

Music From The O.C.: Mix 4 "Cartwheels"

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I'm doing cartwheels
I'm doing cartwheels
I'm doing cartwheels

My wounds are nicely slated dear
I never got to thank you right
I was finished way before, I could see
Quite what you had in mind for me

I'm doing cartwheels
I'm doing cartwheels
I'm doing cartwheels

Now the pessimism in me yawns
As I'm pissin' on their perfect front lawns
A voice calls out behind my back
And I take off into the grounds

I'm doing cartwheels
I'm doing cartwheels
I'm doing cartwheels

It'll all tie me up into knots
It'll all tie me up into knots

I didn't mean to speak out of turn
Now you can sit and watch me squirm
Now the party's really in full swing
I wish I had a friend, I could ring

I'm doing cartwheels
I'm doing cartwheels
I'm doing cartwheels

You're really loving this, aren't you dear?
Now you've got me on the ropes out here
With nowhere else to run to now
Just stay and face the music

It'll all tie me up into knots
It'll all tie me up into knots
It'll all tie me up into knots

It'll all tie me up into knots

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