

The Book

Sheryl Crow

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 stranger's hands. Three days in Rome.
Where do we go?
I'll always remember,
Three days in Rome.
And never again.
Would I see your face.
You carry a pen and a paper and no time and no words you waste.
Oh you're a voyeur,
The worst kind of thief.
To take what happened to us,
To write down everything that went on between you and me. Oh. Three days in Rome.
And I stand alone,
I'll always remember, mmm
Three days in Rome. And what do I get?
Do I get revenge?
While you lay it all out,
Without any doubt,
Of how this would end.
Sometimes it goes,
Sometimes we come.
To learn by mistake that the love you once made,
Can't be undone.
Oh. Three days in Rome.
I laid my heart out,
I laid my soul down.
I'll always remember,
Three days in Rome.
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