

# My 2 Cents

Caro Emerald

He's like a whip that doesn't crack  
You'll take a sip and you're on your back  
Those big blue eyes are hard to reach  
So impossible, it makes you me  
Like a guitar that cries for days  
Seduces you in a thousand ways  
You feel his dreams, now you're uptight  
It makes any girl we can out of sight 'Cause he's not undercover, he walks past his lovers  
And the others know there's no defense  
There is no evidence  
He creates an illusion that leads to confusion  
And you give up your common sense  
Well that's my two cents He's like a wall that's made of steel  
Too cold to touch but not much to feel  
His silent smile he shares with you  
The tricks of the trade, he's glad to lose  
Into thin air he disappears  
Gives one last look and frozen leaf  
Your heart for sure is good as gone  
Love's a TV set that says it's nothing on 'Cause he's not undercover, he walks past his lovers  
And the others know there's no defense  
There is no evidence  
He creates an illusion that leads to confusion  
And you give up your common sense  
Well that's my two cents There's no behind with the problems of a glint  
All the coins dissipate when there are no fingerprints  
Don't retrace your steps  
'Cause his story's letting you  
A one man casino  
If you spin the wheel you lose 'Cause he's not undercover, he walks past his lovers  
And the others know there's no defense  
There is no evidence  
He creates an illusion that leads to confusion  
And you give up your common sense  
Well that's my two cents

Songwriters

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