Neal Morse "Nowhere Fast"

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There is this girl I know
She hates my guts I love her so
But I've got a simple mind
It thinks just this: she will be mine
I tell her "I like your dress"
She says I'm sick, disturbed, obsessed
Well I don't know what that's about
She won't say why she won't go out with me

She keeps tellin' me she doesn't need a reason And all my friends think that I'm bein' outclassed But I just got to be her first or at least her last And I'm getting nowhere fast I'm getting nowhere fast I'm getting nowhere fast

I had a shirt designed, it has her face pressed into mine

I never wear it, I keep it new
She says she'll kill me if I do
I'm puzzled and perplexed, I'm overwhelmed and
under-sexed
And I still can't figure why she says she'd rather die

She keeps tellin' me she doesn't need reasons
And all my friends think that I'm bein' outclassed
But I just got to be her first or at least her last
And I'm getting nowhere fast
I'm getting nowhere fast
I'm getting nowhere fast

than be with me

She'd like to see me drown in my own tears Well that's all right Even if it takes a hundred years Well that's all right Yeah that's all right

She keeps tellin' me she doesn't need reasons And all my friends think that I'm bein' outclassed But I just got to be her first or at least her last And I'm getting nowhere fast
Getting nowhere
I'm getting nowhere fast
Getting nowhere
I'm getting nowhere
I'm getting nowhere fast

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