

Killers

"Nutha Fucking Love Song"

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Ella: aright then, nutha fucking love song

What's the point in trying to look your best?
When you the one you want
Never looks in your direction
He just stares at the one
He's wanted all along
As you fall to the ground
You write another fucking love song for him

And what's the point in trying to be his one
When you know it's all messed up
This isn't fun
As you stand in the background
Try to get up the nerve
But you're in the corner out of focus
And you're blurred again.
Yeah, yeah

What's the point trying? Yeah. X2

What's the point in trying to be his one
When you know it's all fucked up
And this isn't fun
As you stand in the background
Try to get up the nerve
But you're in the corner
Out of focus and you're blurred again
Yeah, yeah

What's the point in trying? Yeah, yeah
Now what's the point in trying?
Oh what's the point in trying?
Woah, what's the point trying?

Oooh, yeah, yeah.

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