

# Stumble

## Natasha Bedingfield

I'm not the kind of girl you bring you to mother  
I'm not the kind of girl you kiss in public  
My manners leave a lot to be desired  
At least I'm not a liar  
And I'm not about the subtle innuendo  
More likely to throw rocks up at your window  
Won't walk on eggshells so you don't hear  
The crazy things I'm saying when you get near me  
I'd rather disappear than be faking it, anyway  
You like me, yeah, I know it  
You're so transparent  
How you stumble 'round those words so well?  
"You like me", there I said it  
Don't need a dictionary helping me  
'Cause I can spell  
My foot was in my mouth the day I met you  
All my friends they said I'd never get you  
But they don't know it when they see it  
They need glasses to believe it  
They don't understand, so be it  
What can I say anyway?  
You like me, yeah, I know it  
You're so transparent  
How you stumble 'round those words so well?  
  
"You like me", there I said it  
Don't need a dictionary helping me  
'Cause I can tell  
By the way you turn me on  
To your favorite band  
By the way you pour me coffee  
When I'm too tired to stand  
The way you lift me up when I'm fading  
Breathe me in when I'm suffocating  
Don't say that it's just because you can  
And don't be stupid, thinking I've misjudged you  
I know enough to know when someone trusts you  
Why fight it now? It isn't gonna hurt you anyway  
You like me and I know it

You're so transparent  
How you stumble 'round those words so well?  
"You like me", there I said it  
Don't need a dictionary helping me  
'Cause I can spell  
You like me, yeah, I know it  
You're so transparent  
How you stumble 'round those words?  
How you stumble?

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