

Anika Paris, It's About

Always been a sucker for a broken heart
Jesse won't you come back home
Nothing ever turns out the way you think
It's about you, it's about me
It's about everybody's history
It's a sad sad story and the same old song
Whatever seems right always turns out wrong
Mothers and fathers and sisters and brothers
What would other people say
Chorus It's about love, it's about hate when you lose your faith
It's about truth, it's about lies that you just can't hide
It's about joy, it's about pain, is there something to gain
It's about black, it's about white
It's everything we learn in life
Wish at times I didn't give a damn
I guess I'm gonna head out west
Trade my old collection of records and things
Get a new car, get a new guy
Get a new lease on life
Still it's the same old story
And that worn out song
Do we ever really know what's going on
Mothers and fathers and sisters and brothers
What would other people say
Chorus
Doesn't matter anymore what you think I think
I'm gonna believe
Cause I believe I'll fall in love again, in love again
So you think I'm damned before you
Well it's time you give it up
I've had enough of wasted love thrown in my face
Chorus