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 brandBut you're not what I want
And I'm not what you need
Your order a million colors
But you can't exchange meWell, 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 soberI bought my lover an open book
He couldn't bother to take a lookBut you're not what I want
And I'm not what you need
You take back a million words
But you can't erase meWell, 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, heyAnd 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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