

# Daniel Powter, My So Called Life

Running late, in my hit at my coffee table  
then I run out of gas  
I heard the count but ended up in the middle of nowhere  
and someone stole all my cash  
guess,guess  
oh what a tango way by wave  
I've got no tricks that left on my sleeves  
I've tossed my head into the rain

I've got it bad  
you've got it even worse now  
let's put our heads together  
and reverse the curse

I've dressed up but slip into the muddy water  
the stages just ain't going right  
bottom vices always need be strict to crisis  
that's my so called life.life,life

oh what a tango way by wave  
I've got no tricks that left on my sleeves  
I've tossed my head to the rain

I've got it bad  
you've got it even worse now  
let's put our heads together  
and reverse the curse

I'm all out of lock  
or raising running out of me  
I'm all all screwed up  
but there's no place I rather be

oh, I've got it bad  
you've got it even worse now  
baby we put our heads together  
and reverse the curse

oh, I've got it good (I've got it good now)  
you've even got it better now  
baby we put our heads together  
and reverse the curse  
yes we reverse the curse  
so my so called life