

Fun

Booker T. Jones

Fun
Umm,
Hold on 1 minute
Fun

Hello, Hi yeah it's me.
Yeah look I'm going 2 b home again late OK, alright yeah bye-bye.

[Chorus]
This isn't my idea of fun
Say I'm not going to be the one
This isn't my idea of fun at all at all at all at all at all

Love is meant to be so beautiful
Unconditional has it downs as well as highs
So wonderful
Am I supposed to be amazed
Or is this compulsory
I know love to well
My mind drifts alone
You never comes with me.
This isn't my idea of fun
Oh No

[Chorus]
I try to do this us, we
But this must be yeah a funny kinda of happy
Because lately I find me lacking in stories and yearning
Of wanting to be home and in your presence again
I find myself staying or just out delaying.
I'm tired of this lying all this false smiling
We're just prolonging and faith avoiding
I'm not the one y'all.
This ain't fun no.

[Chorus]
I had a complex for compliments for offering, for nice comments
For interest

Yeah for attention
In fact paranoia became an indiction
I tried to show affection in so many ways.
I'm gazing into eyes and with overnight stays
I'm cooking nice meals
Phone calls in the days
This ain't my way
This ain't fun.
Where's the fun gone?

Love is meant to be so beautiful
Unconditional has it downs as well as highs
So Wonderful
Am I supposed to be amazed
Or is this compulsory
I know love to well
My mind drifts alone
And when I go away.
You never comes with me.
This isn't my idea of fun
Oh No

I'm not this one
I'm not going to be the one.

It's not mine

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