

## Lloyd Cole "Love You So What"

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You up and leave me cold turkey  
When you know I could not tie my own shoe  
This does not please me, no not exactly  
Guess you do not give a damn for my love

Everybody knows that she's worse than religion  
No you do not cross a woman in love  
Everybody knows that the turn of the season  
Paris in the spring doesn't mean a damn thing to my  
baby  
No, no no, no

You beat me up, you put me down  
You're slamming my name all over town  
Guess I'm big enough to roll with the punches  
But you bruise me, you abuse me damn good

Everybody knows that she's worse than religion

No you do not cross a woman in love  
Everybody knows that the turn of the season  
Paris in the spring doesn't do a damn thing

I love you so, so much  
You love me so, so what  
I love you so, so  
You love me so, so what

La la la la la, la la la la  
La la la la la, la la la la  
La la la la la, la la la la  
La la la la la, la la la la la

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