

Objection (Afro-Punk Version)

Shakira

It's not her fault she's so irresistible
But all the damage she's caused isn't fixable
Every twenty seconds you repeat her name
But when it comes to me you don't care
If I'm alive or dead So objection I don't want to be the exception
To get a bit of your attention
I love you for free and I'm not your mother
But you don't even bother Objection I'm tired of this triangle
Got dizzy dancing tango
I'm falling apart in your hands again
No way I've got to get away Next to her cheap silicon I look minimal
That's why in front of your eyes I'm invisible
But you gotta know small things also count
You better put your feet on the ground
And see what it's about Objection I don't want to be the exception
To get a bit of your attention
I love you for free and I'm not your mother
But you don't even bother Objection I'm tired of this triangle
Got dizzy dancing tango
I'm falling apart in your hands again
No way I've got to get away I wish there was a chance for you and me
I wish you couldn't find a place to be
Away from here This is pathetic and sardonic
Its sadistic and psychotic
Tango is not for three
Was never meant to be But you can try it
Rehearse it
Or train like a horse
But don't you count on me
Don't you count on me boy Objection I don't want to be the exception
To get a bit of your attention
I love you for free and I'm not your mother
But you don't even bother Objection I'm tired of this triangle
Got dizzy dancing tango
I'm falling apart in your hands again
No way I've got to get away get away
get away
eh, eh, eh get away
I'm falling apart in your hands again

get away
I'm falling apart in your hands again
get away

Songwriters

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