Henriette

Lake Street Dive

Who you fooling now with your bookish smarts?
quotin' jamie joyce make me feel
make me feel like a total arse
got it down like a practiced art; like a perfect part

Talk to me at night with your voice oily
think you can't be broke, what a joke
what a joke callin' me doily
think I like when you dress boy-l
yor makeup coyly

I never loved you Henriette
I never liked my sobriquette
I never read your serviette
I never loved you Henriette

When we went our ways, you left your gourd behind
I never cared for rows and I got
and I got sort of bored besides
of your notes and your peephole eyes
and those spurious sighs

I never loved you Henriette
I never liked my sobriquette
I never read your serviette
I never loved you Henriette

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