

Bm

There's clothes all over the floor

D

Don't remember them being here before

G

A

Smell of perfume is in here, why's lipstick on the mirror

E

And still I don't understand

Bm

No pictures left in the hall

D

There's three new holes in my wall

G

A

Where the hell's my credit cards, why's my wallet in the yard

E

And still I don't understand

Bm

Well, now I guess I should've listened

D

When you said you'd had enough

G

A

A little trick I picked up from my father, in one ear and out the other

E

Why's love gotta be so tough

Should see the look on my face

My ****'s all over the place

Why's this happening to me, why'd you take both sets of keys

And still I don't understand

Well, now I guess I should've listened

When you said you'd had enough

A little trick I picked up from my father, in one ear and out the other

Why's love gotta be so tough

Oh, and now I guess I should've listened

Ahh-oh, ahh-ahh, ahh-oh, ahh-ahh, ahh-oh, ahh-ahh

There's clothes all over my floor

I don't remember them being there before

There are no candles in here, lipstick's still on my mirror

And still I don't understand

AKORTR