

If I Were You (i'd Be Through With Me)

The Divine Comedy

If I were you I'd look at me
And fail to see the things I see in you
If I were you and if I were you
I wouldn't let the shit you get
From me get the better of you
If I were you

Don't you ever wonder why
I could never make you cry?

Well, if I were you I'd ride away
To a pasture new where I could graze
On the grass so succulent and sweet
If I were you
I'd be through with me

If I were you I wouldn't need
To always read the magazines that I do
Huh, they make me blue!
So if I were you I'd make the break
Before I take my frustrations out on you
Just break on through

Don't you ever, in your dreams
Take a lover and make her scream?

Well, if I were you I'd ride away
To a pasture new where I could graze
On the grass so succulent and sweet
If I were you
I'd be through with me

Well, if I were you I'd ride away
To a pasture new where I could graze
On the green, green grass
Of virgin country
I'd live real fast and die real young
You see if I were you I'd end my days
In a field of stupid sheep just grazing
The grass so succulent and sweet
If I were you
I'd be through with me