

Inna, Not My Baby

it's not the way it was before
his touch was heaven
I remember

but every rose it
has it's thorn
before you know
you prick a finger

two truths one lie
don't really need it
no not tonight
these words, nice try
don't even mean it
it ain't a secret that

he's not my baby, my baby, my baby now
he's not my baby, wouldn't let me down
I feel for those eyes one too many times
he's not my baby, my baby, my baby now

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he's not my baby, my baby, my baby now

he was the perfect kind rain
the kind that comes but never lingers
he know exactly what to say
to only paint you half the picture

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