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.