

She Don't Write Songs

Macy Gray

She may be pretty, got more money than me
But she don't write songs about you
She's always cooking and studying books and
But she don't write songs about you
There's a place that's good for me
Got money skies and fruity trees
And trust me love is on the way
Baby baby, satisfaction fills the air
And holds me close like teddy bears
And it's a sunshiny day
Even when it's cold and dark outside
Inside the sexy people screaming that
They love me 'cause I'm Macy Gray
Crazy crazy, when the party never ends
And all the angels are my friends
They see me they say, "Hey hey"

She may be pretty, got more money than me
But she don't write songs about you
She's always cooking and studying books and
But she don't write songs about you
In this place the things I cherish
Last forever and whoever enters
Has a song to sing, they go
La la la
La la la
La la la

Even when it's cold and dark outside
Inside the sexy people screaming that
They love me 'cause I'm Macy Gray
Crazy crazy, when the party never ends
And all the angels are my friends
They see me they say, "Hey hey"

She may be pretty got more money than me
But she don't write songs about you
She may be smarter, her bosoms are larger
But she don't write songs about you
She'll give you good head and she'll make up your bed
But she don't write songs about you

You think she's for you but she'll only bore you
But she don't write songs about you
'My Cherie Amour', 'Looking at the Front Door'
'Sweet Thang', 'Baby Hit Me One More Time'
'Betcha Think This Song Is About You'
Couldn't-a wrote it without you, it goes, la la la
It goes, la la la
Crazy crazy
MJ in the house
MJ in the house
She may be pretty got more money than me
But she don't write songs about you
It's all about you baby, this songs about you baby
She don't write songs about you
She'll do your dishes and feed all your fishes
But she don't write songs about you
You'll think she's for you but she'll only bore you
She don't write songs about you
She'll give you good head and she'll make up the bed
But she don't write songs about you
She'll do your dishes and feed all your fishes
She don't write songs about you
She don't write about you
They go, la la la

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