Vincent Kompany

CMAT

She's got a wicked way of getting what she wants from me
Involving personality tests she sends to mine
She's always checking up, asking if my jeans fit comfortably
And letting me know she remembers all our time
She's got a wicked way of acting like St. Anthony
I've lost so much I hope that she's not keeping tabs
I've tried to leave her, but she keeps on coming after me
And I'll need her there when things go really bad

I was crazy back then
And I'm crazy right now
And they're both in my bed

I've got a wicked way of hating my own company
She's not too bad, but got me in trouble way back when
Watch sixteen hours straight of the Gilmore Girls quite comfort
ably
I was crazy back then
Cut all my hair off trying to look like Vincent Kompany
Tied it together so I could tape it to the wall
And posted pictures hoping my friends would fall in love with m
e
I'm not crazy at all

Bit of shame, bit of arrogance to put ourselves down
Bit of Catherine of Aragon the way she sticks around
But she don't lose her head over nothin'

I'm rushing past someone so fast that's waited patiently
Every morning in the bathroom at my feet
I recognise her from a list of scary anecdotes
And a picture that you said was of me

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