

Everything But The Girl, Two Star

Well it's not for me to say,
But I can't see what you see in him anyway.
But such righteousness in me
Is not a nice thing to display,
And who am I for cristsakes anyway
To judge a life this way

When my own's in disarray?

I watch Saturday kids' TV
With the sound turned down.
I leave food on the eiderdown.
All my thoughts pushed underground.

Maybe you're happy
- everyone says you are.
You drive around on two star,
You leave your life ajar,
And God knows you deserve it.
Bad luck follows everyone.

So go on, and stop listening to me.
Stop listening to me.
And don't ask me how I feel.
Don't ask me how I feel.

So it's not for me to say,
Because I change my mind from day to day,
And when I look at you
I only see bits of myself anyway.

So go on, and stop listening to me.
Stop lisening to me.
And don't ask me what to say,
Or to judge a life this way

When my own's in disarray.