

# Babyface, Diary

I found her diary underneath a tree.  
And started reading about me  
The words she's written took me by surprise  
You'd never read them in her eyes.  
They said that she had found the love she waited for.  
Wouldn't you know it, she wouldn't show it.

When she confronted with the writing there,  
Simply pretended not to care.  
I passed it off as just in keeping with  
Her total disconcerting air  
And though she tried to hide  
The love that she denied,  
Wouldn't you know it, she wouldn't show it.  
And as I go through my life, I will give to her my wife  
All the sweet things that I can find.

I found her diary underneath a tree.  
And started reading about me.  
The words began stick and tears to flow.  
Her meaning now was clear to see.  
The love she'd waited for was someone else not me  
Wouldn't you know it, she wouldn't show it.

And as I go through my life, I will wish for her his wife  
All the sweet things that she can find  
All the sweet things they can find