Amy

Short Stack

Spent all last night on the telephone Just to tell you your favourite song's on the radio And I hoped you might come home with my t-shirt on and nothing underneath You said oh boy I'd rather leave Oh Amy It's what you do to me I met all my friends on the interstate Blasting Billie Jean on the stereo Talking 'bout in highschool how We swore we'd never turn our back we did We said we'd drown out to the sea Oh Amy Your my favourite disease And we said It's what you do to me That makes me feel so numb We'll call it tragedy We'll never see the sun Rise over New York City Oh my god you look so pretty then You see It's what you do to me Spent all my cash on comic books So I took my VCR to the rodeo Built a home of sticks and stones On a one way trip to where I'd rather be You said you loved our fantasy Oh Amy It's how it's supposed to be And we said It's what you do to me That makes me feel so numb We'll call it tragedy We'll never see the sun Rise over New York City Oh my god you look so pretty then

You see

And im singing like a stolen mile of the ocean
Cutting your name an inch into my chest, my chest
And I wish I shook you up like a can of cherry soda
Wish I took a pump what could of been
Sounding like it is it always is playing it never inches could end this

It's what you do to me
that makes me feel so numb
We'll call it tragedy
We'll never see the sun
Rise over New York City
Oh my god you look so pretty then

You see

It's what you do to me
Spent all last night on the telephone
Just to tell you your favourite song's on the radio
And I hoped you might come home with my t-shirt on and nothing underneath
You said you'd love me but you'd leave

(Yeah Yeah Yeah)

Oh Amy it's what you do to me
(It's what you do to me)
Oh Amy it's what you do to me
(Yeah Yeah Yeah)

Oh Amy it's what you do to me

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by https://damnlyrics.com/