

Cold Shoulder, Adele

You say it's all in my head
And the things I think
Just don't make sense
So where you been then?
Don't go all coy
Don't turn it round on me
Like it's my fault
See I can see
That look in your eyes
The one that shoots me
Each and every time
You grace me
With your cold shoulder
Whenever you look at me
I wish I was her
You shower me with words
Made of knives
Whenever you look at me
I wish I was her
These days when I see you
You make it look
Like see-through
Do tell me why
You waste our time
When your heart
Ain't admitting
You're not satisfied
You know I know
Just how you feel
I'm starting to find myself
Feeling that way too
You grace me
With your cold shoulder
Whenever you look at me
I wish I was her
You shower me with words
Made of knives
Whenever you look at me
I wish I was her
Time and time again
I play the role of fool
(Just for you)
Even in the daylight
When you
(I see you)
Try to look for things
I hear
But our eyes never find
'Though I do know how you play
You grace me
With your cold shoulder
Whenever you look at me
I wish I was her
You shower me with words
Made of knives
Whenever you look at me
I wish I was her
You grace me
With your cold shoulder
Whenever you look at me
I wish I was her
You shower me with words
Made of knives
Whenever you look at me

I wish I was her