

# Perfume

Lovejoy

It's 3:45 (AM)  
And I just bite my tongue  
Update me on your life  
And now you've found the one  
But I don't like his eyes  
And I distrust their name  
And I hate their haircut  
They look like a prick (A prick)  
But it's all the same  
Would be daft of me to cry  
Your tongue is razor sharp  
I miss when it would fight mine  
Left your heart on standby  
By the way he holds you  
Bet he serenades you  
I can't really blame you

And I can still smell her perfume  
Did it rub off on you?  
And I can still smell her perfume  
Did it rub off on you?

You say your ex-boyfriend's a policeman  
Well, I say you need better standards  
You say your ex-boyfriend's a policeman  
I say you need better standards

It seems like all her friends  
Abruptly fell in love  
And she was in the dust  
Stalling; life was streaming past  
So she learnt to lie  
She learnt how to pretend  
A drama in the futile  
A means to an end  
Why can't you be a dick?  
Why must you be so nice?  
It's hard for me to move on  
When I don't really hate you  
(I don't really hate you)  
(I don't really hate you)  
(I don't really hate you)

And I can still smell her perfume  
Did it rub off on you?  
And I can still smell her perfume  
Did it rub off on you?

It's 3:45  
Your taxi's not arrived  
I don't think that he's coming