Inna, Not My Baby

it’s not the way it was before
his touch was heaven
I remember

but every rose it
has it’s thorn
before you know
you prick a finger

two truths one lie
don’t really need it
no not tonight
these words, nice try
don’t even mean it
it ain’t a secret that

he’s not my baby, my baby, my baby now
he’s not my baby, wouldn’t let me down
I feel for those eyes one too many times
he’s not my baby, my baby, my baby now

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he was the perfect kind rain
the kind that comes but never lingers
he know exactly what to say
to only paint you half the picture

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