

Martina Sorbara

"Casanova"

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I put you on the King car
You'll be home in an hour
I ought to wipe the slate clean
With new sheets and a shower

You think I jumped the gun
Well I think I bit the bullet
If I held that trigger again
I think I'd aim at you and pull it

I don't really know ya
But you were no Casanova

You decide what I'm here to provide
Fun and conversation versus
Good old fashioned lubrication
I'm fine this is all contrived
And I'm fine that you're just
On vacation

I don't regret what we did
Nothing wrong with a little impulse
But man what I wouldn't give
To be the one not returning your calls

I don't really know ya
But you were no Casanova
And that just goes to show ya
That I'm right back where I started
Not even broken hearted

I'm not even broken hearted

It's a little bit to late
To correct this whole mistake
So I'm laying where we lay
Trying to lose this constant replay

I don't really know ya
But you were no Casanova
And that just goes to show ya
That I'm right back where I started

Not even broken hearted
Music and lyrics by martina sorbara
Martina sorbara - vocals/acoustic guitar
Adam hay - drums
Murray foster - bass
Jian ghomeshi - percussion

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