

## Pharcyde "Passin Me By"

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Now in my younger days I used to sport a sag  
When I went to school I'd carry lunch in a bag  
With a apple for my teacher 'cause I knew I'd get a kiss  
Always got mad when the class was dismissed

But when it was in session, I always had a question  
I would raise my hand to make her stand close to my  
desk and  
Help me with my problem, it was never much  
Just a trick to smell her scent and try to sneak a touch

Oh, how I wish I could hold her hand and give her a hug  
She was married to the man, he was a thug  
His name was Lee, he drove a Z  
He'd pick her up from school promptly at three o'clock

I was on her jock, yes indeedy, I wrote graffiti on the  
bus  
First I'd write her name then carve a plus  
With my name last on the looking glass  
I seen her yesterday but still I had to let her pass

She keeps on passin' me by  
She keeps on passin' me by  
She keeps on passin' me by  
She keeps on pass

When I dream of fairy tales, I think of me and Shelly  
See she's my type of hype and I can't stand when  
brothers tell me  
That I should quit chasin' and look for something better  
But the smile that she shows makes me a go-getter

I haven't gone as far as asking if I could get with her  
I just play it by ear and hope she gets the picture  
I'm shootin' for her heart, got my finger on the trigger  
She could be my broad, and I could be her

All I can do is stare  
Back as kids we used to kiss when we played truth or  
dare  
Now she's more sophisticated, highly edu-ma-cated

Not at all overrated, I think I need a prayer

To get in her book and it looks rather dry  
I guess a twinkle in her eye is just a twinkle in her eye  
Although she's crazy steppin', I'll try to stop her stride  
'Cause I won't have no more of this passin' me by

Time for me to voice my opinion, can't be pretending  
she didn't have me  
Sprung like a chicken, chasin' my tail like a doggie  
She was kind of like a star, thinking I was like a fan  
Damn, she looked good, downside, she had a man

He was a rooty-toot, a nincompoop  
She told me soon your little birdie's gonna fly the coop  
She was a flake like corn and I was born not to  
understand  
By lettin' her pass I had proved to be a better man

She keeps on passin' me by  
She keeps on passin' me by  
She keeps on passin' me by  
She keeps on passin' me

Now there she goes again, the dopest Ethiopian  
And now the world around me begins movin' in slow  
motion  
Whenever she happens to walk by, why does the apple  
of my eye  
Overlook and disregard my feelings no matter how  
much I try?

Wait, no, I did not really pursue my little princess with  
persistence  
And I was so low key that she was unaware of my  
existence  
From a distance I desired, secretly admired her  
Wired her a letter to get her, and it went

My dear, my dear, my dear, you do not know me  
But I know you very well  
Now let me tell you about the feelings I have for you  
When I try or make some sort of attempt, I simp  
Damn, I wish I wasn't such a wimp

'Cause then I would let you know that I love you so  
And if I was your man then I would be true  
The only lying I would do is in the bed with you  
Then I signed sincerely the one who loves you dearly  
P.S. love me tender  
The letter came back three days later, return to sender,

damn

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