

Mehida

"Under My Bed"

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Now my eyes are wide open
Now that every thing's been stolen
And I'm here to get it back from you
See I ain't wasting no more time
Gotta take back what's mine
What else am I suppose to do

Here I am
With my heart on the floor
And my love out the door
You should be knocking
But there it goes
I got nothing to show for
Except pictures I posed for
But I keep them in a box under my bed

I told you time and again
That you'd never win
I told you time and again
But you keep doing the same old things
When I thought you would change
I told you time and again

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