

Britney

Ween

Well you wrote me into your love song
I was the guy who didn't care
Well I never read your poem
And I was always in your hair

But the verses became magic
When you finished your critique
Well you said I was your master
And how your knees would become weak

How you needed me to love you
How you wanted my sweet pain
And to clean up all my messes
And to lay you down again

And your voice it'd start to quiver
When you're singing from the heart
But you'd always lose your rhythm
Right before you'd fall apart

And I hate you when I'm drinking
And I leave you all alone
And later we'll go out dancing
To your number one hit song

And you'd always love my breakfast
And you'd love to hear me speak
And you'd never once get angry
When I said your tunes are weak

How you needed me to love you
And how you wanted my sweet pain
And to clean up all my messes
And to lay you down again
Lay you down again
And to lay you down again