

# 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