

# Sober

## Halfcocked

Bought my lover a new best friend  
To get him out of the rut he's in  
Eight hundred options to squish through and  
He hasn't bid on a single brand But you're not what I want  
And I'm not what you need  
Your order a million colors  
But you can't exchange me Well, I'm tuning in, to hear what he told her  
And I'm one day off, from over exposure  
How can I just sit back  
When I'm two days closer to being passed over  
And I'm not in love  
When I'm sober, I'm sober, I'm sober, I'm sober I bought my lover an open book  
He couldn't bother to take a look But you're not what I want  
And I'm not what you need  
You take back a million words  
But you can't erase me Well, I'm tuning in, to hear what he told her  
And I'm one day off, from over exposure  
How can I just sit back  
When I'm two days closer to being passed over  
And I'm not in love  
When I'm sober, I'm sober, I'm sober, I'm sober, hey And I'm tuning in, to hear what he told her  
And I'm one day off, from over exposure  
How can I just sit back  
When I'm two days closer to being passed over  
And I'm not in love  
When I'm sober, I'm sober, I'm sober, I'm sober, sober

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