

Of Montreal, If I Faltered Slightly Twice

If I faltered slightly twice singling a double or
Botching a landing if that was my routine it
Was Torture
I know that it's not an understatement there
Will be no wedding to you, I wont have
Trouble understanding
You're the biggest lie of all I told to myself

And now we're being honest
There was something in your bed while you
Were sleeping there in your friend's bed
Not quite the person you were in love with
I used to think I had somebody watching
Over me