

I Am Not Good at Not Getting What I Want

Sophie Ellis-Bextor

I suppose that I should count my blessings
For a young thing my world is not too bad
Got a window, a place with a pillow and a friend or two
But ever since I saw his face that morning
Nothing else has got the same summer sheen
Will he notice my eyes have got so lonely?
He may not be the one but I want him for my own and I know

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Maybe I sound like a spoilt baby
But I know that there are some who have it all
I want to join them, to feel that glow around me
I want him more each day 'cause he never looks my way and I know

I am not good at not getting what I want

If we ever found ourselves together
I can promise I will love you every day
But I've a feeling seeing is believing
You never look my way so I want you more than I can say