

Sweet dreams my LA. ex

Rachel Stevens

Hey, hang your red gloves up
'Cause there's nothing left to prove now
Hey, hang your red gloves up baby
No-one cares but you What planet are you from?
Accuse me of things that I never done
Listen to you carrying on
Cheating another love song If I were in your shoes
I'd whisper before I shout
Can't you stop playing that record again
Find somebody else to talk about
If I were in your shoes
I'd worry of the effects
You've had your say but now its my turn
Sweet dreams my LA ex We've had it on full steam
'Til the light comes back to you now
Hey, is it all it seems, is it
All you dreamed and more? What planet are you from?
Accuse me of things that I never done
Listen to you carrying on
Cheating another love song If I were in your shoes
I'd whisper before I shout
Can't you stop playing that record again
Find somebody else to talk about
If I were in your shoes
I'd worry of the effects
You've had your say but now its my turn
Sweet dreams my LA ex Does it make you feel a man
Pointing the finger because you can
I spell it loud and clear
Baby that tongue's not welcome around here You turn the city round (L.A.X.)
D'you think I give a damn (L.A.X.)
D'you think that I'm the fairer (S-E-X)
Sweet dreams, my LA ex If I were in your shoes
I'd whisper before I shout
Can't you stop playing that record again
Find somebody else to talk about (to talk about)
If I were in your shoes (hey yeah yeah)
I'd worry of the effects
You've had your say but now its my turn

Sweet dreams my LA ex

Songwriters

DENNIS, CATHY/KARLSSON, CHRISTIAN/WINNBERG, PONTUS
Published by
Lyrics © Sony/ATV Music Publishing LLC, BMG RIGHTS MANAGEMENT US, LLC Song Discussions is
protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnyrics.com/>