After 3 years ya know I'd die for you But I wouldn't cross the street to shake your hand If it turns out that I get nine lives I'd swear in 3 years you took 10

Our kisses don't seem that right anymore It seems we're living outta fear And out love is like a foggy vacation And I'm wishing you were clear

Well I'm wishing on my dear
That these devils were not here
If you would listen you could here
I'm still waiting on my dear
For your love...your love
Your love...your love

Well I fed the cats and
I put out the trash
To the big can in the back
And the apartment we shared next to the neighbor
Who cared a little too much for us

Well ya worked out the paper While I sat home in bed Wishing all the wishes I could wish

Seems like we love everything we could not have  $\mbox{\sc And}$  we hate everything that we need

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