

Pettit Project, The "Guess I Gotta Guess"

Visit "[Guess I Gotta Guess](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

I've got more hang-ups than a bad telemarketer (whoa-oh)
but will she meet me first before she disconnects?
and I hope and pray that she initiates (whoa-oh)
this conversation first because I'm scared to death.

I couldn't be less approachable
if totally engulfed in flames (whoa-oh)
when we finish, pack and load the Pettit van.
I'd just like to hear a nice remark from her (whoa-oh)
because this loneliness is wearing kinda thin.

CHORUS:

guess I gotta guess why all the girls avoid me like
poison
is it 'cause i'm seven feet wide, or I act like I'm seven
years old?
{x2}

is there a point to wondering,
and pondering, and over-thinking this? (whoa-oh)
or should I finish my set, load the van and leave?
is it something like she thinks she's being a pest?
(whoa-oh)
do I look dumb? is something in my teeth? (gross)

CHORUS

my biggest problem is that
all my favorite girls are too shy to talk to me
and I'm so nervous I could hurl.
so I try to talk to them,
but I keep my mouth shut
and end up looking like a snob
'cause I'm afraid of screwing up.

Visit [Pettit Project, The](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.