

Rupert Holmes, Him

Over by the window
There's a pack of cigarettes
Not my brand, you understand
Sometimes the girl forgets

She forgets to hide them
I know who left those smokes behind
She'll say, "Oh he's just a friend"
And I'll say, "Oh, I'm not blind to

Him, him, him
What's she gonna do about him
She's gonna have to do without him
Or do without me, me, me
No one gets to get it for free
It's me or it's him

Don't know what he looks like
Don't know who he is
Don't know why, she thought that I
Would say what's mine is his

I don't want to own her
But I can't let her have it both ways
Three is one too many of us
She leaves with me, or says with

Him, him, him
What's she gonna do about him
She's gonna have to do without him
Or do without me, me, me
No one gets to get it for free
It's me or it's him

Oooh, oooh, oooh, oooh
Oooh, oooh, oooh, oooh
Oooh, oooh, oooh, oooh
Oooh, oooh, oooh, oooh

If she wants to, she can have him
Just exactly how we once were
It's goodbye to you and I
Back to her and I without

Him, him, him
What's she gonna do about him
She's gonna have to do without him
Or do without me, me, me
Not one gets to get it for free

Time for me to make the girl see
It's me or it's him, him, him
What's she gonna do about him
She's gonna have to do without him
Or do without me, me, me