

## Clare "Funny You"

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Funny, you, funny, you  
Coming too, Coming too

I see the fog it dims the light  
Whether a backroom or a night  
Whether a bang! bang! carefully  
I think you're so long, honestly

Feels like your life is not a race, oh  
The boy says bang! bang! at your face  
And you are bending to the bar  
Into the backside of the car.

I saw you collapse  
Sailing in the urchins now,  
Why don't you go back to your place, go back to  
your place?  
Sailing aside floating ex,  
I don't know how, I don't know how.  
I don't know how

Now that I am your only friend  
With all the verses that you send  
Whether a running or a drive.  
Whether a running or a drive.

Feels like your life is not a race, oh  
The boy says bang! bang! at your face  
And you are bending to the bar  
Into the backside of the car.

I saw you collapse  
Sailing to the urchins now,  
Why don't you go back to your place, go back to  
your place?  
Sailing aside floating ex,  
I don't know how, I don't know how.  
I don't know how

Be a fancy And why you came here  
You will always be a shoot  
Tell me, tell me, tell me why.

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