Sachin Pandit "Oklahoma"

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Oklahoma, she won't be your friend She waits at the disco for her song to end Oklahoma, she must know my name It's been six months now I'm tired of this game

And I keep on trying not to go harder Trying not to be smarter Trying not to notice you And I keep on trying not to go harder Trying not to be smarter But I can't go on

I miss my friends but I like her tone Her eyes are black like telephones And I try, and I try, and I try

I miss my friends but I like her tone Her eyes are black like telephones And I try, and I try, and I try

Oklahoma, she won't be your friend She waits at the disco for her song to end Oklahoma, she likes to reflect Ignores you at parties What did you expect?

And I keep on trying not to go harder Trying not to be smarter Trying not to notice you And I keep on trying not to go harder Trying not to be smarter But I can't go on

I miss my friends but I like her tone Her eyes are black like telephones And I try, and I try, and I try

I miss my friends but I like her tone Her eyes are black like telephones And I try, and I try, and I try

But I, I can't remember, oh no

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