

The Divine Comedy, If I Were You

If I were you I'd look at me
And fail to see the things I see in you
If I were you
And if I were you I wouldn't let
The shit you get from me get the better of you
If I were you

Don't you ever wonder why
I could never make you cry?

Well if I were you I'd ride away
To a pasture new where I could graze
On the grass so succulent and sweet
If I were you I'd be through with me

If I were you I wouldn't need
To always read the magazines that I do
They make me blue
So if I were you I'd make the break
Before I take my frustrations out on you
Just break on through

Don't you ever, in your dreams
Take a lover and make her scream?

Well if I were you I'd ride away
To a pasture new where I could graze
On the grass so succulent and sweet
If I were you I'd be through with me

Well if I were you I'd ride away
To a pasture new where I could graze
On the green, green grass of virgin country
I'd live real fast and die real young
You see if I were you I'd end my days
In a field of stupid sheep just grazing
The grass so succulent and sweet
If I were you I'd be through with me