

Part Time Lovers

Hazlett

Tears turn up to the party
They're going home with me
Digging for them like diamonds
Rolling down my cheek
Two champagnes and some heartache
Two left feet but I'm dancing for you
Tears turn up to the party
And they're coming home with me

I wear my heart on my sleeve
I'm sick and tired of trying to change clothes for you
If we just wanna be free
Maybe we're better off as part time lovers
So sad you didn't notice
So sad you didn't notice that
"Paris hurt more for me"

West was always the last
To see it going down
Float on by when the silence
Is drowning me out
There's too many cracks on the pavement
There's good days full of bad luck coming
West is always the last
To see it going down

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I'm sick and tired of trying to change clothes for you
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Maybe we're better off as part time lovers"
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Alone we wander
Alone we wonder
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