

Glory Of This "More Often Than Not"

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Set your sights on, what's wrong, you're not the first
one,
To break a heart, and I'm sure you won't be the last

Goodbye, I never missed you anyway.
Confessions of lipstick on a stained wineglass,
Is all I've got (to remind me the last time you were
here)
But I'll keep calling you, until your phone blows up.
I'll call your name out loud, til every one in this town,
knows your name!

I heard you crying, I felt heartless, for the first time.

By this time next week everyone will know your name
You're a trainwreck waiting to happen
And I'll do what it takes for you to derail

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