Mistress

Rebecca Ferguson

Walk on, yeah, walk on
Walk on, yeahI don't control the weather
Like I don't control your mind
I don't have my hands on time
But I'm pretty sure you're lyingSee your golden lips ain't sweet to me
And there's plenty more who plant their seed
Bet you've been out there
And met plenty of girls
Who would love to play your mistress for a weekThat ain't me (that ain't me) that ain't me, no no
That ain't me (that ain't me) that ain't me, no no
That ain't me (that ain't me) that ain't me, no no
That ain't me (that ain't me) that ain't me, no noSo walk on, yeah, walk on
So walk on, yeahScript ain't getting much better, no
Cause you slipped up twice
You're losing your shine boy
You're gonna pay the price!See your charm it doesn't work on me
Yeah, I've heard you got a family
Bet you've been out there
And met plenty of girls
Who would love to play your mistress for a weekThat ain't me (that ain't me) that ain't me, no no
That ain't me (that ain't me) that ain't me, no no
That ain't me (that ain't me) that ain't me, no no
That ain't me (that ain't me) that ain't me, no noAnd I think we've been here a couple of times
That same look, that same shirt, those same lies
But I've drawn my conclusion
You want me to be your bit on the side
I'm not somebody's foolThat ain't me, that ain't me, no no
That ain't me, that ain't me, no no
That ain't me (that ain't me) no no
No, that ain't me (that ain't me, no no)
That ain't me, no
That ain't me
That ain't me, that ain't me, no no no no no
That ain't me, that ain't me (no no)

Songwriters
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