

Grass Is Greener

St. Paul & The Broken Bones

How do we always do this?
We turn ourselves around
Remember when those sweet memories
Used to suit us, used to make me smile

We put on our Sunday best
We live our quiet mess
But we'll never be merry

I know that I been cold
Baby I ain't got no soul
I have no sweet sugar thoughts
They been taken away from me
They can make me no more
I just have to be so unhappy

We put on our Sunday best
We live our quiet mess
But we'll never be merry

Give me time
Give me time, give me time
You got to give me time
Please don't leave me, baby, I can't help you leavin' me
Time...
I know when you go
That old grass ain't greener
That old grass ain't greener
I know, baby, 'cause I've been there
I know it ain't
I know it ain't
It ain't greener
I know it ain't
I know, I know, I know
Time, time, time
Oh, sweet time
Please don't leave me, please don't leave me
Time, time, time
Oh, sweet time
Please don't leave me, please don't leave me
I can't help you leaving me
Please don't leave me, please don't leave me