

Wish You Were Her

Cousteau

It's not your style
to live and let live
the less that i need
the more that you give
On a runaway train
over and over again
I'm getting used to you
I'm getting used to you...
But I wish you were here
I wish you were her
like nobody else in the world
Wish you were here
wish you were her
wish you were here
wish you were her
You always leave
but you never go
the more that i need
the less that i know
We fell out of the sky
fighting the tears in our eyes
I'm getting over you
I'm getting over you...

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