

**Done.**

**Beth Crowley**

You call me up  
You tell me that you think you're still in love  
But I know it's just the whiskey on your tongue  
In the morning it will be the way it was

But you won't forget  
Every time you bring a girl into your bed  
You haven't found someone who loves you like I did  
And when you're touching her you'll picture me instead

You think I want you  
But you taught me well  
You'll show me heaven  
Then put me through hell  
Sure the blame's on me because  
I let you fool me more than once  
But I'm catching on  
I'm finally done

Just cry your tears  
As you're saying what you think I want to hear  
But there is one thing that I've learned over the years  
That my faith in you has slowly disappeared

Don't act surprised  
You played the same hand one too many times  
When you convinced me that your heart could still be mine  
But you're an ugly truth wrapped in beautiful lies

You think I want you  
But you taught me well  
You'll show me heaven  
Then put me through hell  
Sure the blame's on me because  
I let you fool me more than once  
But I'm catching on  
I'm finally done

You may never care about these words that I write  
Your ears may never listen to this lyrical goodbye  
You gave me more than just a couple of lines  
But no more  
No more  
No

You think I want you  
But you taught me well  
You'll show me heaven  
Then put me through hell  
Sure the blame's on me because  
I let you fool me more than once  
But I'm catching on  
I'm finally done