

The Saturdays, Not Good Enough

Not Good Enough

Just Not Good Enough For Me

You talk about the gifts you buy for me

Talk about the beautiful things you say

The car you drive, The things you do, The way we ride

It ain't you

Always seem to know what i'm about

Telling me you know without a doubt

That i'm the one

That i'm for real

Well let me ask you

Did you notice?

I don't like this

I'm no trophy

What you front is not for me, no

Chorus:

My hands, doesn't wanna hold yours

My plans, really don't involve yours and so we know if its

Not good enough

Just not good enough, no

My eyes, doesn't wanna look at you

My mind, doesn't wanna deal with who you become it's

Not good enough

Just not good enough for me

I never understood your reasons for

Coming off as if your good for more

Than what you have

Than what you are

I'm sick of that

And I know I come across as the girl who cares

Cares about my bags and the shoes I wear

But i'm for real

I never pose

I say what i feel

Obviously

You don't know me

You won't like this

But I'm gonna say it anyway

[Chorus]

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Your Ride, I don' care about that

Your Pride, I don't care about that

Where are you?

Where did you go?

Please tell me who lies next to me at night

And I really thought we could go so high

And it's killing me to see you try the way you do

I wanted you but you are nowhere around

[Chorus]

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[Chorus]

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