

Angus Stone**"In Or Out"**

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Guess there's something wrong with me
Guess I don't fit in
No one wants to touch it
No one knows where to begin
I've got more than one membership
To more than one club
And I owe my life
To the people that I love

He looks me up and down
Like he knows what time it is
Like he's got my number
Like he thinks it's his
He says,
Call me, Miss DiFranco,
If there's anything I can do
I say,
It's Mr. DiFranco to you

Somedays the line I walk
Turns out to be straight
Other days the line tends to
Deviate
I've got no criteria for sex or race
I just want to hear your voice
I just want to see your face

She looks me up and down
Like she thinks that I'll mature
Like she's got my number
Like it belongs to her
She says,
Call me, Ms. DiFranco
If there's anything I can do
I say, I've got spots
I've got
Stripes, too

Their eyes are all asking
Are you in, or are you out
And I think, oh man,

What is this about?
Tonight you can't put me
Up on any shelf
'cause I came here alone
I'm gonna leave by myself

I just want to show you
The way that I feel
And when I get tired
You can take the wheel
To me what's more important
Is the person that I bring
Not just getting to the same restaraunt
And eating the same thing

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