

Sort It Out

Coin

Baby girl
Oh why you wanna go and rock my world
Sometimes I don't think that you understand
Just what you're doing to me
Baby girl
Somehow you make me go and eat my words
And fall right back into your fragile hands
Why you do this to me?
Not again

Sooner or later
I'll do you a favor
And we can work it all out
Tell me you're sorry
I'll throw you a party
And I, I'll sort it all out

So, just call
Just call
And I'm sorting it out
Just call
It's the little things
Just call
And I'm sorting it out

Baby girl
Sometimes I don't think that you understand
I'm standing under you
Baby girl
Go and cut your slice of humble pie
I'll be around, but

If you call and I'm nowhere to be found
Just lean on my shoulder

Sooner or later
I'll do you a favor
And we can work it all out
Tell me you're sorry
I'll throw you a party
And I, I'll sort it all out

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