

Not That Simple

Dima Bilan

You should've written me a letter
instead of saying what you say.
It could've turned out so much better
and now your words play inside my head.
I thought that I was nothing mean
by setting you free.
It seems the memories are dead
and now I'm out of my head,
it's not how I planned it.

You should be loving me,
you should be holding me.
Why do you choose?
To turn yourself loose.
Every word means to me,
yet you try desperately.
Turning away.
Baby, it's not that simple.

For all the nights I lie here waiting,
morning finds me by myself.
All you can say that I'm creating
my own sad match, my own hell.

For all the loneliness I feel,
I still want you here with me.
When all the screaming is through,
I've always been left with you,
it's not what I wanted.

You should be loving me,
you should be holding me.
Why do you choose?
To turn yourself loose.
Every word means to me,
yet you try desperately.
Turning away.
Baby, it's not that simple.

Na, na, na, na, na.
Na, na, na, na, na.
Ouh, ouh, ouh, ouh.
Na, na, na, na, na.
Na, na, na, na, na.
Ouh, ouh, ouh, ouh.

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you should be holding me.
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