

Made For Me

Artist vs. Poet

Little miss American girl
Given everything in the world
But a heartbreak
(but a heartbreak)

And she would throw a drink in my face
If she knew what I was trying to say
Here comes heartbreak
(here comes heartbreak)

And you hate me favourite records
And that's okay
Because I never really liked your friends anyway
So throw a fit when I'm out too late
Cause there's a million little things that I've been dying to say

But I can sum it up now
And then I'll get the hell out
It ain't breaking news
Lets face the truth
That I was made for me
And you were made for you

You were a ten before I figured you out
the only reason I was stickin' around
But you're crazy
(but you're crazy)

And girl you can't win em' all
If you could then god help us all
Cause you're crazy
Oh so crazy

And you hate me favourite records
And that's okay
Because I never really liked your friends anyway
So throw a fit when I'm out too late
Cause there's a million little things that I've been dying to say

But I can sum it up now
And then I'll get the hell out
It ain't breaking news
Lets face the truth
That I was made for me
And you were made for you

And when you finally calm down
Maybe I'll see you around
And we can fake a few hellos to prove
That I was made for me
And you were made for you

Oh oh oh you
Oh oh oh you
Oh oh oh you
Oh oh oh you
Oh oh oh you

Oh oh oh you
Oh oh oh you
Oh oh

But I can sum it up now
(but I can sum it up now)
And then I get the hell out
It ain't breakin news
Let's face the truth
That I was made for me
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And when you finally calm down
Maybe I'll see you around
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