

Bif Naked, Goodbye

Smoke another cigarette and think about what to do.
Don't think you're gonna like to hear this
But I'm not coming home to you.
I met my love in Amsterdam
He says to say hello.
He wanted me to change all my plans
He begged me not to go.
I tried a dozen times to write you a note
And every time I called you
When you'd answer I just choked.
I sit in thei hotel room just down the street
I don't even go out afraid of who I'll meet.
Living in exile just like Rusholie
Don't wanna see anyone, don't want you to see me.
Don't know what I'm waiting for
Gotta come and get my things.
You can keep all the furniture
I already mailed back the ring.
I met my love in Amsterdam
He said to say hello
He wanted me to change all my plans
He begged me not to go.
As I smoke another cigarette
And think about what to do
I don't think you're gonna like to hear this
But I'm not comin' home to you