

# Someone Still Loves You Boris Yeltsin, What'll W

What will we do?  
What will we do, girl?  
Everything's a mess,  
Cause when I touch your arm, I can tell.  
Caught in this static,  
I think its your heart, cause you don't want me around.  
Stats are in the doubt,  
But you have to work now, so get out of bed.

What will we do?  
What will we do?  
Lucky crash, out of cash, we're in the poor house.  
Honey pie, don't 'cha cry, we're still together.  
Like so many, we're facing the weather.  
Honey pie, you know I'll love you forever.

Stats are in the doubt,  
but you have to work now, so get out of bed.  
Caught in this old room,  
I think its your heart, but you already know.  
What were we thinking?  
What were we thinking.

Everything's a mess,  
Cause when I touch your arm, I can tell.  
You'll have to sell your car.  
Cause when I touch your arm, I can tell...