

Halfcocked, Sober

Bought my lover a new best friend
To get him out of the rut he's in
800 options to pick through and
He hasn't bid on a single brand
But you're not
What I want
And I'm not
What you need
Order a
Million colors
But you can't
Exchange me
And I'm tuning in
To hear what he told her
And I'm one day off
From over-exposure
How can I just sit back when I'm 2 days closer to being passed over
And I'm not in love
When I'm sober, I'm sober, I'm sober
Got my lover an open book
He couldn't bother to take a look
But you're not
What I want
And I'm not
What you need
Take back
A million words
But you can't
Erase me
And I'm tuning in
To hear what he told her
And I'm one day off
From over-exposure
How can I just sit back when I'm 2 days closer to being passed over
And I'm not in love
When I'm sober, I'm sober, I'm sober