

Shania Twain

Aura Dione

Here's the story, he's so sorry
Packed my bags, it's time to get the hell out
At least I lost five kilos 'cause of heartache
Now I'm skinny, and my soul is rebound

Fuck whoever made the saying
"You can't eat and have your cake"
Gonna party, it's my birthday anyway
How you think I go insane
But I'm recycling the pain
So unimpressed, who said it best? Shania Twain

Hey, all of my lovers, all of my lovers
All of my lovers let it pour on me
All of my lovers, all of my lovers
Hey, all of my lovers, all of my lovers
All of my lovers let it pour on me
All of my lovers, all my lo-lo-lovers

Here's the story, I'm not sorry
'Bout no boyfriend, I just got a tattoo saying
"I'm an angel," sweet little angel
He'll fool someone new but I know the truth

Fuck whoever made the saying
"You can't eat and have your cake"
Gonna party, it's my birthday anyway
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Now I'm off to celebrate
I don't need a wedding cake
Gonna party, it's my birthday every day
How you think I go insane
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