

Stuck On You

Reverend and the Makers

Is it the feeling or its absence really makes me blue
I can't reverse this curse brought on by the photographs of you
Though I cut you out of a Polaroid in an attempt to forget you
Declare all romance null and void, it seems you just won't let me

We're two years over the time
When I should even bear you in mind
It's obvious to anyone I really must be stuck on you

Like a leaf that might well fall forsaken by the spring
I'm the bird who summer left and might neglect to sing
As I brush you off, try and paint the town
Red to react with a rebound
I'm aware my eyes just let me down
I wonder where you could be now

We're two years over the time
When I should even bear you in mind
It's obvious to anyone I really must be stuck on you
So obvious to anyone I really must be stuck on you

Well, we're two years over the time
When I should even bear you in mind
It's obvious to anyone I really must be stuck on you
So obvious to anyone I really must be stuck on you