

The Libertines US

"Her"

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She doesn't turn me on the way she used to
I get bored just driving to her house
She used to set me on fire
And I'd burn up her couch
But she doesn't do those things like she used to

We don't talk the way we used to
I'd rather not tell her one more thing about me
When she talks to me, I'll just look at her and smile
When I talk to her, she looks away

I wonder, is it her, or is it me?

We don't kiss the way we used to
I wonder if it's her, or if it's me
I'll say she's found another man, and she'll start to cry
We don't feel the way we used to

I wonder, is it her, or is it me?

Sometimes, I wonder what she's up to
I get bored just sitting around the house
Maybe she's lit up another man
And he's burning up her couch
But she doesn't do those things like she used to, to me

I wonder, is it her, or is it me?

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