

# 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's not my baby, my baby, my baby now

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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