

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