

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 you eyes would say
"I am taken
I am taken
I am taken
Oh, I really am"