

Girls

"The Oh So Protective One"

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Oh, little girl they just don't know
About the weight you carry in your soul
They just don't know about the fright
About the people and the things you like.
You know you've got nothing to prove
The conversations borderline on rude
And by the time you've had enough
How do you tell the one you love?

He'll never know about the times that you cried in the
movies
Never know about the times that you cried to the music
About your mother or your father or the way you got
your broken heart
And just a look could be the start

Oh no oh no it's not your style
Why should you have to feel like you're on trial?
"I wonder if he is impressed.
Should I have worn the other dress?"
You've never had a doubt about yourself
Why should you take it, then, from someone else?
And if by now he doesn't see, maybe it wasn't meant to
be

He'll never know about the times that you cried in the
movies
Never know about the times that you cried to the music
He'll never know about the feelings that you've had
about him from the start

He'll never know about the times that you cried in the
bedroom
About the times that you cried in your classroom
About your mother or your father or the way you got
your broken heart
And just a look could be the start

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