Distractions

Sia

Fancy, a big house
Some kids and a horse
I cannot cry
But nearly guarantee a divorce
I think that I love you
I think that I do
So go on Mister
Make Miss Me, Mrs. You
I love you, I love you, I love you, I do
I only make jokes to distract myself
From the truth, from the truth
Fancy, a fast car
A bag full of loot
I can nearly guarantee

You'll end up with the boot
I love you, I love you, I love you, I do
I only make jokes to distract myself
From the truth, from the truth
I love you, I love you, I love you, I love
I only make jokes to distract myself
From the truth, from the truth
I love you, I love you, I love you, I do
I only make jokes to distract myself
From the truth, from the truth
From the truth, from the truth
From the truth, from the truth

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