

## 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