

## Cliché

Madeline Juno

You cannot not know that you're turning my heart to stone  
You cannot not know that you cut me down to the bone  
I flew a thousand miles just to see your face  
Got paper and a pen, bared my heart right there on the page  
Yeah, you cannot not know

And, oh, oh, show me that you got a pulse  
Show me that you bleed  
Oh, oh, oh, oh, I'm afraid to ask if you wanna be with me  
I'm afraid to ask if you wanna

It's so cliché  
I'm spilling my guts like it's Valentine's Day  
When you get your shit together, it'll be too late

You cannot not know I've been waiting here by the phone  
But when your number comes up I just act like I'm not at home  
I could distract myself with somebody else  
Just get drunk and end up in some cheap motel, but I won't  
Man, you cannot not know

It's so cliché  
I'm spilling my guts like it's Valentine's Day  
When you get your shit together it'll be too late  
It's so cliché, cliché

If I'm being honest and if I'm being true  
I just want you to know I have cried for you  
If I'm being honest, how's it you don't see  
That I'm afraid to ask if you wanna be with me?

It's so cliché  
I'm spilling my guts like it's Valentine's Day  
When you get your shit together, it'll be too late  
It's so cliché, cliché  
When you get your shit together, it'll be too late