

# November Number 3 (feat. Fanny Bloom)

## Misteur Valaire

And it's not a lie  
It's not a big suprise  
I don't want you to cry  
For me, boyLook what you did to me  
I no longer can bleed  
What you did to me  
Was pretencious and mean  
And to do what you did  
God! I must be naive boyIt's a little unfair  
'Cause I know we both kids  
Might have kicked at your cool  
And made you a fool  
Did exactly the same  
When you published my name, boyAnd it's not a lie  
It's not a big suprise  
I don't want you to cry  
For me, boyLook at your hungry hand  
They're all over the place  
Taking all that is free  
When you'll you will see  
You'll have to change your way  
This is no way to live, boyLook what you did to me  
Purple stains on my heart  
You're a bad fantasy  
But killing you is hard  
Enough with dog eyed look  
Pack your shit, you are done, boyAnd it's not a lie  
It's not a big suprise  
I don't want you to cry  
For me, boyAnd it's not a lie  
It's not a big suprise  
I don't want you to cry  
For me, boy