)
Before this ship sinks
Or watch me decay
You patroned my decay
Yeh i'm the new Pompeii
It aint funny how you don't see me anymore
I'm a ghost, a desparate host, always lookin to the door
And you wonder why i beat my head beat my head beat my delicacies Well
What do you do for clarity
Yeah, Yeah, Yeah, Yeah
Sharp dressed for convicts (high maitenance)
The blood is our stitch (old licks for sense)
But lets get it together (Let's Roll)
Before this ship sinks
Or watch me decay
(Did you ever think we were a team)
You patroned my decay
(Did you ever think we were together?)
Yeh i'm the new Pompeii
I'm the new Pompeii...
I saw ya