

# The Bluetones, Carnt Be Trusted

Who is she to say you carnt be trusted?  
And come to think of it how does she know?  
Her doubt is just her faith in disappointment  
She can't be blamed if she decides to go.

Her dignity is what makes her an angel  
You know she needs it more than she needs you  
It doesn't pay to take these things for granted  
Something which you always seem to do  
You always seem to do

But she just wants to spend some time with you  
Just a minute, or just a moment  
Just long enough to throw one clean punch.

Now you've reached the point where she sees through you  
Your low-esteem and lack of self-control.  
Everything she had she handed to you  
And what she didn't give you, you stole.

Sometimes I stop to question it all  
Must I look at the stars and live in the dirt?  
When all I have to show for my doubt is a blow to the lip  
and some blood on my shirt.