

Franz Ferdinand, Your Diary

Suddenly you will believe me
What more was it that I could be (is you will believe me)
The year two-thousand
I'll be back in the dole
Single but free
The best well ever be
You're love --
Oh I'm alone in your room
There on the floor, there's a little black book
You left it there on the floor
You left it and I opened it

Your diary, your diary, it's open and inviting me back
Your diary, your diary, it's open and inviting me back - I'm back

Why you loved him
He's asking you why you loved him
He's asking you why you loved him
But you couldn't say why you loved him
Ohhh
But he gave you a list
Of all the reason why he did
And you couldn't reply
But you could say that you did

Your diary, your diary, it's open and inviting me back
Your diary, your diary, it's open and inviting me back - I'm back

His lips like petals
Unfurling from a bud
I could have ripped page and petals
Ripped to the blood
But I didn't and don't
Want you ever to read
Any diary of mine
And word I may leave

Your diary, your diary, it's open and inviting me back
Your diary, your diary, it's open and inviting me back
Your diary, your diary, it's open and inviting me back - I'm back
Your diary, your diary, it's open and inviting me back - I'm back