

Sheryl Crow "The Book"

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I read your book
And I find it strange
That I know that girl and I know her world
A little too well
And I didn't know
By giving my hand
That I would be written down, sliced around,
Passed down
Among strangers hands

Three days in Rome
Where do we go
I'll always remember
Three days in Rome

Never again
Would I see your face
You carry a pen and a paper
And no time and words you waste
You're a voyeur
The worst kind of thief
To take what happened
To write down everything that went on
Between you and me

Three days in Rome
And I stand alone
I'll always remember
Three days in Rome

And what do I get?
Do I get revenge?
While you lay it all out
Without any doubt
Of how this could end
Sometimes it goes
Sometimes we come
To learn by mistake
That the love you once made
Can't be undone

Oh, but, Three days in Rome

I laid my heart out
I laid my soul down
I'll always remember
Three days in Rome

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