

Norah Jones, Not My Friend

Help me breathe,
Help me believe,
You seem really glad that I am sad.

You are not my friend,
I cannot pretend that you are.

You made it sting,
Your voice is ringing,
Just like the boys who laughed at me in school.

You are not my friend,
I cannot pretend anymore.

You found a place,
No one should ever go.

I'll be ok,
'cause when I back away,
I'm gonna keep the handle of your gun in sight.