

# Broken Hearted

Mats Bergmans

You make me nervous  
When you're flying around  
The secret service  
Couldn't track you down  
You tell me no then you kiss me  
You say hello then you ditch me  
You try to run when you see me  
I never knew  
What this dream is about  
You say let's go  
Then you're lost in the crowd  
I don't know where you're going  
You won't show then you're showing  
I don't know then I'm knowing  
You're always busy  
When I call on the phone  
I'm broken hearted  
Are you made out of stone?  
Snakes alive why you grievin'  
It's six to five and I'm leavin'  
I can't stand no more teasin'  
I wrote a letter, I couldn't get her  
Some other fella was going to tell her  
This kind of weather, you need a sweater  
It's getting wetter, drink Amaretto  
Light as a feather, ain't no one better  
You wearing leather, ain't nothing better  
I'm going to rent a, Spiffy Lambretta  
I want to wed her the day I met her  
Love me, hug me, shove me  
You blow me away  
You bug me, snub me, club me  
You fill me with with praise  
You tell me this way or that way  
But take it thin way or fat way  
I say, "It's my way or highway"  
You're always busy  
When I call on the phone  
I'm broken hearted

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