

Matthew Sweet, Back To You

You come looking for protection
A revolver in your hand
And that puts it in a language
That I think I understand.
Don't need to concentrate
To push it through.
You know you've sent it
'Cause I'm coming back to you.
Anybody with a brain will tell you
That you cannot win,
But just ask the brainless wonder
Living underneath my skin.
I'll tell you anything
But what is true.
No sense in giving in,
I'm coming back to you,
Back to you.

(Solo)

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