

# She Got Me

## The Boombachs

She got me sewn up,  
Ruxpin grown up.  
Tired of baloney but her shoulder got me cold cut.  
Mold broken bold but, never out-sold.  
We been thru it all before but at no point had we given up.  
She left me a sliver up.  
Knowin I can't give her up, I gave like a slave and she took till I was used up.  
-Confused bruised and abused but- I came back when she called  
Cuz I ran outta givin-fucks

And- I find time to rewind all the time.  
We make the same mistake every damn time.  
I find time to rewind most times.  
We make the same mistake so many damn times.  
I find time to rewind some times.  
We make the same mistake more than one time.  
I find time to remind my eyes of the pain I seen, the look in her eyes when she tellin those lies fly far and move  
fast- no tellin where it takes you when you're runnin from your past.

Livin in the minimum majority of the time she would stay up in my linens some-times I tried to lie and say I  
really wasn't feelin some- when she tried to give it to me  
-I put it down like it wasn't really killin me.  
Inside I wrote down my lines she crept up behind and wept on me cryin about that one time her pops and one  
time had a scuffle with eachother-  
then lit a cigarette to switch it quicker than a shuffle  
-put it out on my chest.  
Laid to rest the best made plans a man who took many a test from the start  
A tat on her chest: a gun labeled love pointed at her heart.

I find time to rewind all the time-  
We make the same mistakes every damn time  
I find time to rewind most times  
We make the same mistake so many damn times.  
I find time to rewind sometimes  
We make the same mistake more than one time.  
I find time to remind my eyes  
Of the pain eye's seen and the look in her eyes when she's tellin these lies fly far and move fast.  
No tellin where it takes you when you're runnin from your past.

-Instrumental-

In retrospect I guess I let it mislead me a bit.  
Came to the conclusion that's she's nothing but a bit of a distraction  
We were lacking traction.  
Pedal to the metal but seem to be moving bak some  
Floor fulla flower petals bottle fulla wine,  
Clock tickin fast it's about that time  
Hopin she'd remove her mask  
Maybe we'd get past her past.  
Hopin I'd remove my mask, maybe we'd get past our pasts  
But we can't.  
Now it seems that all we can do now is fight.  
And I've tried but I can't get it right.  
But I guess that this is better  
I just don't want to regret her anymore.

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Lyrics submitted by The BoomBachs.

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