

Stumble

Natasha Bedingfield

I'm not the kind of girl you bring to mother
I'm not the kind of girl you kiss in public
My manners leave a lot to be desired
At least in not a liar
I'm not about the subtle innuendo
More likely to throw rocks up at your window
Won't walk on eggshells
so you don't hear the crazy things
I'm saying when you get near me
I'd rather disappear than be faking it[Chorus]
Anyway, you like me yeah you know it
You're so transparent
How you stumble 'round those words so well
You like me there I said it
Don't need a dictionary helping me 'cause I can spell
My foot was in my mouth the day I met you
All my friends they said I'd never get you
But they don't know it when they see it
They need glasses to believe it
They don't understand so be it
What can I say anyway[Chorus]Bridge
By the way you turn me on to your favorite band
By the way you lift me up when I'm fading
Breathe me in when I'm suffocating
Don't say that it's just because you can
Don't be stupid thinking I've misjudged you
I know enough to now when someone trusts you
Why fight it now it isn't gonna hurt you

Songwriters

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