

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