

November Number 3

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, boy
And it's not a lie
It's not a big suprise
I don't want you to cry
For me, boy
Look 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, boy
And 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

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