The Book

Juan Fourcade

I read your book and I find it strange
That I know that girl and I know her world
A little too well
And I didn't know by giving my hand
That I would be written down, sliced around
Passed down among strangers' handsThree days in Rome
Where do we go?
I'll always remember
Three days in RomeNever again would I see your face
You carry a pen and a paper
And no time and no words you waste
Oh, you're a voyeur the worst kind of thief
To take what happened to us to write down everything
That went on between you and meOh, three days in Rome
And I stand alone
I'll always remember
Three days in RomeAnd what do I get 'til I get revenge
While you lay it all out without any doubt
Of how this would end
Sometimes it goes and sometimes we come
To learn by mistake that the love you once made
Can't be undoneOh, three days in Rome
I laid my heart out
I laid my soul down alone
I'll always remember
Three days in Rome

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