

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

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