

Tennis

Lily Allen

Daddy's home
For the first time in weeks
Got the dinner on the table
Tell the kids it's time to eat
And I made my baby's favourite
But he didn't seem to care
I just tell myself he's jet-lagged
And I'm glad to have him here

Then you showed me a photo
On Instagram
It was how you grabbed your phone back
Right out of my hands

So I read your texts
And now I regret it
I can't get my head 'round
How you've been playing tennis
If it was just sex
I wouldn't be jealous
You won't play with me
And who's Madeline?

I need to be alone
So I took myself to bed
I got a lot of information
That I can't even process
So I wrote a little e-mail
And I told you what I saw
Then you came up to the bedroom
And you made it all my fault

But you moved the goalposts
You've broken the rules
I tried to accommodate
But you took me for a fool

So I read your texts
And now I regret it
I can't get my head 'round
How you've been playing tennis
If it was just sex
I wouldn't be jealous
You won't play with me
And who the fuck is Madeline?

Da-da-da, da-da, da-da, who's Madeline?
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Da-da-da, da-da, da-da, who's Madeline?
Who's Madeline?
Da-da-da, da-da, da-da, who's Madeline?
No, but who is Madeline, actually?