

Dido, Don't Think Of Me

So you're with her
and not with me
I hope she's sweet
and so pretty
I hear she cooks delightfully
a little angel beside you
So you're with her
and not with me
Oh how lucky one man can be
I hear your house
is small and clean
Oh how lovely with your homecoming queen
Oh how lovely it must be

When you see her sweet smile baby
Don't think of me
When she lays in your warm arms
Don't think of me

So you're with her
and not with me
I know she spreads sweet honey
In fact your best friend
I heard he spent last night with her
Now how do you feel

When you see her sweet smile baby
Don't think of me
When she lays in your warm arms
Don't think of me

And it's too late and it's too bad
Don't think of me
Oh it's too late and it's too bad
Don't think of me

Does it bother you now all the mess I made
Does it bother you now the clothes you told me not to wear
Does it bother you now all the angry games we played
Does it bother you now when I'm not there

When you see her sweet smile baby
Don't think of me
When she lays in your warm arms
Don't think of me

And it's too late and it's too bad
Don't think of me
Oh it's too late and it's too bad
Don't think of me