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