

John Mayer, Perfect Sense

Sometimes I wish that I was the weather
You'd bring me up in conversation forever
And when it rains I'd be the talk of the day
Oh sometimes, I wish that I was a cold beer
I'd rest assure that you would hold me near
I'd be guaranteed to be just what you need
And there could be no other way 'cause you're so,
you're so lame
Your tired words are all, all the same
And I would walk, yeah I'd surely walk away
If I wasn't such a sucker for you
Sometimes I wish that I was a bong hit
You'd let me in and you would love every minute
And tell the room the things I did to you
And there could be no other way 'cause your so lame
Your tired words are all, tired words are all the same
I would walk, you know I'd surely walk away
If I wasn't such a sucker for you
I see a world with rosy-colored glasses on
Want to write what I see wrong
I could never have that power over you
Someday I'm gonna pack up and leave this town
Im gonna get my own things going on
And when I do, I will forget about how....
You're so lame,
Tired words are all the same
I would walk, you know I'd walk away
If I wasn't such a sucker for you
I wasn't such a sucker for you
I wasn't such a sucker for you