

## No Rainbows for Me

Saint Etienne

I've thought of asking you / for so long, /  
Afraid of what / your answer would be. /  
But there's no other way, / so here I stay, /  
You know, I believe in your lies / so easily. /  
Ooh... / no rainbows for me. /  
I'm going for myself, / (so I tell myself) /  
But there's no pot of gold, / just shades of blue. /  
You think my heart's a toy; / like a little boy, /  
You pick it up, / and play with it, / and break it when you're  
through. /  
Ooh... / no rainbows for me. /  
Ooh... / no rainbows for me. /  
Ooh... / no rainbows for me. /  
Ooh... / no rainbows for me. /  
Ooh... / no rainbows for me. /  
Stop hurting me, baby, / I may lose my mind. /  
Stop hurting me, baby, / or I'll ? ? ? you. /  
I'll ? ? ? / no rainbows for me...  
Yes, well, that last one didn't sound too furious!