

# Cousteau, Wish You Were Her

It's not your style  
to live and let live  
the less that i need  
the more that you give

On a runaway train  
over and over again  
I'm getting used to you  
I'm getting used to you...

But I wish you were here  
I wish you were her  
like nobody else in the world

Wish you were here  
wish you were her  
wish you were here  
wish you were her

You always leave  
but you never go  
the more that i need  
the less that i know

We fell out of the sky  
fighting the tears in our eyes  
I'm getting over you  
I'm getting over you...