

## Lights "Casanova"

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Cheap words falling out of your teeth  
Rolling off your tongue, like candy  
He heard, she heard, you heard me once  
I won't say it again, now we're just friendly

With a love gone sour, I lost my appetite  
There's no more flavour, and talking sweet now  
won't fix it somehow

Don't casanova me,  
I'm over you  
It's over obviously  
Don't put your sugar on me  
It's too late to sweeten this baby  
hey Casanova, it's over

Cheap words like these will rot your teeth  
With all the sickly sweet nothings  
Your speech is good enough to eat  
But it won't fill me up when I am lonely

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