

Too Used To Being With You

Bobby Bare

Mhm, too used to that certain someone
To offer my love to anyone new
My excuse for not wanting no one
Too used to being with you.

When you lose a true love you treasure
Other offers are just the past time
You find a kiss just a cheap imitation
The love they offer's not real genuine.

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To offer my love to anyone new
My excuse for not wanting no one
Too used to being with you.

Some other's arms may hold and caress you
And some other's lips may burn on my own
While my eyes are filled with their beauty
My heart inside will be crying alone.

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To offer my love to anyone new
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