

Misteur Valaire

"November Number 3"

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And it's not a lie
It's not a big surprise
I don't want you to cry
For me, boy

Look what you did to me
I no longer can bleed
What you did to me
Was pretentious and mean
And to do what you did
God! I must be naive boy

It's a little unfair
'Cause I know we both kids
Might have kicked at your cool
And made you a fool
Did exactly the same
When you published my name, boy

And it's not a lie
It's not a big surprise
I don't want you to cry
For me, boy

Look at your hungry hand
They're all over the place
Taking all that is free
When you'll you will see
You'll have to change your way
This is no way to live, boy

Look what you did to me
Purple stains on my heart
You're a bad fantasy
But killing you is hard
Enough with dog eyed look
Pack your shit, you are done, boy

And it's not a lie
It's not a big surprise
I don't want you to cry
For me, boy

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