

If I Faltered Slightly Twice

Of Montreal

If I faltered slightly twice
Singling a double or botching a landing
If that was my routine, it was torture I know that it's not an understatement
No wedding to you, won't have trouble understanding
You're the biggest lie of all, I told to myself
And now we're being honest There was something in your bed
While you were sleeping, there, in your friend's bed
Not quite the person you were in love with I know that it's not an understatement
No wedding to you, won't have trouble understanding
You're the biggest lie of all, I told to myself
And now we're being honest I used to think I had somebody watching over me

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