

Broadway

"Gotta Love That Southern Charm"

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You got a smart mouth,
Dripping with that southern charm.
And I'll be sure to make a point of you,
So don't go too far.

Oh, you thought you had me fooled,
When you were spinning tales,
Of love and rendezvous.
But I'm over it.
Yeah, I'm over you.

Your hands are still as red
As the lipstick you smeared on me,
So lovingly.

You can't solve all your problems,
Cramped up in the backseat.
It's surprising with all your delusions.
You so convincingly give off the illusion
Of stable and charming.
Your talent's alarming.
Well, darling,
You're losing your touch.

You thought you had me fooled,
When you were spinning tales,
Of love and rendezvous.
But I'm over it.
Yeah, I'm over you.

Take it from me, princess,
You're not the brightest crown in the box.
'Cause lies have a way of reaching the top,
Surfacing where you thought that they would stop.
But I've got ears,
And more wit than you do.
You've been caught,
Lacking truth.

It's a wonder how you could love anyone else,
When you're head over heels in love with yourself.

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