What You've Done

Tim Finn

The first time that I saw you
I knew my mind
All my best intentions
I left behindThe secret code is broken
I found it out
When the door is open
There's no room for doubtAnd all I ever wanted
Was to meet my special one
All the friends that gathered
I knew each and every oneThey can't do what you've done
They can't do what you've doneThe torch that you must carry
Is burning me
I saw you with your boyfriend
He's bigger than meThe pretty dress I bought you
I wear myself
Wipes away the memory
Of someone elseThe mirror ball is spinning
Like a golden fatso moon
The girls of grace and glamor
Have all arrived too soonThey can't do what you've done
They can't do what you've done
They can't do what you've done
They can't do what you've doneThere's a poet in the bathroom
And he's boring everyone
Newspaper reporters
Spoiling all the funWith their lies and crimes
And piles of rhymes
That don't help anyoneYou can't do what you've done
You can't do what you've done
You can't do what you've done
You can't do what you've doneWhat you've done
What you've done
What you've done
What you've done

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