

Bright Eyes, I'm Sorry For Being Such A Crappy F

You came to me yesterday
And you were feeling small
And you come to me today
Because no one seems to
Like your style at all
And you'll be back tomorrow
When you've had it up to here
But you know, I hope you know
That when it's you and me there is no fear
And why is the fact so much easier to believe?
We've both admitted this
So how can it still persist?
And it should come to one of us has to leave
I promise you, that it won't be you
No it won't be you
And it won't be, I promise you
That it won't be you
No it won't be you
And it won't be you