

Lisa Miskovsky, Sweet Misery

Plug it in, take it back,
Pull my head out
And don't doubt the way that you feel
Shove it in, you can win
No-one answers the dancers
I'm ready to deal
Maybe this is all a joke to you
I know, I feel it too
You are my sweet little,
Sweet little misery
You are my sweet little,
Sweet little misery
You are my sweet little,
Sweet little misery
You are my sweet little,
Sweet little misery
Black and through, where are you?
I came through though
I said so, the things that you do
Let me go, let it show
She's a loser
But you choose her
Making you feel
Maybe I love everyone you know
Who's that? I'll let it show
You are my sweet little,
Sweet little misery
You are my sweet little,
Sweet little misery
Now the words out on the street
They say we're history
You are my sweet little,
Cheap little misery
You are my sweet little,
Sweet little misery
You are my sweet little,
Sweet little misery
Now the words out on the street
They say we're history
That's why I need my,
I need my, my misery