

Smash Mix Broadway

"Trip"

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Making faces from across the room
Look at me looking at you
What's your name, my name too
I'm getting the chills sitting next to you
Shake myself in your soul
The blood in your veins
The smell your clothes
What am I suppose to do
There's nothing left for me to choose
Make my move or walk away
Once again with out a date
Is it me or do I smell
I had a shower the other what the hell, is going on
Just where do I belong
I don't really care

Get outta my hair, get outta my hair

Smoke my cigarettes and drive my car
Flick your ashes on my bedroom floor
Wear my underwear, steal my shirts
I think it's love and then you burp
If I died you'd probably spit on my grave
And date my friends the very next day
Your always complaining that I'm not home
When I try to call you on the telephone
My pants are falling my socks don't fit
I can't seem to walk with out having to trip over you
Just what am I gonna do
I don't really care

Get outta my hair, get outta my head

What is said, what is done
I take it on the run
I won't apologize
I won't be telling lies
How could you, why would you
Take advantage of and leave me of my love
Then leave

Smash my windows and keyed my car
And outta the blue you send a birthday card
What's a man suppose to do
When all I get is grieve from you
Playing games and trashin' my
Who could it be
Hopefully nobody for me
I don't really care
Get outta my hair

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