

# Lostprophets, Sweet Dreams My L.A Ex

Hey, Hang your red gloves up  
'Cause there's nothing left to prove now  
Hey, Hang your red gloves up  
Baby, No-one cares but you  
What planet are you from  
Accuse me of things that I never done  
Listen to you carrying on  
Cheating another love song.

If I we're in your shoes  
I'd whisper before I shout  
Can't you stop playing that record again  
Find somebody else to talk about  
If I were in your shoes  
I'd worry of the effects  
You've had your say but now its my turn  
Sweet dreams my L.A Ex.

We've had it on full steam  
'Til the light comes back to you now  
Hey, Is it all it seems  
Is it all you dreamed and more  
What planet are you from  
Accuse me of things that I never done  
Listen to you carrying on  
Cheating another love song.

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Does it make you feel the man  
Pointing the finger because you can  
I spare it loud and clear  
Baby, That tongues not welcome around here.

You turned the city round (L.A Ex)  
Do you think I give a damn (L.A Ex)  
Do you think that I'm the fairer (S-E-X)  
Sweet dreams my L.A Ex.

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