

My 2 Cents (Live in Glasgow)

Caro Emerald

He's like a whip that doesn't crack
You'll take a sip and you're on your back
Those big blue eyes are hard to reach
So impossible, it makes you me
Like a guitar that cries for days
Seduces you in a thousand ways
You feel his dreams, now you're uptight
It makes any girl we can out of sight 'Cause he's not undercover, he walks past his lovers
And the others know there's no defense
There is no evidence
He creates an illusion that leads to confusion
And you give up your common sense
Well that's my two cents He's like a wall that's made of steel
Too cold to touch but not much to feel
His silent smile he shares with you
The tricks of the trade, he's glad to lose
Into thin air he disappears
Gives one last look and frozen leaf
Your heart for sure is good as gone
Love's a TV set that says it's nothing on 'Cause he's not undercover, he walks past his lovers
And the others know there's no defense
There is no evidence
He creates an illusion that leads to confusion
And you give up your common sense
Well that's my two cents There's no behind with the problems of a glint
All the coins dissipate when there are no fingerprints
Don't retrace your steps
'Cause his story's letting you
A one man casino
If you spin the wheel you lose 'Cause he's not undercover, he walks past his lovers
And the others know there's no defense
There is no evidence
He creates an illusion that leads to confusion
And you give up your common sense
Well that's my two cents

Songwriters

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