

Lent you outsidaz and my new Badu
while I was thinking you didn't have a clue
tough to sort files with your voice in my head
So then I bribed you downstairs with a Malboro red
so now I feel so small discovering you knew
How much more torture would you have put me through?
you probably saw me laughing at all your jokes
or how I did not mind when you stole all my smokes

And although my pride is not easily disturbed
you sent me flying when you kicked me to the kerb
With you battered jeans and your beastie tee
Now I can't work like this with you next to me

And although he is nothing in the scheme of my years
it just serves to blugdeon my futile tears
And I'm not use to this, I observe, I don't chase
So now I'm stuck with consequences, thrust in my face
And the melodramas of my day delivery blows
that surpass your rejection it just goes to show
a simple attraction that reflects right back to me
so I'm not as into you as I appear to be

And although my pride's not easily disturbed
you sent me flying when you kicked me to the kerb
With you battered jeans and your beastie tee
Now I can't work like this with you next to me

His message was brutal but the delivery was kind
maybe if I get this down I'll get it off my mind
It serves to condition me and smoothen mi kinks
despite my frustration for the way that he thinks
and I knew the truth, when it came, would be to that effect
At least you're attracted to me which I did not expect
didn't think you get my number down and such
but I never hated myself for my age so much

And although my pride's not easily disturbed
you sent me flying when you kicked me to the kerb
With you battered jeans and your beastie tee