

## **Gabe Kubanda**

### **"Across The Room"**

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Whoa oh oh, Whoa oh oh.  
I saw your smile; saw your smile from across the room  
Whoa oh oh, I know what I must do  
I gotta find, gotta find a way to get through  
I keep getting stopped by people  
By all these friends that I don't really want to talk to  
Past the tables and the dance floor I just  
I just know that I've got to get over to you.

But Wait, Wait, can I get your number  
Wait, Wait, at least let me give you my number

Whoa oh oh, Whoa oh oh  
I fought through the crowd now can I talk to you for a  
while  
Whoa oh oh, I wanna know your name  
But your girlfriends are lame and they're cramping  
my style  
It seems they're intent on, extremely hell-bent on  
shaking my tree and they're trying hard to make me  
leave  
So I'll just pretend, and I'll put up with them  
until I can get you alone and away from your friends  
(yeah I'm sure they're a very nice bunch of  
girls!)

But Wait, Wait, I've got to give you my number  
Wait, Wait, I need need to give you my number

Don't say you don't want it, just admit it  
Don't think I won't call, I'm not that type of  
guy at all,  
I'm not that guy at all  
I know how the game is, I don't want to play it,  
I know what I want, if I'm wrong then I'll just  
leave you alone  
But I don't think I'm wrong  
Don't say you don't want it, just admit it,  
Don't say you're scared cause that's not it  
at all  
Please baby don't be afraid, I'm just pulling out  
my iPhone

No baby donâ€™t be afraid, itâ€™s just my iPhone

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