Katie Melua, Junk Mail

Then you left, didn't even leave a note Saved yourself, didn't spare my pain, Now I know how it feels to hit the wall, I'll never fall again

And the junk mail still comes for you, And reminds me of a life I need to forget The junk mail still comes for you, And reminds me of a life I need to forget

Gazing down on the busy street below, From my room where the walls are grey Don't know how I will ever get myself Through another day

And the junk mail still comes for you, And reminds me of a life I need to forget And the junk mail still comes for you, And reminds me of a life I need to forget

I poured some wine, And I poured a glass for you, I should know that I just need one And last night I lit two cigarettes, Forgetting that you'd gone

And the junk mail still comes for you, And reminds me of a life I need to forget And the junk mail still comes for you, And reminds me of a life I need to forget