Broken Hearted

James Arthur

You make me nervous
When you're flying around
The secret service
Couldn't track you down
You tell me no then you kiss me
You say hello then you ditch me
You try to run when you see me
I never knew
What this dream is about
You say let's go
Then you're lost in the crowd
I don't know where you're going
You won't show then you're showing
I don't know then I'm knowing
You're always busy
When I call on the phone
I'm broken hearted
Are you made out of stone?
Snakes alive why you grievin'
It's six to five and I'm leavin'
I can't stand no more teasin'
I wrote a letter, I couldn't get her
Some other fella was going to tell her
This kind of weather, you need a sweater
It's getting wetter, drink Amaretto
Light as a feather, ain't no one better
You wearing leather, ain't nothing better
I'm going to renta a, Spiffy Lambretta
I want to wed her the day I met her
Love me, hug me, shove me
You blow me away
You bug me, snub me, club me
You fill me with with praise
You tell me this way or that way
But take it thin way or fat way
I say, "It's my way or highway"
You're always busy
When I call on the phone
I'm broken hearted

Are you made out of stone?
Snakes alive why you grievin'
It's six to five and I'm leavin'
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