CheaterCheaterBestFriendEater

Never Shout Never

Yeah, you sure broke my heart last week,
When you said you had slept with him.
I know you called, I got them all.La, da, da, da, da, da.Girl, you better love what you got,
Before you go and give it away.But, don't say that I don't know you.
'Cause, oh, I know, all about your type.
You're the type of girl, that texts all day, and talks all night.
And, oh, I know, that you are feeling sad
I don't feel bad.
'Cause, even after three text messages, four missed calls,
You still slept with my best friend.Yeah, you sure got a lot of nerve,
To say that this was all my fault.
I know you called, I got them all.La, da, da, da, da, da.Girl, you better love what ya got,
Before you go, and give it away.But, don't say that I don't know you.
'Cause, oh, I know, all about your type.
You're the type of girl, that texts all day, and talks all night.
And, oh, I know, that you are feeling sad
I don't feel bad.
'Cause, even after three text messages, four missed calls,
You still slept with my best friend.So, I sing, rain, rain, go away, come again another day.
When I say, it's okay, to give a little hell to pay.
And, every single time you make your way into my sheets
The hours move to minutes,
The days turn, into weeks.
And, I know, you're so cool, but I must be a fool.
For taking you in, and letting you win control of my heart.
And every single time you make your way into my sheets,
The hours move to minutes,
The days turn into weeks.Rain, rain, go away, come again another day.
When I say, it's okay, to give a little hell, to pay.
And, every single time you make your way into my sheets
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And, every single time you make your way into my sheets,
The hours move to minutes,
The days turn into weeks.Oh, I know, all about your type.
You're the type of girl, that texts all day, and talks all night.
And, oh, I know, that you are feeling sad, I don't feel bad

'Cause, even after three text messages, four missed calls,
You still slept with my best friend.

Songwriters
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