

# Permanent Thing

Jace Everett

Here they come down my street  
He's standin' there where I use to be  
Look at that stupid grin on his face  
Don't he look so out of place?

Poor thing, he can't help himself  
Just let him have his turn  
But baby, you and I both know  
Some gifts can't be returned

He not a permanent thing

The night we met, that's all it took  
By the cigarette machine  
With the babbling brook  
I was lookin' at you  
You were lookin' right back  
Got down on one knee  
And made you laugh

I don't really blame you, girl  
For messing with his head  
I know that you'll be back before  
I see that boy again

He not a permanent thing