Some Things

For the Foxes

I'm not gonna whisper bad words on a Sunday,
Or curse your name at the river
To make me feel much better.
I'm not gonna keep it; your dirty little secret.
Where we made love on the weekends,
I'm telling everybody.

Some people don't ever change.
Not every single Valentines Day will be great.

So find your little Cupid.
I think that fucker is stupid.
You guys should get together
And make his cheeks turn redder.
I won't be surprised if I find our lip locked picture.
You weren't a good kisser.
I'll cut you up with scissors.

Some people don't ever change.
And not every single Valentine's Day can be great.
Some things don't wash away.

So I'm just gonna wander the streets of New York City
In hopes to find someone pretty
Who won't remind me of you.

Some people don't ever change, no.
Not every single Valentine's Day will be great.
Some things don't wash away.

Lyrics submitted by dvmoo.

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