

# Nelly Furtado, Like

It's easier to tell you that I wouldn't be, anywhere than in your arms.  
Anywhere in the world than at this time and at this moment.  
But if you weren't so good at giving me away.  
Sooner you'd be out that door.  
Sooner you'd be out that door.  
Finding your reason.

And it's not like I'd be missing you.  
You've done too many wrongs many wrongs wrongs.  
But it's not like it's unusual to want with.  
Too much like.

You don't even realize that your love is so jaded.  
And everytime I try to tell myself I'm wrong.  
You come with hits and misses of other days and other ways where we shone.  
Where we knew how to shine.

And it's not like I'd be missing you.  
You've done too many wrongs many wrongs wrongs.  
But it's not like it's unusual to want with.  
Too much like.

But it's not like I'd be missing you.  
Done too many wrongs many wrongs wrongs.  
But it's not like it's unusual to want with.  
Too much like.