

Stones Rolling

"All About You"

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Well if you call this a life

Why must I spend it with you?

If the show must go on

Let it go on without you

So sick and tired hanging around with jerks like you

Who'll tell me those lies

And let me think they're true?

What am I to do

You want it, I got it too

Though the lies might be true

That's just cause the joke's about you

I'm so sick and tired hanging around with dogs like you

You're the first to get blamed, always the last bitch to
get paid

Oh, tell me those lies

Let me think they're true

I heard one or two

They weren't about me, they weren't about her

They were all about you

I may miss you

But missing me just isn't you

I'm so sick and tired hanging around with dogs like you

Tell me those lies

Let me think they're true

I heard one or two, and they weren't about me, they
weren't about her

They're all about you

I'm so sick and tired

What should I do

You want it, you get it...

So how come I'm still in love with you?

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