

For The Foxes

"Some Things"

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I'm not gonna whisper
Bad words on a Sunday
Or curse your name at the river
To make me feel much better

I'm not gonna keep it
Your dirty little secret
Where we made love on the weekends
I'm telling everybody

Some people don't ever change (oh, oh, oh)
Not every single Valentine's day will be great

So find your little cupid
I think that fucker is stupid
You guys should get together
And make his cheeks turn redder

I won't be surprised if
I find our liplocked picture
You weren't a good kisser
I'll cut you up with scissors

Some people don't ever change (oh, oh, oh)
Not every single Valentine's day will be great
Some things don't wash away

So I'm just gonna wander
The streets in New York City
In hopes to find someone pretty
Who won't remind me of you

Some people don't ever change, no
Not every single Valentine's day will be great
Some things don't wash away

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