

Ashlee Simpson Feat. Tom Higgenson, Little Miss

Woah, woah, woah
(And some of you better steal mine)
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Am I the reason why you tossed and turned last night?
Every thing's such a blur, it didn't come out right
All of a sudden it's cold and we're falling apart
No, this can't be, please don't leave me alone in the dark
And I guess we're really over, so come over, I'm not over it
And I guess we're really over, so come over, I'm not over it
Late night you make me feel like I'm desperate, I'm not desperate
Oh, a little bit possessive, little miss obsessive, can't get over it
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I've never been a fan of long goodbyes
I'm at the finish line and you're just way too far behind
In the morning I got in a fight with myself, I got the bruises to prove it
Then I swallowed your words and spit them right back out

And I guess we're really over, come over, I'm not over it
And I guess we're really over, so come over, I'm not over it
Late night you make me feel like I'm desperate, I'm not desperate
Oh, a little bit possessive, little miss obsessive, can't get over it, no
It's like a fairy tale without a happy ending
But then again maybe we are just pretending
Why does it have to be so unfair?
Tell me that you care
And I guess we're really over, but come over, I'm not over it
And I guess we're really over, so come over, I'm not over it, oh
Little miss woah, little miss woah, little miss woah, little miss obsessive
Little miss woah, little miss woah, little miss woah, little miss obsessive
Late night you make me feel like I'm desperate, I'm not desperate, oh
A little bit possessive, little miss obsessive, can't get over it, no
Woah, woah, woah
(And some of you better steal mine)
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