

Wiley**"Never Be Your Woman"**

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[Emeli Sande]

Well, I guess what they say is true
I could never be the right type of girl for you
I could never be your woman
I could never be your woman
I could never be your woman

You, out, every night, I'm in the spotlight
With another girl knowing that it's not right
Ain't gonna work, stop trying
Had enough this time, you're not lying
Though you're feeling the pain but you're not crying
Can't take me, I'm on another page
Where the babes wanna take me home
I was out all night, didn't make it home
That's more lying

Pull up in the Aston, get out the car
Quick jump the queue, no hiding
Flash, flash
Letting everybody know I got cash
Show her burps when dining
Eight diamond rings, they're all shining
Bare designers, plus I'm designing
Block everybody out when I'm writing
I'm on a hype thing

[Emeli Sande]

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Leave the country no warning
Club swimming, women swarming
See a thing, get talking
Get acquainted, start walking
That's when I start promising the world
Even though I got a woman at home, that's past talking
I don't wanna get past talking

I got a yard but let's go to your crib
Air freshener, wild orchid
What would he get if she caught him?
He would get a punch in the face like Norbit
Turn around, ignore him
Look away like you never saw him
To hold me down might be awkward
Sighted with another women in Shorditch
My house, I pay the mortgage

[Emeli Sande]

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I could never be the right type of girl for you
I could never be your woman
I could never be your woman
I could never be your woman (x2)

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