

Feel the Envy

Franz Ferdinand

I can't seem to feel the envy, I should feel
Or maybe I don't need the sour side of love, of love
No, I don't care his breath is in your hair
Well, I don't care his skin is still
Between the still on fold of your sheets
Send him away
Send him away, send him away
Send him away, send him away
I don't mean to claim or own you or maybe I would like to
But I need whatever side of love is there
No, I don't care his breath is in your hair
Well, I don't care his skin is still
Between the still on fold of your sheets
From the fold of your sheets
Send him away
Send him away, send him away
Send him away, send him away
Send him away, send him away
Send him away, send him away

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