

# Mathematics

Joy Crookes

This ain't a movie, that ain't a heart attack  
You might have the good hand  
But you won't be the last man  
I've got a little less each time there's someone new  
Get in the deep end  
Just to say we should be friends

But, I don't wanna be your backup part  
Used to wanna conquer your whole heart

Tired, crying on the salon floor  
I'm pretty, but I'm miserable  
Goodbye, good luck tryna work it out  
Oh, baby, it's not mathematics, it's love

Had you on the kitchen floor  
Quiet in the parking lot  
Damn, that shit was wonderful  
Now I'm single at the tennis court  
Lost in the superstore  
Holding down a twenty-four

All that's left is your T-shirt  
You're a bruise and it still hurts

Tired, crying on the salon floor  
Ooh, I'm pretty fucking miserable  
Goodbye, good luck tryna work it out  
Oh, baby, it's not mathematics, it's love

I frequent lit locations, whipping spaceships  
There's no saving this ship from sailing  
Distant neighbours were so close  
Take me back when I get back home  
Question, three dots got me looking at restaurants, Heston  
Roses are red like my message was left on  
Bakers dozen, want my cake and 'cos of course I wanna taste of sum'n  
Maybe our grass would have been greener without this shade you're chucking  
Maybe my heart would have been cleaner without you sageing cupboards  
Used to dance away the demons  
Now your evenings be mascara staining Kleenex  
Blaming me gets

Tired, crying on the salon floor  
Oh, I'm pretty fucking miserable  
Goodbye, good luck tryna work it out  
Oh, baby, it's not mathematics  
It's not mathematics  
It's not mathematics, it's love

But, he don't see that