

Little Miss Obsessive

Ashlee Simpson

Woah, woah
(That side of your bed is still mine)
Woah, woah, woah
(That side of your bed is still mine)
Am I the reason why you tossed and turned last night?
Everything is such a blur, it didn't come out right
All of a sudden it's cold and we're falling apart
No this can't be please don't leave me alone in the dark
And I guess, we're really over
So come over, I'm not over it
And I guess we're really over
So come over, I'm not over it
Late night you make me feel
Like I'm desperate, I'm not desperate
A little bit possessive
Little miss obsessive, can't get over it
Woah, woah
(That side of your bed is still mine)
Woah, woah, woah
(That side of your bed is still mine)
I never been a fan of long goodbye's, I'm at the finishing line
And you're just way too far behind in the morning
I got in the fight with myself, I got the bruises to prove it
Then I swallowed your words and I spit them right back out
And I guess we're really over
So come over, I'm not over it
And I guess we're really over
So come over, I'm not over it
Late night you make me feel
Like I'm desperate, I'm not desperate
A little bit possessive

Little miss obsessive, can't get over it
Now it's like a fairy tale without a happy ending
But then again maybe we are just pretending
Why does it have to be so unfair?
Tell me that you care
And I guess we're really over
So come over, I'm not over it

And I guess we're really over
So come over, I'm not over it
Little miss
(Woah)
Little miss
(Woah)
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Little miss obsessive
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