

# You've Been Taken

The Good Life

I think I'm about to give in  
To a love that was doomed to begin with  
And what would those naysayers say?

They'd say  
"I knew she would leave you  
It's the least she could do  
To a two-timing deabeat  
That hides the truth  
You don't want to say  
You've been taken  
You've been taken"

So let's say I'm going to give in  
Who says your arms are still open?  
Have I missed your sad sailboat again?

Oh, I could jump into the ocean  
And fight through the waves  
Or any old hurricane that came my way  
If that's what it takes  
To be taken  
To be taken

What is it about you  
That I want to rescue?  
Or is it me  
That needs to be rescued?

And what if I never give in?  
It just might not make any difference  
Or it might fill my heart with regret

Because I could be out on the weekends  
At the usual house  
And what if you enter  
On another's arms?  
And your eyes would say  
"I am taken  
I am taken  
I am taken  
Oh, I really am"