Henriette

Lake Street Dive

Who you fooling now with your bookish smarts?
quotin' jamie joyce make me feel
make me feel like a total arse
got it down like a practiced art; like a perfect part
Talk to me at night with your voice oily
think you can't be broke, what a joke
what a joke callin' me doily
think I like when you dress boy-l
yor makeup coylyI never loved you Henriette
I never liked my sobriquette
I never read your serviette
I never loved you henrietteWhen we went our ways, you left your gourd behind
I never cared for rows and I got
and I got sort of bored besides
of your notes and your peephole eyes
and those spurious sighs

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/