

# If You Weren't Leaving Me

Mark Owen

I'm gonna stand on your parade  
I need to jump into your grave  
Gonna stalk you I'm afraid  
Wanna be your fucking pain  
By the way you know it's all your fault Yeah I will get into your head  
And every day out of your bed  
I'll buy you roses paint 'em red  
And then I'll take you shopping  
So come and get it  
What the hell you waiting for?  
What you waiting for? We could run away  
We could climb a tree  
We could crash a car  
Be celebrity  
We could rob a bank  
We could play guitar  
We could shoot a gun  
We can go too far  
Bring it on now  
Get it on now  
Bring it on now  
Get it on now All the things that we,  
All the things that we could be  
If you weren't leaving me. I'll carve your name into my skin  
And every place that you have been  
Watch you dream while you're asleep  
I haven't slept now for a week  
So come and get it  
What the hell you waiting for?  
What you waiting for? We could run away  
We could climb a tree  
We could crash a car  
Be celebrity  
We could rob a bank  
We could play guitar  
We could shoot a gun  
We can go too far  
Bring it on now  
Get it on now

Bring it on now

Get it on now

All the things that we, all the things that we could be  
If you weren't leaving me Yeah I'll jump from a plane

Then we'll do it again

And what life is about

So we'll take a year out

And we'll learn politics

And some new party tricks

And we'll call our friend

John

John We'll drink in a bar

We'll walk in the park

We'll meet at the end

And again at the start

And we'll look for the light

When the daylight has gone

Then we'll run out of breath

Take the whole world on

Yeah, yeah

Yeah, yeah

Yeah, yeah

We could run away

We could climb a tree

We could crash a car

Be celebrity

We could rob a bank

We could play guitar

We could shoot a gun

We can go too far

Bring it on now

Get it on now

Bring it on now

Get it on now

All the things that we,

All the things

That we could be The things I'd do for you:

One cry out

Two free a bird

Three get a better job

A four letter word

Five is a hi-fi

Six on the beach

Twenty four-seven baby,

Eight days a week

Come on now  
Get it on now  
Come on now  
All the things  
That we could be  
If you weren't leaving me.

Songwriters

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