

Better Than Ezra

Miniature Tigers

I remember Sundays, yeah
I remember the New York Times
We used to get high, uh
As the days we thought never-ending pass us by

Yeah, yeah, yeah

I've seen my life without you
It isn't so good
There is no point without you
I wouldn't try
I kept a caged bird

Still had you last night, yeah
You had already made up your mind
Crying to Third Eye Blind
I was always better than Ezra
Now it's gone

Yeah, yeah, yeah

I've seen my life without you
It isn't cool at all
There is no point without you
I wouldn't try

I kept a caged bird, yeah
I still think of you from time to time
Caged bird, yeah
I always knew you were never, never mine

Yeah, yeah, yeah
This is my life without you
Isn't it dark as fuck?
There is no point without you
I wouldn't try

I kept a caged bird
I kept a caged bird, yeah
I still think of you from time to time
Caged bird, yeah
I always knew you were never, never mine