Over It, Nothing Serious

And I swear with her its always
heads I win and tails you lose.
Josie flashes on TV., the radio sings her name.
Id find her if my heart were free.
My girl is such a gamble.
All my luck runs out on a fifty/fifty chance.

She takes different ways to stay.
Everyday a different game, she always finds some way
To save a little face.
She's fast, the next thing you know
You're kissing concrete.
One day she fakes and the next she's in love again.

And it feels so bad to be this good,
When I'm so sick and tired of all her cunning style,
Whispers around my neck that I watched fall
Behind my back, with all the times I touched
Her after class. I needed mine, she wouldn't grow
So I got out.

One day she fakes and then she's gone again,
But shell never get a second chance to say "nothing serious".