

# Gwen Stefani, Misery

I got so used to being around you, boy  
I'm trying not to care about where had you go  
I'm doing my best to be sensible  
I'm trying not to care about

You'er like drug, you're like drug to me  
I'm so into you, totally  
You'er like drug, you're like drug to me  
drug to me

So put me out of my misery  
Hurry up, come see me  
Put me out of my misery  
Hurry up, come see me  
Enough, enough of this suffering  
Hurry up, come see me  
Put me out of my misery  
Put me out of my misery

Out the door, I'm thinking things I never thought before  
Like what your love would taste like  
Give me more  
Don't sell this feeling at the grocery store  
All cause your love, it tastes like