

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