Gwen Stefani, Misery

I got so used to being around you, boy
I;m trying not to care about where had you go
I’m doing my best to be sensible
I;m trying not to care about

You’er like drug, you’re like drug to me
I’m so into you, totally
You’er like drug, you’re like drug to me
drug to me

So put me out of my misery
Hurry up, come see me
Put me out of my misery
Hurry up, come see me
Enough, enough of this suffering
Hurry up, come see me
Put me out of my misery
Put me out of my misery

Out the door, I’m thinking things I never thought before
Like what your love would taste like
Give me more
Don’t sell this feeling at the grocery store
All cause your love, it tastes like