

## Ain't No Cover

Regina Spektor

It ain't no cover  
It ain't no style  
I shouldn't bother  
He's eight miles high

But I adore him  
And I implore him  
Saying I love none other  
But this ain't no style

He sits there smoking  
His breath away  
He sits there choking  
On what they say

But I adore him  
And I implore him  
Saying one of these mornings  
I'm going away

The sun is setting  
The day is done  
Good night, my lover  
Good night, my son

I shouldn't bother  
He's eight miles high  
But I love none other  
'Til the day that I die