

# 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 rason 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