

Over by the window  
There's a pack of cigarettes  
Not my brand, you understand  
Sometimes the girl forgets

She forgets to hide them  
I know who left those smokes behind  
She'll say, "Oh he's just a friend."  
And I'll say, "Oh, I'm not blind to."

Him, him, him  
What's she gonna do about him  
She's gonna have to do without him  
Or do without me, me, me  
No one gets to get it for free  
It's me or it's him

Don't know what he looks like  
Don't know who he is  
Don't know why, she thought that I  
Would say what's mine is his

I don't want to own her  
But I can't let her have it both ways  
Three is one too many of us  
She leaves with me, or says with

Him, him, him  
What's she gonna do about him  
She's gonna have to do without him  
Or do without me, me, me  
No one gets to get it for free  
It's me or it's him

Oooh, oooh, oooh, oooh  
Oooh, oooh, oooh, oooh  
Oooh, oooh, oooh, oooh  
Oooh, oooh, oooh, oooh

If she wants to, she can have him  
Just exactly how we once were  
It's goodbye to you and I  
Back to her and I without

Him, him, him  
What's she gonna do about him  
She's gonna have to do without him  
Or do without me, me, me  
No one gets to get it for free

Time for me to make the girl see  
It's me or it's him, him, him  
What's she gonna do about him  
She's gonna have to do without him  
Or do without me, me, me