

Sheryl Crow, The Book

I read your book
And I find it strange
That I know that girl and I know her world
A little too well
And I didn't know
By giving my hand
That I would be written down, sliced around,
Passed down
Among strangers hands

Three days in Rome
Where do we go
I'll always remember
Three days in Rome

Never again
Would I see your face
You carry a pen and a paper
and no time and words you waste
You're a voyeur
The worst kind of thief
To take what happened
To write down everything that went on
Between you and me

Three days in Rome
And I stand alone
I'll always remember
Three days in Rome