## It Ain't Funny How We Don't Talk Anymore

You Am I

It aint funny how we don't talk anymore I'm custom built to be spilt but fun 'til i hit the floor Why be the powdery apple in the bunch The sweetness aint so delish without the crunch Yeah, Yeah, Yeah, Yeah Sharp dressed for convicts (high maintenance) The blood is our stitch (old licks for sense) But lets get it together (Let's Roll) Before this ship sinks Or watch me decay You patroned my decay Yeh i'm the new Pompeii It aint funny how you don't see me anymore I'm a ghost, a desparate host, always lookin to the door And you wonder why i beat my head beat my head beat my delicaci es Well What do you do for clarity Yeah, Yeah, Yeah, Yeah Sharp dressed for convicts (high maitenance) The blood is our stitch (old licks for sense) But lets get it together (Let's Roll) Before this ship sinks Or watch me decay (Did you ever think we were a team) You patroned my decay (Did you ever think we were together?) Yeh i'm the new Pompeii I'm the new Pompeii... I saw ya