

Camera Obscura, I Don't Want To See You

I can't believe that I'm writing this down
I can't believe I've got you in a song
I don't want to be a whining girl I'd rather not be in your world
I stole a magazine from a Laundromat
The posters in the bag they were breaking my back
All I wanted was a bench to rest my weary legs
I sat and had a greet, I have done my best

I'll get my operation on the N. H. S
Will it cure my blushes will it bring out my best?
Some will say I was a woman pretending to be a girl
I will make no comment of this I've had my fill
This can't go on
When is it going to stop?
You casually walked back to your room tonight
Take the flight of stairs and softly dim the light
Fantasize about how happy you'd be with a girl tonight

I don't want to see you down
I don't want to see you hanging around
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