

Sorry?

Razorlight

I'm sorry, sorry
For the way I made you feel
You said your heart was overwhelmed
Trying to find out what was real
And I'm sorry, sorry
I can't sing baby blue
You said there's a certain kind
Of love dangerous for you
Alright

Your longing, your longing
Was there since you were small
You said that you'd be number one
Everything or not at all
And on the Broadway, the boulevard
She read you your tarot
Oh boy your heart was beating fast
But you wouldn't let her know
Alright

Fool, you may have slipped now
Another love is trying to exist now
Another point you may have missed now
A sign that you're going
Right?

Sorry, sorry
So insecure
You're sorry, sorry
Always wanting more

You call it love (love)
Mutual service
You call it love (love)
You call it trust now
You call it love (love)
Call it commitment
You call it love (love)
You call it distance

Well I'm sorry, sorry
That I picked you out of the crowd