

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