

# Identity Theft

Abe Parker

Losing you would feel like my house was round  
No one knows so much about me  
All the furniture is torn and diamonds gone  
No one else has seen the side you've seen

And losing you is like losing a brother  
You know me better than my mother  
And I confess, the Monday you left  
All I could claim was

Identity theft, identity theft  
There's nothing you've left me  
I let you walk away with way too much of me, oh-woah

They took me out and paid a dinner meal for two  
Just to say how much you hated me, woah  
All the money you make keep all your shoulders cold  
And all your new friends that keep you from being free

And old knows? And who knows?  
How many other people you've sold all my secrets to?  
All frauds, all frauds  
My account, my heart, ain't no credit card

Identity theft, identity theft  
There's nothing you've left me  
Identity theft, identity theft  
The Monday you left me

I let you walk away with way too much of me, oh-woah  
I let you walk away with way too much of me, yeah  
I let you walk away  
With way, way too much of me