

Ingrid Michaelson

"Playtime Lover"

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Her eyes are open now,
And the pupils are wide with the bad tears,
And the sorrow enlightened to my back to walk out the
door,
But her tears where her love till she cries out no more

She says I don't wanna be your playtime lover boy,
Damn it now you got to know,
Your fake tears and your little smiles,
It just don't hold this way no more,
I got you figured out and I broke it down,
I know it now but you won't catch me coming back
round this time,
This time no not this time,
If you walk out the door

Broadside with emotional blame,
But you never look so goodest with the tears on her
face,
I kiss those lips and dried her eyes,
She surrenders herself again with a sigh

She's thinking I don't wanna be your playtime lover boy,
Damn it now you got to know,
Your fake tears and your little smiles,
It just don't hold this way no more,
I got you figured out and I broke it down,
I know it now but you won't catch me coming back
round this time,
This time no not this time,
So just walk out the door

The tables done now and I don't know the score,
But it's me on my back as she walks towards the door,
My bridge is burned out past the point to be safe,
The hint of her smile as she turns

And says to me I don't wanna be your playtime lover
boy,
Damn it now you got to know,
Your fake tears and your little smiles,

It just don't hold this way no more,
I got you figured out and I broke it down,
I know it now but you won't catch me coming back
round this time,
This time no not this time,
And she walks out my door

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