

Katharine McPhee

"Some Boys"

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Some boys are filling, some boys are filling the hole
They're making the killing at the top of the billings
Their role, and that's all that they know
But some boys don't listen, some boys don't listen at all
They don't ask for permission, they lack inhibitions
No walls, and they get what they want

But some boys don't know how to love

Some boys are singing, some boys are singing the
blues
Joylessly flinging with the girls that they're bringing to
their rooms
And then leave them, they're through
Some boys are sleeping, some boys are sleeping alone
Cause there's no one that's keeping them warm
through evening
They know, they're on their own

Some boys don't know how to love

Some boys are sleeping, some boys are sleeping alone
Some boys are sleeping, some boys are sleeping alone

Cause some boys don't know how to love
Some boys don't know how to love
Some boys don't know how to love
Some boys don't know how to love
But they get what they want

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