

# Her Space Holiday, My Girlfriend's Boyfriend

I'm picking up the phone and putting down this pen  
To let you know I'm writing you again  
But it's not the same the names have all changed  
And my best friend and ex girlfriend aren't to blame  
I did this myself it's a sick cry for help  
But it doesn't mean the situation's clean  
Additional stress that will come from the press  
The mess I made putting my life on parade  
Now the writers can say "we were right all along  
You can't make someone love you with a song"

And you don't know me  
But you owe me  
A little time to find some peace of mind  
And when you hold me  
I'm not so lonely  
It will be difficult to leave this life behind

My sister always said that hardships come in two's  
A funeral and break up afternoon  
There is really no good time for anyone to leave  
In a couple weeks I'll get my chance to grieve  
And hopefully by then my mind will be all clear  
And I can cry for the reasons that I'm there  
Not for the all things that are happening at home  
The church was filled but I was still alone  
But this is not a ploy to gain some sympathy  
I made this bed and now it's time to sleep

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But you owe me  
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It's such a shame that the blame has somehow shifted to you  
We're both aware, through the years, that I've been messed up too  
And I shouldn't talk I should stop, I'm digging deeper holes  
It just feels strange that I sing songs for another girl