

# Sheryl Crow, You Always Get Your Way

Well then  
I guess that's it then  
As you trip on my rug on your way out the door  
To your new found freedom  
You always get your way

Happy  
We can't be happy  
For I've learned  
That reality is only opinion  
We disagreed, dear  
Some opinions can't persuade

Crazy  
My thinkin' was hazy  
Placin' you  
In the kitchen with apron and skillet preparing me dinner  
But to serve's not your fortay

Lonely  
I bet I was only  
Lookin' in your direction for some small affection  
But you made me love you  
Cuz you always get your way

Always always  
Isn't it boring?  
Day after day  
After day  
After day  
After day

Your suspicion  
And all my ambition  
Creates nothing less than an incredible mess  
So I guess good luck darlin'  
Is all I have to say

Kill me  
You said you'd kill me  
Baby those are just words  
That in anger  
You say but I surely would hate it  
If you ever got your way  
And you always get your way  
You always get your way