

Amanda Palmer

"I Google You"

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I Google you
Late at night when I don't know what to do
I find photos you've forgotten you were in
Put up by your friends

I do, I Google you
When the day is done and everything is through
I read your journal that you kept that month in France
I've watched you dance

And I'm pleased your name is practically unique
It's only you and a would-be PhD from Chesapeake
Who writes papers on the structure of the sun
I've read each one

I know that I should let you fade
But there's that box, and there's your name
Somehow it never makes the pain grow less or fade or
disappear

I think that I should save my soul
And I should crawl back in my hole
But it's too easy just to fold and type your name again,
I fear

I Google you
When I'm all alone and don't know what to do
And each shred of information that I gather says
you've got somebody new
And it really shouldn't matter
Ought to blow up my computer
But instead
I Google you

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