

# Particular

Pixie Lott

Hearing it before on bad terms, bad terms  
I'll never get with you  
I'll never ever listen what the neighbors say  
Or don't say, it's so predictable  
I've heard it all a million times, or maybe more  
Same old story

It's boring, I'm snoring  
Wake me up in the morning  
I'm particular 'bout, who I get with  
It's ridiculous to even think  
That you're in with a chance

Oh, you must be tripping boy  
Oh, you're my whipping boy  
Not with that chat  
That's not where it's at  
I'm just a little bit more particular

You turn up all uninvited, no surprises  
'Cause my memory  
It serves me well, just laugh again  
You did the same thing that you always did  
Hammering me with  
Phone calls, texts and downloads

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