

Lucinda Williams, Come On

Dude I'm so over you
You don't even have a clue
All you did was make me blue
You didn't even make me, come on!

You're so self-involved
You're in some kind of fog
You're hung up on your hog
You didn't even make me, come on!

You think you're in hot demand
But you don't know where to put your hand
Let me tell you where you stand
You didn't even make me, come on!

Dude you're so fire
Shut up, I'm not inspired
All I'm feeling now is tired
You didn't even make me, come on!

You weren't even worth it
I'm sorry I ever flirted
The effort wasn't even concerted
You didn't even make me, come on!

All you do is talk the talk
You can't back it up with your walk
You can't light my fire, so fuck off
You didn't even make me, come on!