

Stumble

Natasha Bedingfield

I'm not the kind of girl you bring you to mother
I'm not the kind of girl you kiss in public
My manners leave a lot to be desired
At least I'm not a liar And 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, anyway You like me, yeah, I 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? You like me, yeah, I 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 tell By the way you turn me on
To your favorite band
By the way you pour me coffee
When I'm too tired to stand 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 And don't be stupid, thinking I've misjudged you
I know enough to know when someone trusts you
Why fight it now? It isn't gonna hurt you anyway You like me and I 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 You like me, yeah, I know it
You're so transparent
How you stumble 'round those words?
How you stumble?

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