

More Like Me

Emily and The Woods

Don't want to be confusing
Don't want to be misread
Don't want to make you mr. blue
Hang around on your head
She can go home, wash her face
Wash her hands of you
I'm not that kind of girl
Its not the kind of thing I would do
Wish I felt more
Wish I felt more like me
Wish I felt more, more like me, oh
Wish I felt more, more like me
Wish I felt more, more like me
You hate it
You hold him
You touch
Don't feel a thing
You want
So much
It makes your own heart sting
You tell him
Holding him is the best feeling
but you wish you felt more

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