

# Cold Shoulder, Adele

You say it's all in my head  
And the things I think  
Just don't make sense  
So where you been then?  
Don't go all coy  
Don't turn it round on me  
Like it's my fault  
See I can see  
That look in your eyes  
The one that shoots me  
Each and every time  
You grace me  
With your cold shoulder  
Whenever you look at me  
I wish I was her  
You shower me with words  
Made of knives  
Whenever you look at me  
I wish I was her  
These days when I see you  
You make it look  
Like see-through  
Do tell me why  
You waste our time  
When your heart  
Ain't admitting  
You're not satisfied  
You know I know  
Just how you feel  
I'm starting to find myself  
Feeling that way too  
You grace me  
With your cold shoulder  
Whenever you look at me  
I wish I was her  
You shower me with words  
Made of knives  
Whenever you look at me  
I wish I was her  
Time and time again  
I play the role of fool  
(Just for you)  
Even in the daylight  
When you  
(I see you)  
Try to look for things  
I hear  
But our eyes never find  
'Though I do know how you play  
You grace me  
With your cold shoulder  
Whenever you look at me  
I wish I was her  
You shower me with words  
Made of knives  
Whenever you look at me  
I wish I was her  
You grace me  
With your cold shoulder  
Whenever you look at me  
I wish I was her  
You shower me with words  
Made of knives  
Whenever you look at me

I wish I was her