

# Nothing Better

## Playmen feat. Demy

Will someone please call a surgeon  
Who can crack my ribs and repair this broken heart  
That you're deserting for better company  
I can't accept that it's over  
And I will block the door like a goalie tending the net  
In the third quarter of a tied-game rivalry  
So, just say how to make it right  
And I swear I'll do my best to comply  
Tell me am I right to think that there could be nothing better  
Than making you my bride and slowly growing old together?  
I feel must I interject here  
You're getting carried away feeling sorry for yourself  
With these revisions and gaps in history  
So let me help you remember

I've made charts and graphs that should finally make it clear  
I've prepared a lecture on why I have to leave  
So please back away and let me go  
I can't my darling I love you so but oh, oh  
Tell me am I right to think that there could be nothing better  
Than making you my bride and slowly growing old together?  
Don't you feed me lines about some idealistic future  
Your heart won't heal right if you keep tearing out the sutures  
I know that I have made mistakes  
And I swear I'll never wrong you again  
You've got allure I can't deny  
But you've had your chance so say goodbye  
Say goodbye

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