

He Wasn't

Avril Lavigne

There's not much going on today
I'm really bored, it's getting late
What happened to my Saturday?
Monday's coming, the day I hate, ate
Sit on the bed alone
Staring at the phone
He wasn't what I wanted, what I thought, no
He wouldn't even open up the door
He never made me feel like I was special
He isn't really what I'm looking for
This is when I start to bite my nails
And clean my room when all else fails
I think it's time for me to bail
This point of view is getting stale, ale
Sit on the bed alone
Staring at the phone
He wasn't what I wanted, what I thought, no
He wouldn't even open up the door
He never made me feel like I was special
He isn't really what I'm looking for
We've all got choices
We've all got voices
Stand up, make some noise
Stand up, make some noise
Sit on the bed alone
Staring at the phone
He wasn't what I wanted, what I thought, no
He wouldn't even open up the door
He never made me feel like I was special
He isn't really what I'm looking for
He wasn't what I wanted, what I thought, no
He wouldn't even open up the door
He never made me feel like I was special
Like I was special, 'cause I was special

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